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SATIRIST

[by Wm Jerdan :]

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THE SATIRIST,

OR,

MONTHLY METEOR.

JANUARY 1, 1810.

BANNS OF MARRIAGE,

OR

THE LONDON CURATE.

Mr. Satirist,

I am a London curate, and anxious to perform the duties of my station, not merely as honouring my profession, but as it enables me to maintain myself and family. I have no hopes of rising higher, but the difficulty I experienced in obtaining even my present situation makes me fearful of losing it: for it is not easy to reconcile ourselves to the idea of absolute starvation, which would be the necessary consequence of the loss of my present stipend of 90l. a year. In such a case I could not easily bring myself to apply to the parish for relief; more especially as I have never been in circumstances to obtain

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a settlement for myself, and could therefore apply to no parish, but that in which I was born, and in which my family had once the principal estate. Those feelings of pride, which no philosophy nor religion can entirely subdue, would prevent me from exposing in such a place my humbled condition, or soliciting the charity of those who had too long been the dependants of my family to support with equanimity such a reverse of fortunes.

Twenty years ago an estate in Somersetshire, which, let on moderate leases, produced an income of about fifteen hundred a year, enabled my father to keep a pack of hounds, and a coach, and indeed to live in the free and hospitable style of an old English gentleman. This was his utmost ambition: and in pursuing this mode of life, he conformed to the practice of his ancestors, who had been settled in that very place long before the conquest, and who had all regularly declined to mix in public life. One, indeed, was gentleman of the bed-chamber to Queen Elizabeth, and built the mansion house, which still stands on the estate; but this was the only instance recorded in the family annals of any deviation from its general habits. My father, unfortunately for me and a younger brother, was killed by a fall from his horse, while in too eager pursuit of a fox; and as he had made no will, the whole of the estate descended to my elder brother. He was good-natured and careless, and as long as he had the means, neither I nor my younger brother had reason to complain: but, unhappily, he walked not in the way of his father, and falling into the hands of sharpers, plunged into every species of extravagance, and being stripped of his whole possessions, in a fit of despair, shot himself. He had even lost at the gaming table the ad-

vowson of the living, which had for so many centuries belonged to our family, and which had been intended as a provision for me, who, before the death of my father, had taken orders: and on the decease of my uncle, who had been in possession of the living many years, and who did not long survive the ruin and degradation to which he saw the family reduced, I had the mortification to see another presented to what I had so long been taught to consider as my lawful inheritance; and the expectation of which had alone induced me to enter into the service of the church. My younger brother, who had gone into the army, died in the Fleet prison, where he had been immured for debts, which the smallness of the pay allowed to the army did not enable him to discharge, though those debts had been incurred by the necessary expences attending the lingering cure of a wound received in the service of his country. I alone remain of all my race, and I am a London curate, with a wife and seven children, and a stipend of 90l. a year.

That such a sum is not sufficient in these times to maintain such a family, I need not observe to you, Mr. Satirist, but there is a proverb, which though homely is true: "half a loaf is better than no bread." My wife contrives to get a little by taking in plain work, and the eldest of my children earn something by platting straw, for the manufacturers of straw hats. But all this, with the strictest œconomy would scarcely do, if I did not take advantage of the few odd intervals between my various duties to make out the bills and keep the accounts of a worthy fellow, who was the son of my father's whipperin, and set up in London as a chandler. For this service, besides making me a small weekly allowance,

he lets me have all the articles he deals in at prime cost: and as he sells a variety of goods, every thing which we want for the consumption of our family, as bread, rice, potatoes, Irish butter, salt herrings, oatmeal, small beer, coals, soap, and lamp-oil, we purchase at considerable advantage. Then what must be my situation, if the duties of my office become so manifold as not only to leave no interval for keeping the chandler's books, but to exceed my utmost capacity or diligence to execute, and yet to subject me to heavy penalties for non-performance? This brings me to the point, which I would submit to you.

You must remember, Mr. Satirist, the case of elopement of a ward of chancery with a young actor, which, within the last month, came before the Lord Chancellor. The parties had procured the banns of marriage to be published, and were to have been married on the very day after that on which they were taken. In the course of his comments on the occasion, the Lord Chancellor, who is known to be ever inclined to give rather a mild than a harsh interpretation to the laws, expressed in strong terms, his disapprobation of the conduct of the clergyman, who had published the banns. It seems that by law the clergyman is required to publish no banns, of which he has not received a certain previous notice, nor for any persons who have not resided a certain time within his parish, of which residence he is to certify himself by personal enquiry and examination. Many other things the law requires of him which it would be tedious to enumerate; but all tend to encrease his difficulties. And in case of his neglecting to comply with these forms, it appears, that he is subject to very severe penalties, fine-

suspension from canonical duties, imprisonment, and I know not what.

Now, Sir, what is to be done in my case? I am anxious to obey the law, but I fear it will not be in my power. The parish committed to my care is very extensive, very populous, but not very fashionable: where I marry one by licence, I marry twenty by banns. Upon an average, I calculate that I publish every Sunday banns for about thirty couple: not that all these people come afterwards to be married, many altering their minds after the publication of the banns, and some I fear profaning them merely for the purpose of accomplishing seduction. This, however, does not affect the present case, since it is previous to the publication that the law calls upon the clergyman to inquire into the circumstances of the candidates for matrimony. At this rate then, dividing the number of couples by the days of the week, excepting Sunday on which day I should be too much engaged by the solemn duties of my profession to attend to such matters, I should have to go to the residence of five couple every day: that is, I should have to call at ten places, all perhaps as far apart from each other as the extent of my parish will admit: and as it is very improbable that I should find them all at home, when I called, it is not likely that I should have less than fifteen of these visits of enquiry to make every day. Now, as I am not allowed to make these calls by proxy, even if I had the means of paying for a deputy, I should be glad to be put in the way of getting through them: for as I have already observed I have little leisure to spare; which will not be wondered at, when it is recollected that besides my regular duty on Wednesdays and

Fridays. I have every week so many to marry, so many to church, so many to baptize in public and in private, so many visitations to pay to the sick, and so many to bury: besides catechizing children, attesting affidavits of various kinds, attending vestries to take care of the temporal concerns of the church, and many other things which are amongst the duties of the clerical profession. In short a London curate is harder worked and worse fed than a hackney coach-horse. All these various occupations left me little time for meditation, or the composition of sermons. Then what shall I do now? But if it were possible for me to comply with the strict requisition of the law, to what insults and mortifications should I not be exposed in the execution of so unpleasant a duty! To be treated with contemptuous disdain by the rich, and to follow the poor into the miserable haunts of vice and poverty, encountering the filth and dangers of dark alleys, courts, and lanes, and diving into cellars, or mounting up ladders into roofless garrets. And all to be laughed at or abused! This I have already experienced: a bridegroom, whom, after much pains, I had hunted to his lair, when he had sufficiently amused himself and a party of his friends, who lodged in the same cellar with him, by cracking his vulgar jokes upon my profession, and making some grossly indecent comments upon the immediate object of my enquiry, became extremely angry in the end because I would not sit down and smoke a pipe with him over a pot of porter; swearing that I was a true parson, for I bore malice. And it was but yesterday, that, visiting a girl who cries sprats about the streets, and who had consented to become the bride of a negro shoe-black, I found her alone in her room; when in the

abundance of her good humour and hospitality she would fain have broiled some sprats for me, and made me partake a quartern of gin with her. What other favours she intended me, I know not, but I escaped from her with no less difficulty than Joseph from the wife of Potiphar, and scarcely avoided his accident; though heaven knows the loss of the skirts of my coat, would have been a most serious loss to me. At the noise of the scuffle between us, all her fellow lodgers came out: I could not bear up against the flood of ribaldry and vulgar ridicule, which they poured forth upon me, on the occasion; I have still in my ears the sound of the horse-laugh, with which they pursued me out of their miserable hovel. I rushed from the alley like a hunted hare, I never before felt so keenly the mortifying situation of

Nov. 24*th*, 1809. A London Curate.

THE CRITIC.

No. I.

That to conduct a literary undertaking, such as ours, must require the most unremitting industry, and the most persevering fortitude, is a proposition of which the truth will scarcely be disputed by those who are at all acquainted with the difficulties and discouragements to which we are continually subjected. The jealousy of rivals; the malignity of the wicked and the worthless; and the distrust of the inattentive and the fearful, all

conspire to render our situation at once disagreeable and dangerous. But whatever may be the extent of the inconvenience, or the magnitude of the dangers to which the conscientious discharge of our duty naturally exposes us, they are more than counterbalanced by the satisfaction that is derived from the consciousness of having performed our duty to society. No triumph can be more enviable than that of truth and rectitude over the artifices of the mean, and the violence of the revengeful. The cause of virtue will be ultimately victorious, and we are not unwilling to endure the hardships of the contest, in the hope of enjoying the honours of the victory.

To those who have favoured us by only a casual perusal of our monthly criticisms, their apparent severity must have excited some degree of suspicion and astonishment. We have not only frequently had the misfortune to differ from the majority of our critical contemporaries, but sometimes to dissent from the opinion of the public. There is scarcely a popular work of the preceding year respecting which we have not expressed ourselves in terms of decided disapprobation; and many characters to whom the public has been accustomed to look up with respect, or admiration, have received from us the most severe and unremitted castigation.

Yet there is no department of our work to which we can look back with greater pleasure than to our review. Every successive day has confirmed the justice of our decisions, and established the truth of our predictions. The vapid and indecent productions of Wigmore-street manufacture have long since been consigned to the book-stalls or the snuff-shops: the poems of Byron, Wordsworth, and Stewart, are no longer remembered but by

their respective authors: the essays of Examiner Hunt, assisted by all the arts of vulgar and reiterated puffing, are mouldering in unpitied decay: Gertrude of Wyoming, recommended by the united patronage of the Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews, and *maugre* all the influence of Mr. Campbell's publishers, "still dwells on the dusty shelf, and still shall there remain:" and the "Life of Romney," that charming model of discrimination and unaffected biography, retains its station by the side of "pretty stories for the nursery, adorned with cuts."

On the other hand there is scarcely an instance of our having mentioned a work with approbation, in which our sentiments have not been confirmed by the decision of the public. Our reviews of Hodgson's Juvenal, of Cœlebs, of John de Lancaster, and of many other meritorious publications, will prove, beyond the possibility of doubt, that we are neither insensible to real excellence, nor afraid to praise it.

In our notice, however, of such works as were deserving of approbation, we have made a deviation from our general rule, of which we shall be careful to avoid the frequent repetition. The great object of our undertaking is to render folly ridiculous and vice detestable. Merit will always command success, but that success will be sometimes shared by the worthless and the wicked. If we defeat the impertinent and surreptitious claims of the undeserving, the legitimate sons of genius and virtue will not be deprived of their reward. The Farmer's Boy has worked its way into public estimation, in spite of the unhappy praises of his patron; and the tragedy of Douglas has become the most popular of our modern dramas, though the critical oracle of the period at which

it was first published, declared it to be unworthy of scenic representation.

If we cast only a casual glance over "the London Catalogue," we shall find the names of innumerable works which were once hailed with rapturous admiration of contemporary critics, but of which no other memorials than their titles are now preserved; and we must therefore conclude either that they were at first received with injudicious indulgence, or that they have since been treated with undeserved severity. But the deliberate sentence of the public is more likely to be correct than the hasty expression of its unpremeditated opinion. If, out of twenty thousand books that have received a certain proportion of popular applause, between the years 1770 and 1802, only a few hundreds are now regarded as above contempt, what reason have we to suppose that the discrimination of the public is at present more acute, or that its temper is less indulgent and compassionate?

To correct this propensity to outrageous and indiscriminate admiration is the first duty incumbent on a servant of the public, and to this object the exertions of the *Critic* shall be exclusively directed. He will endeavour to repress the arrogance of unsupported pretension, and to degrade the assumed majesty of the illegitimate usurpers of military honours. That all his remarks will be received with respect or acquiescence, he will not presume to hope; but they may at least amuse those whom they are too feeble to convince; and may accustom the lounging automata of the circulating libraries to a habit of literary enquiry.

CONFESSIONS OF A METHODIST.

*Part IV.**

MANY more kind providences have I to relate, which I shall note down without regarding the order of time in which they happened, but just as they arise to my memory; for the strengthening their belief, in whom the faith is weak. Whenever I wanted any thing I prayed: and "I used my prayers as gunners use their swivels;" turning them every way as the various cases required,† and firing shot after shot till I hit my mark, whether it was food or raiment, a horse, a maid, a wife, or widow: and I never failed to bring them down in the end. I am sure that I always put up such prayers, when I was *alone*; for as the heathen said he was never less alone than when alone, so it behoveth me as a christian to say contrarywise, that I am never more alone, that when in company; and if this answer suit not the cavillers let them get a better where they can, They may call me a beggar if it please them; I am content: "I have found begging to be a delightful employ;" not but that I avoided begging when there was any other safe way of getting what I wanted. I remember at a time when "a surtout coat I had was got very thin and bad, and the weather

* For Part I, II, and III. see SATIRIST, VOL. III. and IV.
† Bank of Faith, part 1. p. 84. ‡ Ibid. part II. p. 37.

was very cold, it happened that I was invited to preach at a little place near London. As I went thither I felt the cold very severely;" and when I had taken off my coat to deliver my discourse, my teeth chattered and I could not utter a word till I was warmed with the spirit. When I had ended, I went into a little room, which was fitted up for our private devotions, and love-feasts, where I had left my old garment, " in order to put it on before I went out of the warm meeting-house:" when, lo, hanging on the peg beside it I beheld " a new one! I said to myself it was not mine. But a secret voice within me whispered me it was: and though I insisted upon it, that it was not, the secret voice persisted in saying it was. So," though I had reason to believe it belonged to a stout young man who was so deeply engaged in private communion with a pious sister as not to perceive me, I put it on and it fitted me very well. In one of the pockets there was a letter, which informed me that my blessed Lord and master had sent it me to wrap my poor worthless carcase in during that very severe winter. Oh the tender care of our most gracious lord and master!"* This was a lucky day to me; for in my return home over a common I perceived a horse, standing bridled and saddled without a rider. I had often prayed for a horse, and here was a full answer to my prayers. It was growing dark, no one was near, so I resolved to take it, as I could but return it when it was asked for. " So I mounted my horse and rode home, and he turned out as good an animal as ever was rode." I had not forgot some curious

* Ibid. part 1. p. 105.

receipts which I had learnt in my infancy of the charitable rat-catcher who comforted my mother; and I now put them in practice to change such spots and marks about my horse, as I did not like: it took me up the whole night, but my labour was not lost, for by the morning I had changed his four white feet, and a white mark on his forehead to the same chesnut colour as the rest of his coat, and I hogged his mane, and trimmed his tail and ears, and altogether so altered his appearance, that the mother that bare him would not have known him again. But it chanced that he was never enquired for. "I believe this horse was the gift of God, because he tells me in his word that all the beasts of the forest are his, and so are the cattle on a thousand hills. I have often thought that if my horse could have spoken, he would have had more to say than Balaam's ass; as he might have said, I am an answer to my master's prayers. I live by my master's faith, travel with mysteries, and suffer persecution, but I do not know for what;" for many a stone has been thrown at him.*

"I now told God that I had more work for my faith now than heretofore; for the horse would cost half as much to keep him as my whole family. In answer to which this scripture came to my mind with power and comfort, *Verily thou shalt be fed.* This was a bank note put into the hand of my faith, which when I got poor, I pleaded before God, and he answered it. So that I lived and cleared my way just as well when I had my horse to keep, as I did before; for I could not then get any thing either to eat, drink, wear or use, without begging it of God.†" that

* Ibid, p. 15. † Ibid.

is, taking it wherever I could find it, so I had now only to take a little more, and I was always of opinion that it is as well to be hanged for a sheep as a lamb.

"They have a common saying in the wild of Kent when the daughter of an old farmer is married. If it be enquired what portion the old man gave, the answer is, 'He gave not much money; but the old people are always sending them something---there is always something sent from a farm-house.' Then the observation usually is, 'Aye, her's is a hand-basket portion, which is generally the best; for there is no end to that." Even so our Everlasting Father gives to his poor children a hand-basket portion---a basket being that which we generally fetch our daily provisions in: and God sometimes puts his blessing even in the basket, and then it seldom comes home empty; as it is written, *Blessed shall be thy basket.* Deut. xxviii. 5. Yea, the whole Levitical tribe lived on the hand-basket portion; for the shew-bred was brought in a basket. *So that God himself has highly honoured the basket.**

"However I found that God seemed to take pleasure in trying my patience now and then; and that I ought to importune, and watch and wait upon the Lord, and to keep my eye fixed on him, until I obtained what I wanted."† "I was very fond of feeding my little ones, when I had wherewithal to feed them, because I knew how much I had suffered when young," if there was no hen-roost in the neighbourhood at which I could get, as I have before mentioned. "But when I used to shut the cupboard door, and give them nothing but bread, my eldest daughter would look me in the face with much earnestness and

* Bank of Faith, p. 105. † Ibid, p. 119.

solemnity, and ask me this important question, '*Is the boo all boppee, daddy?*' which gibberish, by interpretation, signified 'is the butter all gone, father?' She would at such times lean her head on one shoulder, look me full in the face, and lay a particular emphasis upon the particle *all*, which she would draw out with a very long tone:"* 'Is the boo *aw-aw-ll* boppeee, daddy?' Oh, she was a sweet little saint, she had no leanness in her soul, but knew very well on which side her bread was buttered. I forget whether she loved muffins or crumpets best; but the Lord hath taken her to himself now, so of course she has her choice.

" At another time when Providence had been exercising my faith and patience till the cupboard was quite empty, in answer to a simple prayer he sent 'one of the largest hams that I ever saw:"† It fell off the roof of a stage-coach that passed daily by my door; and though the coachman by this means might be said to have brought his pigs to a bad market, if he did not know how to save his bacon, it was no business of mine to teach him: all notions of that sort were gammon to me. I thenceforth called my house the land of Ham.

After this the bountiful hand of my Lord seemed to be closed again for a long time; but just as the spirit of murmuring and complaining began to operate, there came a letter to me. I opened it, and found the following contents:

DEAR FRIEND,

" I have sent you a hamper, and have directed it to be left for you at the old place. The first present

* Bank of Faith, 108. † Ibid. 124.

is for your wife, which is two ends, the other is for your children, being a cow and her milk-maid attending her; the last article, according to my judgment, is a very useful thing for you, and for every gospel minister. J. D."

"Here was a riddle, and it puzzled us not a little. My dame asked me, if my present was a bible. I said no, I believed not."* Nobody would be so foolish as to send me a bible; what use would that be to me. Then as to the cow and the maid, we could not make them out at all: and I saw my dame's mouth watering at the thought of the two ends. What could they be? Were they black puddings, or white puddings, or rumps and chitterlings? There was no end to guessing about these ends. When the hamper came we all got round it, to see what was the substance of the riddle in the carcass of the lion; and, when it was opened, I found that my present was a bullock's tongue dried; my dame's two ends were two large pieces of bacon; and the children's present was a cheese, with the print of a cow and milk-maid milking her on it. Such was the present, and this was the explanation of the riddle." †

Some months after my dame had received her two ends, she told me she would want things for her lying-in, and "gave me a large catalogue of necessaries." "I told her I had no money, nor was there any signs of my having any:" and that she would not have wanted it of me, if she had not neglected her private devotions. 'I believe this drove my dame to prayer,' for soon after this she often would go out empty-handed, and return with a parcel of baby-things, which she had found growing on the hedges. "Thus the universal provider richly provides not only for

* Bank of Faith, p. 115. † Ibid.

them that are in the world, but for them also that are coming into it. I now asked the old woman if she thought she had got enough. She replied, 'Yes, and more than enough;' God had exceeded all her desires; for she had feared that she should not get money to buy the stuff to make up her little things; and that, if she did get it, it would have been so late, that she should not have had time to make them. 'But God,' said she, 'has sent them *ready-made*.' So Mary was very well pleased, and richly supplied."*

During the time of her confinement, I was invited home by a pious sister, whose spouse was absent, to sleep at her house. In the morning, while I was yet in bed, "she told me, smiling, she had twelve yards of stuff damask by her, which she intended to make me a present of, for a morning gown. I laughed, and told her that I thought a tinker would cut a strange figure in a morning-gown. I should appear like a beggar in dignity; but that was better than dignity in ruins. However, she saw that I began to be lifted up, wherefore she insisted on my having it;† so she arose satisfied and so was I. But "because a gown has such a cottish appearance on a labourer in the vineyard, I turned it into a banyan or coat; though after it was made up I hid it for two or three months, before I thought it safe to appear in it;"‡ for I knew not where my fair handmaid might have procured it, and it was of a very remarkable pattern, so that it might easily be known again.

"Another year having rolled over my head, I began to look about for my livery; for I always took care to let my propitious master know when my year was out. How-

* Bank of Faith, p. 111. † Ibid, p. 119. ‡ Ibid, p. 94.

ever he exercised my patience for six weeks together about this livery: I looked all manner of ways for it; but every door seemed shut up,"* and so strongly guarded that pick-locks were of no use. ("You know, reader, we are all very fond of running before God; but he takes his own pace)." At length I was informed that a gentleman wanted to see me. Accordingly I went, and was admitted to the gentleman and his spouse. He wept, and begged I would not be angry at what he was going to relate," which was, that his wife had for a long time earnestly desired to make me a present of a pair of breeches, as she had observed that those which I had on, were almost worn out by my kneeling so often to my private devotions, and that if I would accept of these, he wished to add to them a coat and waistcoat; "but he was afraid I should be offended at his offer, and refuse it.---'Ah!' says Envy, 'there need be no fear of that, for methodist parsons are all for what they can get.' *It is true;* for we are commanded *to covet earnestly the best gifts*, and so we do:†" and it is none but those who would fain go bare-breeched that would pretend to say that a good stout pair of leather breeches are not a good gift: "and this is no more than our Master has promised to give us; for we are to receive an hundred fold in this world. The good couple both wept for joy upon my accepting the clothes, and I laughed in my sleeve that they gave them so freely."‡ But I was not ungrateful to this pious sister, and repaid her afterwards not only for her labour of love in regard to the breeches, but also in regard to what she had prompted her husband to do also: and I never called on such occasions that she did not refresh me with a comfortable mess of egg-

* Bank of Faith, p. 94. † Ibid, p. 94. ‡ Ibid.

flip, or some other strengthening cordial. She was a mistress that thought the labourer worthy of his hire.

"I lived in this manner for seven or eight years together, and every day afforded some providence or trial."*

THE ENGLISH HYPERBOLUS.

MR. SATIRIST,

I AM a *plaïn* man, who, after many years diligent application to business, have acquired a *pretty* competency, and am now retired to enjoy myself. I have a snug country seat at Stepney-green, where my friends are so kind as to visit me frequently, and where I should be proud to see *you*, if so be as how you should at any time chuse to exchange the "populous city," "where houses thick and sewers annoy the air," for the "rural sights" and "rural sounds" of the country, "among the pleasant villages and farms."

Being averse to field sports I employ much of my time in reading, and I think *you* will allow me to be not deficient in taste, when I tell you that THE SATIRIST is a never-failing source of amusement to me, and that I look forward to the *first* of every month with as much pleasure as a school boy to the holidays. But not having had much *book* learning, and being unacquainted with any other tongue than my own (I beg pardon, Mr. Satirist, I must add, and *my*

* Bank of Faith, p. 110.

wife's, for that I have, "*in heart, by heart, and out of heart*)," I sometimes lose much of the *point* of many of your papers. For instance, in your first article for November, where a certain *city orator* is styled *Hyperbolus*, when I wished to know the *why* and the *wherefore*, I was referred to a note which was all *heathen Greek to me*. But at I am rather of an inquisitive turn, I was resolved to find out what sort of a man Hyperbolus *was*, and to see whether there were *any* resemblance between *him* and *any demagogue* of the *present day*; and, "for the benefit of the *country gentlemen*". I have made the following extracts from my *English* library.

"There was in *Athens* a *citizen*, named Hyperbolus, a very wicked man, whom the comic poets generally made *the object of their raillery* and invectives. He was hardened in evil, and become insensible to infamy, by renouncing all sentiments of honour, which could only be the effect of a soul abandoned entirely to vice. Hyperbolus *was not agreeable to any one*, and yet the people *made use of him* to humble those in high stations, and *involve them in difficulties*. Hyperbolus, whose *only* merit was IMPUDENCE, in hopes of succeeding whichsoever of them should be removed, declared openly against them, and *was eternally exasperating the people*." Rollin's Ancient History, Vol. 3. p. 290.

"The Athenians being divided into *two* factions, the subtlest and most profligate of wretches gained ground. Such was Hyperbolus of *the ward* of Perithoïs; a man *whose boldness was not owing to any well-grounded influence, but whose influence was owing to* HIS BOLDNESS, and who by the credit which he had acquired was A DISGRACE TO THE CITY. This wretch had no apprehension of being

exiled by the honourable suffrage of the ostracism, because he knew himself to be fitter for a gibbet. Hoping, however, that if one of these great men were banished, he should be able to make head against the other, *he did not dissemble his joy at their spirit of party, but strove to exasperate the people* against both." Plutarch in the life of Nicias, Vol. 3. p. 386.

" There was at Athens *one* Hyperbolus, *of the ward* of Perithoïs; whom Thucydides (here I fancy, Mr. Satirist, I have *nicked* your correspondent's note) mentions as a very bad man, and *who was a constant subject of ridicule for* the comic writers. But he was unconcerned at the worst things which they could say of him; and being regardless of honour, he was also *insensible of shame. This*, though *really* IMPUDENCE and FOLLY, is by *some* people called fortitude and a noble daring. But though *no one liked him*, the people nevertheless made use of him, *when they wished to strike at persons in authority.*" Plutarch in Alcibiades, Vol. 2. p. 138.

But black, Sir, as he is painted, let us *give the* poor *devil his due.* I " am free to confess" that I cannot find that either the *President* of the *Areopagus*, the *Prytanes* or any of the *Archons*, ever declared that *Hyperbolus* " was a man whose oath was not to be believed in a court of justice."

What your correspondent can mean by the *virtues* of Cleon, I am at a loss to conjecture, for Plutarch tells me " he had *nothing to recommend him*, except his *impudence* and his *bawling* in the rostrum." Vol. 3. p. 482. And Rollin says, " he was insupportably proud, and his audaciousness was not to be restrained. He had a vehement, impetuous, and *furious* kind of eloquence, which prevailed over the minds of his auditors, *not* so much *by the*

strength of his arguments, as by the boldness of his declamation. It was Cleon who first set the example of *bawling* in assemblies, where the greatest decorum and moderation had till then been observed, and *of running up and down the hustings* whilst he was making his speech. In a word, he first introduced among the orators an ungovernable licentiousness, and a *contempt of decency*; a licentiousness and contempt, which soon introduced terrible irregularities and confusion in public affairs." Vol. 3. p. 276.

I am, Mr. Satirist,

Your humble servant,

Dec. 5, 1809. JAMES BROWN.

CANDOUR OF THE PARTY---HONESTY OF THE BRITISH PRESS---EXPEDITIONS OF "ALL THE TALENTS."

SIR,

BEING rather too early, one day last month, for the *Camberwell* stage, I stepped into the *Pewter Platter,* from whence it sets out, intending to wait till the coachman should call me. While a *sandwich* which I had ordered was preparing, the *pot-boy* very civilly brought me a newspaper to amuse myself with, with the title of which I was totally unacquainted, as I did not know such a paper was in existence, never having met with it at any respectable coffee-house. It was called "*The British Press.*" It seemed to be a bigoted partizan of "*All the Talents,*"

bepraised Lord Grenville to the skies, and plentifully *befooled* all those who venture to be of a different opinion to his Lordship. Indeed, the *champion* seemed worthy of the *cause*, " and Nature framed the *scribbler* for the *peer*."

After heartily amusing myself with the fulsome attempts at panegyric, and the impotent ebullitions of calumny that, with the exception of advertisements, composed the first three pages, *laughter* was compelled to yield to *indignation* when I arrived at the fourth. In *this* a long article occurred, professing to contain an account of the expeditions that had been sent out from this country for the last sixteen years ; stating the *time* of their setting out; the *commander* under whom they went; the *object* which they had in view ; and the *result* of the enterprize. As the truly *British* diaphragm of the writer seemed to be tickled, by announcing that many of these had failed, I was anxious to discover what effect would be produced upon him by the recording of each " bold emprize" that shed such inextinguishable radiance over the transitory reign of " *All the Talents*," and hurried my eye down till I came to the " Fox administration." This title, by the bye, Mr. Satirist, is not very civil to Lord Grenville, to make him play only *second-fiddle* to Mr. Fox, when he looks upon himself to be as well qualified to be *leader of a band* as Cramer or Viotti. But would you believe it, Sir, (oh ! yes, *you*, who are well aware of the fair dealing and open manliness of *the party*, will readily belive it) that mention was made of *no other* expedition under the auspices of this luminous administration, this " *concentration of* ALL THE TALENTS *of the Empire*," than the successful and gallant exploit of Sir J. Stuart at Maida ? Was it *modesty*, *shame*, or *ignorance*

that induced the *candid* historian to *slur* over one or two expeditions planned by these modern MACHIAVELS? expeditions which, I boldly predict *will immortalize the memory of their administration* so long as a British forehead can scowl the *frown of indignation*, or raise the *sneer of scorn*. As among *all the* boasted *talents* neither *modesty* nor *shame* held a very conspicuous place, while *ignorance* glared in the full front, I am inclined to attribute the omission to the score of the latter. But as it would be "a thousand pities" that so capital and patriotic an article should be incomplete, I will endeavour to supply the deficiency, for which I doubt not to receive the editor's best thanks, the day after your next number is published at the farthest. I must, however, premise two things: *First*, that I cannot give dates with the same accuracy as the editor of the British Press, not being furnished with documents by *the party*. This, however, is of little importance; for as, fortunately for this kingdom, "*All the Talents*" were extinguished, after having glimmered for about *a year*, whoever is anxious to ascertain the time of any expedition more exactly, knows to a nicety that his enquiries may be restricted to the file of newspapers for 1807. *Secondly*, that it is not my intention to cast the slightest imputation on those gallant officers, Sir J. T. Duckworth and the late General Frazer. They did all they could do, and all the force allotted them would permit, and the blame must attach to the planners of these Quixotic expeditions.

I now proceed, Sir, to my Supplement to the account (which appeared in the *British Press*) of the expeditions that have been sent from thiscountry for the last sixteen years.

ADMINISTRATION OF "*All the Talents.*"

(or, as the *British Press* niggardly calls it, the Fox ADMINISTRATION; but why shall Fox "rapiet ad se quod ERIT COMMUNE OMNIUM?"

EXPEDITION TO CONSTANTINOPLE!

When sent. 1807.

Commander. Sir J.T. Duckworth.

Force. Seven sail of the line, besides frigates and bomb-vessels.

Object. Now *here*, Mr. Satirist, I readily confess *my* ignorance, and I never yet could find *any one* who was capable of giving me information on this subject. If the *object* was to bully the *Turk*, the *result* must be that "they caught a *Tartar.*"

Result. "ENGLAND,* WHILE IN A STATE OF PROFOUND PEACE WITH" Turkey (*British Press,*) "threatens to bombard her capital;" (*ibid.*)—the force sent against it returns after "*a loss far from trifling,*" (Sir J. Duckworth's *letter*) fortunate in getting off so well; as had the ships staid only a little longer, "*it would have been a very doubtful point whether a return lay open to us at all!*" *(ibid.)*

COMMENTARY.

* "That which is *morally* wrong cannot be *politically* right." Fox. *Selected* as *l'envoi* to the Copenhagen expedition by the *British Press.*

"Sir John Duckworth appears to have done every thing that was possible to effect the object of the expedition; BUT THE EXPEDITION ITSELF WAS SO ILL-CONTRIVED THAT SUCCESS WAS NOT TO BE EXPECTED. It was GENERALLY CONDEMNED not *only* as being INJU-

DICIOUS and WEAK, but SILLY and CHILDISH." *Annual Register*, 1807, p. 200.

EXPEDITION TO ALEXANDRIA!!

When sent. 1807.
Commander. Gen. Frazer.
Force. 5000 men.
Object. I am still in the above-mentioned pitiable predicament, Mr. Satirist.

Result. "ENGLAND WHILE IN A STATE OF PROFOUND PEACE WITH" (*vide suprà*) Turkey, captures the city of Alexandria. After two *unsuccessful* attempts to penetrate farther into the country, in which a loss was sustained of upwards of 1300 in killed, wounded, and missing, are glad to get off with having the troops who had been made prisoners restored.

COMMENTARY.

"The expedition to Alexandria was MORE GENERALLY CENSURED as SILLY and CHILDISH, than even that against Constantinople." *Annual Register*, 1807, p. 205.

EXPEDITION TO BUENOS AYRES!!

When sent. 1807.
Commander. Gen. Whitelocke.
Force. 12000 men.
Object. "The reduction of

Result. "TOTALLY FAILED---failed *with the deplorable loss of a large portion of the gallant army* engaged in it; and failed not

Buenos Ayres." (Judge Advocate's Speech on the Court Martial.)

only in the object of its intention, but *ended in the absolute surrender of those valuable advantages the valour of the British troops* had, under *another* commander, *previously* acquired in the *important* possession of Monte Video."

"This *disappointment* has also been *painfully embittered* by the DISGRACE which a *failure* under all such circumstances has affixed to the BRITISH ARMS." (Judge Advocate's Speech on the Court Martial.)

And now, Mr. Satirist, I must conclude with *generously* offering to the *Editor of the British Press*, or at least the *writer of the article* above alluded to, his option between the title of FOOL and that of KNAVE. Were I aware of any *middle term*, it should be equally at his service. If, *professing to give* an account of the expeditions that have been sent from this country for the last sixteen years, *he really were ignorant* of those which I have now brought before him, how can he disclaim his right to the *former* title? *If he were acquainted with them*, but in his partiality for "*All the Talents*," was unwilling to blazon *their*

imbecility, how is he to escape *taking a high degree* among those decorated with the *latter* title?

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

VINDEX.

Camberwell green, Dec. 4, 1809.

HINTS TO FLORISTS.

A dramatic Fragment, attempted after *the Elegancies of modern Style.*

THE beauties of nature have so long been a subject of eulogium, that modern taste deserves to be immortalized from having struck out *new* beauties from her deformities, and the exquisite ear which can extract harmony from discord, ought certainly to be accompanied by an eye which can be best pleased with the glare of contrasted colours. As a florist then, you must be remarked, not so much for the beauty as for the singularity of your stock; if you can produce *one* polyanthus as a *monster*, you are amply repaid for all your time and trouble. In this pursuit, your knowledge of the *sexual system* of *Linneus*, is in some measure necessary, as you must not trust an illiterate gardener with the gentle loves and bizarre amours of your family---of *flowers*, I mean. No! you yourself must be confidante to their little loves, and to the whole train of maiden violations and *crim. cons.* of the balmy breathing tribe. Methinks I see you! like the

god of love, with dewy footsteps, introducing the coy and distant lovers to each other's arms, bringing "sweet william" to the "lady's smock," and "ragged robbin" to the "prim rose," until the evening zephyr rises and wafts their mutual sighs around in wild confusion. I see the gay "jonquil" and blue-eyed "Columbine" gently bending towards each other o'er the "lady's bed-straw;" ---the "hyancinth" and "asphodel" are wooing the "painted ladies" under the shade of the *Clemates* or "virgin's bower;"---"amaryllis" and "rose campion," with the whole tribe of "Canterbury *bells*," like the *belles* in the side-boxes, are displaying their charms to every wanton bee, whilst that old maidenish flowret the "everlasting" is nodding her head in all directions to catch the amorous regards of her neighbours, the humble "batchelor's buttons."

Such are the delights of your garden of love,---and happy is he, who, in regulating the tête-à-têtes of his variegated empire, can find a balm for the sorrows of a disappointed or a widowed heart!

But soft!---what gaudy elysium is this that strikes my eye?---is this a toy-shop in a green-house, or a green-house in a toy-shop?---what antique tower is this, whose pigmy battlements frown destruction o'er yon stagnant lake, and whose hoary sides crusted o'er with mouldering oyster-shells seem to invite the weary traveller to seek the inmost recesses of the cool grotto. See! on one side the spiry poplars---one---two---three---six---ten---hah! a whole forest indeed;----on the other, those hoary-headed pollards, like two despairing lovers in the act of seeking a watery grave in the pond below! Is this a bird-cage, surrounded by its green latticed frame, entwined with the

French bean and wanton honey-suckle? Surely, it must be the dwelling of the sylvan gods and goddesses who preside over this Eden in miniature---and behold, a pair of tender lovers now advancing from its ivy-clad portal, he the image of the god Bacchus himself, when erst amidst gambols of the capering *Silenus*, he bestrode the jolly tun ------she, the goddess of plenty, though without her cornucopiæ------sweet gentle pair! trotting to your evening repose in the half-inclosed tale-telling arbour---may no rude steps disturb your slumber! Hah! it is, it is indeed, my old friend Sir Omnium Gatherall, and his meek and thriving helpmate, the fair Blowselina---herself, in the halcyon days of youth, the very *Flora* and *Pomona* of the time. Oft had she " brought flowers, brought odours" to the busy capital; oft had the streets of the gay metropolis resounded to her juvenile lays of " twelve bunches a penny, sweet lavender," or her more " *tasteful incantations* of " All round and sound black-heart cherries;" oft in the temples sacred to *Thespis*, had she presented the fragrant and juicy orange to the notice of thirsty critics, or handed the balmy *Capillaire*, chaste and simple juice of the *Adranthum*, or maiden hair, to the simpering and meretricious fair one---till, in an evil hour, " the fell-despoiler came;"---yet, rising superior to her misfortune, her expanding charms attracted the attention of the gay and economic Mr. Gatherall, she became his friend, but " friendship with woman is sister to love:"---a few, a very few waning moons had passed over, when *Hymen* divided the empire with his brother *Cupid*---no gentle emblems of their affections have yet appeared to attend their footsteps, but here, on each revolving Saturday, retired from all the pomp and bustle of Dowgate-

hill, they wander in this paradise of their own creation. Now, stepping o'er the flowery mound, let me enter and pay my respects---

MOTLEY.---" My dear friend, Sir Omnium, I am happy to meet you thus apropos. Lady Gatherall! your most obedient; well may the world sigh, if your ladyship thus hides your glowing charms amidst *these woods and wilds.*

LADY G.---" Nay, Mr. Motley, I vow you are too gallant: indeed, I told Sir Omnium, I thought he planted too thick a grove in front of the house---the common is quite shut out---Before the nursery-man sent this wood down from town, we had a very good view of the gibbet, but Sir Omnium says, that in *Arcadia* every man slept under his own poplar."

SIR OMNIUM.---" And you, my lady, seem determined to let me sleep no where; up or abed, your tongue will go---here have I not yet been able to bid my friend Motley welcome."

LADY G.---" Nay, lovee, you are too unkind---how oft have you said, sweet Blowselina, let me yet hear those tender accents---but so it is, Mr. Motley, happiness in possession loses half its charms. Now what think you of our improvements?---here could *I* wander for ever among these alleys, but Sir Omnium sighs for *Change-alley*; here you see our *stocks* are getting up.

SIR OMNIUM.---" Hah! what do you say? *stocks* getting up! Eh!"

MOTLEY.---" 'Tis only your *stock-gilliflowers*, Sir Omnium, which are rising a little after these gentle showers."

LADY G.---" And here, Mr. Motley, see how this *honesty*, and the other deciduous shrubs, are flourishing in this warm corner."

SIR OMNIUM.---" I hate these shrubs, I'll have them all rooted out---let us have evergreens here---in a few days I shall attend the sale at Marsh Hall. I have been promised some good bargains there; Potiphar's wife and Joseph, are all complete except Joseph's coat, and another season will finish that; and Moses in the burning bush will be perfect as soon as the bush is grown---but my dear Motley, what think you of my improvements? always doing a little, you see, as my Lady Gatherall says. There's my weathercock, you see, true as Lloyd's, when the wind blows the same way---and my sun-dial too---Eh!"

MOTLEY.---" Your *sun-dial*, Sir Omnium, why it is loose, it turns round!

SIR OMNIUM.---" Ha! he! good---very good---why, man, I always regulate it by St. Paul's!

MOTLEY.---" I protest, Sir Omnium, I did not think of that convenience, but I presume you always regulate your weather-cock also by the Royal Exchange.

SIR OMNIUM.---" Nay, nay, my good friend, you are facetious; but look---look---what think you of this garden-seat? half a dozen friends may smoke their pipes here comfortably, and see (*lifting up the seat*) saves room you see, quite snug, this trough feeds all the pigs!

MOTLEY.---" Indeed, Sir Omnium, it is quite a multum in parvo, but where is her ladyship?"

Sir Omnium.---" What, has she given you the slip? oh, there she is in the *dark walk*---,tis not *dark* yet, to be sure, but when the trees grow 'twill be quite another guess thing. But come, my lady! let's have our tea---nay, nay---step over all, my dear, don't wait to come *round* the walks."

Lady G.---" Indeed, 'twill be quite a journey to go round the garden, when the hedges are grown; but let *me* shew you our flower-knot, Mr. Motley---look here! here's 'love lies a bleeding,' and here's 'two faces under a hood,' and here"---

Sir Omnium.---" Heugh---heugh"---(*coughs.*)

Lady G.---" My *dear* Sir Omnium, why don't you tie a handkerchief round your neck, lovey---and here, Mr. Motley, here's 'heart's ease' and the 'golden Iris,' and---"

Cætera desunt; hiatus valde deflendus.

INNS.

It is very generally asserted, and as generally believed, that travelling is no where so convenient as in England: I dare say the remark is just, but I believe all travellers find to their cost that such convenience is very expensive. A slender purse will procure few comforts on the road, and the respect and attention of the innkeeper will be in proportion to the equipage of his guest. I have travelled in various ways, over every part of England, and have

never yet been able to discover those attractions which Fielding and Sterne, adopting the sentiments of Burton, professed to find in the parlour of an inn. If you have money, and patience to submit with your eyes open to the numerous impositions which are practised on you, you may, perhaps, find the host and his servants attentive and civil; but though leeches may occasionally be of service, I never felt much attachment to the leech that drained me. Every person on the road, with whom the traveller has any thing to do, seems joined in a conspiracy against his purse. If he travel post, what demands are made on him by post-boys, ostlers, turnpike-men, waiters, and chambermaids! If by the stage, what a succession of porters, coachmen, and guards, prey on him as he proceeds on his journey, and what sums must he pay for meals which he has no time to eat! If he travel on horseback, he has a double source of expence and anxiety; for he may as well expect to find an ostler without tricks as a chambermaid with virtue.

I had experienced the inconveniences of all these modes of travelling, and wishing to make an excursion to the west in the course of last autumn, that I might avoid as many of them as I could, and be as independent as possible, I resolved to journey on foot. With no other incumbrance, therefore, than a change of linen, and accompanied only by a favourite dog, I set out; it is my custom to proceed without stopping as far as I mean to go for the day, that I may sit down comfortably after dinner, and drink my wine and read the news: so resolving to get as soon as possible out of the noise of town, I had passed the thirtieth mile-stone before I thought of dining: but the fresh air and exercise having now made me hungry, I was not sorry

when I discovered the church-steeple of the little town that lay before me. I had several times changed horses at this town, when travelling post, and had a very perfect recollection of the landlord of the inn, where I now proposed to rest. He had always appeared to me to be extremely attentive and polite. He was standing in the doorway of his house, as I came up; and though I am not in the habit of saluting those with whom I am not familiar, I felt that I could not well pass a man in such a situation unnoticed. I perceived, however, that he did not seem much flattered by my notice; and as he just made room enough for me to pass into his house, I perfectly understood the side-long look which he cast at the little bundle that contained my linen, and which I had slung on my stick over my shoulder. He resumed his posture, when he had let me pass, and I proceeded alone into his house. Seeing the door of a room open, and perceiving that the room was empty, I walked in, laid my bundle on the table, and rang the bell. An amphibious sort of animal, half clown and half fop, appeared in the shape of a waiter. He entered hastily with a servile kind of grin, which changed the moment that he beheld me, into an inquisitive stare. His eye glanced rapidly from me to my bundle, and from my bundle to my dog, and then returned again to me, measuring me from head to foot. It was the action of a moment, but I needed no explanation of it. He had formed in his own mind a perfect estimate of my consequence, and was prepared to adapt his manners accordingly, I enquired what I could have for dinner. "You cannot dine in this room," said he. "Why not?" demanded I; "We expect *gentlemen* here," replied he. Without noticing the emphasis which he gave to the word *gentlemen*, I observed that any other room would please me as well. "This way

then," said he, pointing to my bundle at the same time, which I understood to be an order to take it with me. I followed him into the passage, where he told me to wait, and he would send somebody to me. At the end of two or three minutes, during which my patience began to evaporate most rapidly, an awkward boy came to me, and conducted me through a long dark passage into a little mean three-cornered room, which looked into the stable-yard. I again asked what I could have for dinner, and my uncouth attendant left me to ascertain the state of the larder. After waiting time enough almost to dress it, he returned with his report that there was nothing cold in the house but a scrag of mutton and a knuckle of veal; but there was a shoulder of mutton which I might have if I liked. I asked if it were dressed. "Dressed," said he, "aye, to be sure, or else I shouldn't ha' offered it ye. Why 'twas sarved up only about an hour agon to the coach passengers: there varnt but five on 'em, so you'll find some nice picking, and I warrant 'tis warmish yet, and you can ha' some of the cabbage and taties as was left." Hungry as I was, I was not tempted by this description, and asked if I could not have a steak or a chop. "Why I don't know," said he, "there be some in the house I believe, but I dont know whether the cook has got a fire to do 'em." He left me to enquire, and returned soon afterwards with the dinner-tray. "You can have a beef-steak," said he, "and I've got the cook to mash you up some taties, as I thought you'd like 'em." "That will do very well," replied I; "but you must got me a pickle too." "Very well," said he, and proceeded to lay the cloth, which seemed to have been in desperate service, for, through the stains with which it was covered

it was not easy to discover its original colour. The whole furniture of the table was of a piece. A knife, loose in the handle, and a fork that had no fellowship or kin to it; an earthen salt-cellar without a spoon; a pepper-box and mustard-pot of the same ware; but the pepper-box so broken at the bottom that it would not stand, and the mustard-pot without a cover. The vinegar-cruet indeed, wanted nothing but a stopper, which was ingeniously supplied by a roll of brown paper, but the vinegar was mothery. This, however, did not affect me, as I had no occasion for it; and I found no difficulty in reconciling to myself the iron spoon, which was substituted for silver; though all these things spoke as plainly the sentiments of the house respecting me, as if my attendant had said, "You are a foot-passenger, so we must take care to leave nothing in your way that you can make free with." I did not care for this: the opinion of such people was not of any importance to me, and at all events I thought I should save more by their contempt of me than I could gain by their respect; for I naturally concluded that I should have less to pay for such accommodations as they seemed inclined to afford me, than if I had made an appearance which would have commanded their best services. At length my steak appeared, and I never ate a tougher or a drier, or one worse cooked: I saw that my attendant cast ever and anon a jealous eye at my dog, and looked not very well pleased, when I gave him a bit which defied my powers of mastication. The cook, however, had taken pretty good care that there should not be enough for us both; and I asked therefore, if I could have any thing for the dog's dinner, and if there was nothing

else, whether there was any more beef-steak that I could have for him. My attendant left me, but presently returned with a sanctified look, and told me, that his mistress wanted to know if I would chuse to have a fowl roasted for the dog; " for, she says he can have nothing else here," added he, " she keeps a house to feed christians, and won't cast the good things of the Lord unto dogs, lest evil fall on her house. That's what mistress bid me tell you," said he, removing the things from the table, " and I believe I remembered her words pretty well, for the minister of our chapel was with her, and he said it over to me twice. Oh! he's a fine man. To be sure, what pains he do take for the love of mistress's soul! Why do you know that sometimes they locks themselves up in the little room behind the bar for a quarter of an hour together; all for the good of mistress's soul. Oh! he's a fine man! a powerful man! You can't think what a power of drink it do take to make him groggy." When I discovered that I was in the regions of methodism, I did not wonder at the coldness of my reception: so I gave my dog the remnants of my dinner, resolving that he should fare better at tea.

I now ordered a pint of wine: the boy stared with amazement: he had nothing to do with the wine he said, but he would speak to the other waiter. While he was gone I thought of a trick which the brother of the celebrated Blackstone used frequently to play, and I determined to practise it on the present occasion. In a short time the waiter, whom I had first seen, appeared. The boy, he said, had told him, that I wanted wine, he wished to know if he had understood me right. I replied, that he had. " What wine do you chuse?" said he. " Port,"

answered I. "It is 5s. a bottle," replied he. "I know it," said I, "but I only want a pint, and that, I take it, is but half-a-crown, which I have no objection to pay." He was leaving the room, when I desired him to bring the bottle with him, and let me decanter off my pint myself, as I was rather nice about my wine. He hesitated a little, but complied; and soon after came back with a bottle and cork-screw, and one of those large vinegar-cruets which are in use at inns for pint decanters. I affected to object to its smallness; he answered pertly that, if any thing, it was over large; his mistress had too much conscience to allow any thing in her house to be under measure. "Very well," said I, "I am satisfied; draw the cork." When he had done so, I filled the decanter; "you may have the decanter," said I, handing it to him, "I prefer the bottom of the bottle." I enjoyed the stupid confusion of the fellow, who was taken so completely by surprize, that having not the slightest objection to offer, he left the room without saying a word.

I procured a pipe without much difficulty, but it was in vain that I asked for the newspaper: I was constantly told that the gentlemen in the traveller's room had got it. These gentlemen, as I found afterwards, were the knights of the saddle-bag, or riders. As evening began to draw in, I thought it necessary to make some enquiries respecting a bed: the chambermaid accordingly came to me. "Why," said she, in answer to my enquiry, "I don't know as how that we can accommodate you, as all our double-bedded rooms be full but one; and one of the beds of that be already engaged to a gentleman; but perhaps," added she, glancing her eye over my dress, "he won't have no objection to your sleeping in 'tother bed, I'll ask

him." "Do so;" said I, "pray who is the gentleman?" "I don't know his name," answered she, "but he is a traveller for a quack-medicine warehouse: he seems very good-natured, so I dare say he won't make no objection to you, though you be a foot-passenger. I'll do what I can for you," said she, smiling, as she left the room. I am not easily put out of temper; and in truth there was something in my present situation, which more excited my laughter than my indignation. In an inn, not forty miles from London, with plenty of money in my pocket, and willing enough to pay, I had been poked up in a little dismal hole, where I could get nothing fit either for me or my dog to eat; and now depended for a bed on the intercession of a chamber-maid with the servant of a wholesale dealer in quack medicine, and the reason was not disguised from me; I was a foot-passenger. I was arranging in my mind a fine declamation on the extortion, and insolence, and brutality of innkeepers, when the chamber-maid re-entered. "Well," said she, smiling, "I have managed it for you. I told the gentleman that you was a decentish sort of person, and all that, and so he has no objection to your lying in the same room with him; only he hopes you don't snore." I replied that I could not answer for that, as I could not exactly tell what I did while I was asleep. "Well, never mind," said she, it is no matter; only it will be best to snore as little as you can help, you know." This point being arranged, I desired her to send Boots to me. A considerable time elapsed before he appeared. He brought me for slippers a piece of a woman's shoe, and the foot of an old boot cut down. "D'ye have your shoes black'd?" said he. "To be sure," replied I. "Didn't know," said he, "thought mayhap

you'd like 'em greased." As he said this he left the room, and I observed the significant twist of his mouth, as he turned up the soles of my shoes, and saw the nails which I had had put in the heels. It amused me to find the same spirit of insolence prevailing throughout this house, from the master down to the shoe-black; and this inn might serve as a specimen of all others.

I had still, however, something more to learn of the assurance of innkeepers. Before I went to bed, my clownish attendant brought me the bill. "This is making sure work," said I. "Ees," replied the boy, "you might be off you know in the morning before mistress be up, and 'tis she keeps the books." In looking over the bill, I found that I had been deceived in fancying that I should pay less because I was badly dined and badly accommodated. Every thing was charged as high as if of the best quality, and served in the best manner. It seemed as if I were made to pay not only for their provisions and their trouble, but for the suspicions which they had thought fit to entertain of my capacity to pay at all. Or perhaps, being a foot passenger, and therefore, in their opinion bringing no credit to their house by my custom, they were not content with offering me no respect or attention on that account, but thought it proper to charge me for my want of consequence.

I went to bed with a worse opinion of inns and innkeepers than I had ever entertained before; which was not lessened by perceiving that the sheets of my bed had been slept in before. I quickly removed these, however, and laid myself between the blankets; and as I was fatigued by my journey soon fell asleep.

I had not slept above two or three hours, when I was awakened by loud screams and a violent uproar and confusion of voices in the house, I jumped instantly out of

bed; the gentleman quack traveller, who lay in the same room, was out before me, and led the way to the scene of riot. And in truth a curious scene it was. About a dozen people, with no other covering than that in which they left their beds, were collected together, and in the midst of them the landlady and her cookmaid with no more clothing than the rest, were stripping each other even of that, while the blood streaming down their faces and necks, and their wild streaming hair, bore evident marks of the activity of their hands and nails: nothing could equal the violence and rage with which they fought: while on the floor I perceived the waiter kneeling on the stomach of a man, who I soon found was the gospel minister that I had heard of, and who appeared much intoxicated, and little able to return or resist the hearty knocks with which the waiter belaboured him. It was some time before we could succeed in separating the combatants: and when we did the restraint which we laid on their hands only seemed to add fresh vigour and fury to their tongues. As for the landlord he seemed to enjoy the scene as much as any one, equally regardless of the exposure or the sufferings of his wife. It was natural to enquire the cause of such a battle, and on this point we were soon satisfied. It seemed that there had been for some time an amour between the waiter and the cook-maid; but oh! the inconstancy of woman! the gospel minister had prevailed with her, and when the waiter came this night to her bed-side, he found the gospel minister already there. Jealousy and rage inspired him, and the arm of the flesh was stronger than the spirit, and the methodist lover was felled to the ground. The violence of their contention drew the landlady to the spot, who, it seems, had as much reason to complain of the inconstancy of the spiritual lover as the waiter had of the cook-maid. She therefore,

flew instantly like a tygress on her rival, who returned her assault with equal spirit. When we had heard all that each party could say against the other, it was proposed that the methodist parson should be turned into the street, naked as he was, and his clothes thrown after him. This was no sooner thought of than done, and while the three other combatants sneaked silently to their separate beds, the gospel minister was turned out to enjoy the refreshing coolness of a heavy rain.

"So much for inns and innkeepers," thought I, as I returned to my bed. "These things ought to be ordered otherwise; but I do not know how it is to be done."

A PEDESTRIAN.

NEW ASSURANCE COMPANY.

MR. SATIRIST,

NOTWITHSTANDING your gibes and your jeers against that patriotic esquire, William Robert Henry, &c. &c. I am happy to find that persevering genius has made a beginning with his cattle insurance; in short, Sir, he had provided an office and clerks, and no less than twenty esquires as directors to be directed by him. Lord, Sir, the leader of so many squires should be himself a knight at least, and I don't see why the head of a brewery don't deserve that honour as much as the head of a mad-house, particularly as the people they have got to manage must be pretty nearly of the same description. His proposals too are published, which must surely astonish the world; but alas! 'tis not possible for one man, not even for the

multifarious W. R. H. to do every thing; even in this plan, therefore, there is a deficiency, which I, Sir, propose to fill up; and I now request to offer my proposals to the public through your medium.

NEW CATTLE LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY,

OFFICE, SKIN'EM-STREET, SAFFRON-HILL, LONDON.

Capital 0000000l.*

DIRECTORS.

Myself, Esq. President.

Sir Harry Dimsdale, Esq.	Cat's-meat Smith, Esq.
William Soames, Esq.	Major Semple, Esq.
Chimney-sweep Dean, Esq.	W.T.W.X.Y.Z. My Hearty, Esq.
Gin-shop Morris, Esq.	Caleb Baldwin, Esq.
Dutch Sam, Esq.	Isaac Mendoza, Esq.
Peter the Wild Boy, Esq.	John Ketch, Esq.

The great benefits which several projectors, bridge-inventors, tunnel-borers, &c. have experienced from the various establishments in the metropolis, are so evident, that no apology is necessary; and when we consider the great value of the cattle whose lives we intend to insure (being at the same time very careful not to risk our own) it excites some surprize that no plan has been proposed for protecting what may be termed the riches of the poor.

The improvements of late years in the breed of donkeys, since they have become such favourites at the watering-places, have kept pace with the extraordinary demand for small coal, cats and dog's meat, and directors for sub-

* Nothing looks so well as a line of *cyphers*, I have therefore made a sufficient number of *them*, but I shall not *make a figure* till after the first instalment.

scription companies ;* and it is obvious that the continued calamities to which they are exposed by the failure of the *Humanity bill* demand attention from those whose feelings are congenial. Our directors possess information, from the gentlemen who write watering-place paragraphs for the morning papers, of the number employed at the various summer resorts, which, with official returns from Chick-lane, the Mint, Brick-lane, &c. has enabled them to form the necessary calculations; the returns from the *mutton-pie* men have enabled them to average the deaths of dogs and cats, and the rat-catcher's bills of mortality have been their bases for the inferior kinds of quadrupeds.

The species to be insured are jack-asses and their wives and families, dogs and their ladies, tom cats and their amiable companions, and in short all animals not insured in the other office.

The premiums of insurances are as follows; one penny in the shilling on the first class; one halfpenny on the second class; and one farthing on all the others.

Higher premiums will be charged on donkeys carrying brick-dust, as their masters having a superior polish, go oftener to the gin shop; and no insurance will be made on the lives of dogs yoked in hand-carts; butcher's dogs if their masters are quarrelsome, will be uninsurable, and lap-dogs, if fed upon roast chicken, will be doubly hazardous, and if proved to have been visited by the doctor, the premium to be forfeited. Donkeys and dogs on board wages will be doubly hazardous, with the exception of gipsey's asses, who are allowed to find themselves; if it shall be proved that any ass has carried an angel weighing

* I propose soon to form an *Assurance* company for the lives of this latter description; the risk perhaps may be *hazardous!*

more than fifteen stone, the premiums will be forfeited; and all cats permitted to go on amorous excursions on the house-tops, vulgarly called *catterwauling*, and she-cats in a state of pregnancy, will be doubly hazardous.

In all cases where the company make good such losses as may arise by the deaths of asses, dogs, cats, &c. they shall be allowed to collect the skins by their own old rabbit-skin women.

There are yet vacancies for agents, for which cat's and dog's meat merchants, landlords of gin-shops, little-go keepers, and other gentlemen of respectability will be preferred; and shares are reserved for such gentlemen as at present are *out of the line.*

A deposit of two per cent. must be immediately paid in, and I shall call for more as soon as I want it; all payments to be made to my new London bank, or to Timothy Toast, Esq.

(Signed) W. R. H. Jun.
Perpetual President.

POLITICAL CATTLE-SHEW,

EXTRAORDINARY.

The public had been a long time in eager expectation of this shew of horned cattle, and of other *animals*, many of whose extraordinary qualities had been loudly boasted of by the breeders, we hasten, therefore, gladly to detail the various occurrences of the exhibition which has taken place in the grand national museum, before a numerous assemblage of amateurs. As at the sister exhibition in Sadler's yard, many interesting discussions took place

on the *real* and *comparative* merits of both fat and lean animals exhibited, most of which, however, had been brought to their present *high state of perfection*, by a very great waste, both of time and *provender*, arising not so much from the inaptitude of the *beasts* to fatten, as from the morbid state of their *viscera*, in consequence of which, they never knew when they had enough. The exhibition was considered as open to the public at large, a great concourse of whom rushed in; but *among the friends invited*, we observed Sir Harry Dimsdale, and several other new made knights, together with D. Mendoza, Esq. W. Soams, Esq. many other squires, and a long train of beauty and fashion, from Tothill-row, St. Giles's, and the *summer resorts* round White-conduit fields.

Colonel W-----e exhibited a remarkable fine grown *Bull*, which he led about for some time by the horns; the animal, however, at length, turned restive, and threw his *leader* in the dirt, a situation which he seemed to relish, as he took great pleasure in spattering the mud on many of the bystanders. This *noted breeder* having speculated rather too deeply, *out of his line*, was in hopes to have made up his losses by the exhibition of a fine *Milch cow*; in this he was disappointed; as he is, however, a *man of judgment*, we wish his friends would put him *in the right line*.

The paper knight, exhibited a huge over-grown calf, fed upon nothing but tarts and turnips; he expatiated largely on the extraordinary volume of his head, and hoped the breed would be encouraged, if only for the sake of the skin, but some of the gentlemen of the *last*, asserted that although it might serve for *rough binding*, it would never do for *upper leathers*.

Mr. Wishart exhibited a blind ass, which had lost his

eyesight by *going round and round* in his tobacco-mill; though the animal seemed rather weakly from being led in, yet he gave a full specimen of his powers, by the loudness of his braying.

Tim B------n opened a subscription purse for an extraordinary shew of gudgeons, and offered next season to produce a greater quantity of *flat-fish* than any one in the trade; his proposals, however, were not relished, as it was observed that his purse had dropped a *few stitches*, which might require the assistance of a *Taylor* to mend them.

W. H. R. B-----n, ESQUIRE, offered his proposals by which the farmer might ensure his cattle getting fat, his cows giving milk, and his ewes chusing a proper yeaning time; also his plan to guard against bad harvests or a fall in the price of corn; and by which those who were parish officers might insure the usual quantity of bastard children, in order to keep up the stock of vestry-dinners, &c.

Mr. W------n exhibited a calf with two heads, an animal, which though very lean in the face, appeared to have fattened amazingly; this *lusus naturæ* was explained to have arisen from its having two mouths to feed one body, whilst the lankness of the cheeks was supposed to proceed from the jaws always in motion. Some confusion arose, as to what *pen* to place him in, as instead of a label with a number, it seemed that by mistake, a slip of parchment with a *judge's opinion* had been hung round his neck.

Pater F--------y, Esq. exposed to public view an animal of a very savage nature; it had indeed been found necessary to keep this beast so close in his *pen* for some time, that the mark was still upon his neck. Some alarm was

excited on leading him in, as the keepers had forgot *to put a rope round his neck*, and the deficiency of parallelism in his visual organs made it rather uncertain at first what course he would take; he was very quiet, however, after the *judges* had given their opinion.

Mrs. C-------e exhibited a *Welch Goat*, but *without horns*, a circumstance much lamented by the bystanders. This vicious animal caused some confusion among the company, by his caperings, curvettings, and other *motions in the* court, being much annoyed by a *Woodman* with his *long bill*. The judges not approving the length of his beard, much laughter was excited on the second day of the show, as it appeared that he had been *shaved close* by his fair exhibitor.

ASTROLOGICAL ANATOMY.

"*Taurus?* that's *sides* and *heart*."
"No, Sir, it's *legs* and *thighs*."

WHAT YOU WILL.

SIR,

THAT the notice of a *star-gazer* should be attracted by *a meteor*, especially by one whose periodical appearances are monthly, was naturally to be expected. You cannot, therefore, be surprized to find that your *coruscations* have afforded me a most delightful subject for speculation. I was overjoyed when I found you *drew in your train* no less *illustrious a satellite* than CROP THE CONJUROR, as he

is precisely the personage whom I have long wished to consult on the solution of a difficulty that has occasioned me no small anxiety and perturbation. But before I state my case for his kind advice, it may be necessary to give some further account of myself.

You must know then, Sir, that I have long aspired to be "filius artis," and for that purpose have perused numerous learned works that treat of "*the admirable and occult science*," to the great distraction of my brain, and the exhaustion of my purse, so that instead of *raising the devil*, I cannot even *raise the wind*. If you can recommend to me an *elementary* treatise on this latter subject, I shall be much obliged to you, and will promise to study it with the greatest attention.

To enable myself to effect the former, I procured *Barret's* MAGUS; *or Celestial Intelligence, a complete System of Occult Philosophy*, concerning which the High Priest to the *Temple of the Muses* has thus oracularly delivered his decision. "*There was a time when any treatise written on this subject would have exposed even the person, in whose possession it might be found, to the rack or the flames.*" (A dull-headed friend of mine, Mr. Satirist, who knows neither "*the Sapor Pontick, Sapor Stiptick, or what is homogene or heterogene*," illnaturedly observed, that the same punishment should now be inflicted on the readers of this elaborate system,) "*the work is extremely curious and entertaining; and* SHOULD IT FAIL, [ah! ah!] *of enabling men to perform the wonders it* PROFESSES TO DO, *it will at least* GIVE THEM AN IDEA."---This, Sir, I assure you, is very true; for it *gave me an idea* that I had thrown away my seven-and-twenty shillings, and a very unpleasant idea it was. However, I was not disheartened. I turned my studies into another channel, and soon grew as *familiar* with all

the twelve houses as I am with my own. I made a pretty *progress*, I assure you; could calculate *nativities* as well as *Placidus de Titis;* foretell the *changes of the weather*, with as much accuracy as *Francis Moore, physician*, and cared no more for a *dragon's head*, or *dragon's tail*, than any of *the Seven Champions of Christendom.*

I readily own that it is to the elaborate *almanacks* of this "divine astrologer" that I owe no small part of my knowledge. I have annually perused them with zeal, *amusement*, and emolument, *as far as I could understand* them; and it is to enable me *completely* to understand them that I request the assistance of your sagacious correspondent. I am *quite up to* "the dominion of the *moon in man*'s body, passing under the twelve Zodiacal Constellations," as expressed in the following elegant lines:

"Upon the Twelve Signs.

"The *head* and *face* the RAM doth always rule:
The *neck* and *throat* are govern'd by the BULL.
O'er the *arms* and *shoulders* still the TWINS preside:
Breast, stomach, ribs, the crooked CRAB doth guide.
The noble LION rules the *back* and *heart*,
The *bashful* VIRGIN claims the *belly part.*
The *reins* and *loins* the equal BALANCE weigh;
The SCORPION o'er the *secret parts* doth sway.
The *curious* ARCHER doth the *thighs* affect;
So doth the GOAT our bended *knees* protect.
The *legs* unto AQUARIUS' lot do† *fall:*
The FISH our active *feet* their portion * *call.*"

* I always thought, Sir, that "qui procumbit humi, non habet unde *cadat.*"

† O *mutis* quoque *piscibus*
Donature cycni, si *libeat*, *sonum.*

Experto crede, Mr. Satirist, this is incontrovertible: and to enable you to judge of the infallibility of this doctrine, I will relate a few circumstances that have happened to myself since I devoted my attention to this noble art. I do not mean to say that they *all* happened in the course of *one* year, for we must, I suppose, make the same allowance in this case, *mutatis mutandis*, as Mr. Moore stipulates for in his prognostications of the change of weather, which "may be expected, *more or less*, the day before, or the day after."

It was at the latter end of a month of March, that I had some idea of applying for a divorce at Doctor's Commons, as I found the *Ram* was so completely *in the ascendant*, that I was *cornuted;* but recollecting that *Scarmentado* observed, that he found "que d' être cocu, étoit la plus douce condition de la vie," and finding, as I imagined, his assertion sanctioned by many modern examples, I made no stir, but "bore my budding honours thick upon me." When the sun entered *Cancer*, I was for some time troubled with a *diarrhœa*, occasioned by eating green gooseberries, and like the *predominant* was obliged *to go backwards*. When he "*touched the first scruple*" of *Scorpio*---but no, Mr. Satirist, I am a *married* man, and but that I am forbidden to tell "the *secrets* of my prison-house; I could a *tail* unfold"---suffice it to say that nine months afterwards I *cast the nativity* of my son *Albumazar*.

Now all this you see, Sir, is "as clear as mud," when exhibited, as above, in the lump. But when this "*dominion*" is divided and subdivided like the *quondam German empire*, frittered away into small parcels, and even daily *cantels*, I am quite at a loss, and as much in amaze, as a dog in a dancing school. And *here*, Sir, is my difficulty. In the annexed profound scheme which forms *part* of *Francis*

☾'s Signs.	
1	hams
2	legs
3	*and*
4	ancles
5	feet
6	toes
7	head
8	face
9	neck
10	throat
11	arms
12	*and*
13	should.
14	breast
15	stom.
16	heart
17	*and*
18	back
19	bowels
20	belly
21	reins
22	loins
23	secret
24	*mem-*
25	*bers*
26	hips
27	thighs
28	knees
29	hams
30	legs
31	ancles

Moore's learned page for *March* next, I wish your ingenious correspondent, CROP THE CONJUROR, would unfold to me what influence on my carcase is denoted by the words in *italics*. On the 3d, 12th, 17th, is nothing more meant than a *partnership* account between "the day before, and the day after," or is a *complication* of disorders threatened? I dread his explanation of the 24th and 25th as much as *my uncle Toby* shuddered at *part* of *Ernulphus's curse*, since it seems to threaten *a solution of continuity*. Perhaps he will have the goodness to convey his information privately, which will afford much consolation to me, who am, Mr. Satirist, your obedient servant, though as I have evidently shewn,

NO CONJUROR.

London, Dec. 1809.

NEW YEAR'S WISHES.

The new year brings with it many wishes: it is a season of hope, and every one wears by turns the cap of Fortunatus.

The young maid *wishes* for a handsome husband before the year is out.

The old maid *wishes* for a husband, and does not stipulate for beauty.

The young heir *wishes* himself of age, that he may enter on his fortune; Mr. J. B. H. T---t *wishes* so too, that he may pigeon him.

Lord ------ *wishes* his lady were of a colder temperament; her ladyship *wishes* that her lord were younger.

Cuckolds *wish* the present high prices of *crim. con.* may keep up till the next market-day: their frail partners *wish* they may fall, lest they lose their customers.

Mr. W-----, the young barrister, *wishes*, that when he went his last western circuit, he had never ventured near *Taunton*.

Mr. L-----n *wishes* to prove his wife a w---e: her friends *wish* she had not proved herself so.

Mrs. S----- *wishes* she had never *fenced* with Mr. G-----o.

A noble widow *wishes* to astonish the world, and is said to have *conceived* something that will do so most effectually. The noble lord, most interested, *wishes* to pry into the secret of the affair, but is convinced that it is beyond conception. He wishes that the old saying may in this instance prove true: "The mountain was in labour and brought forth a mouse."

Cobbett *wishes* he had been hanged before we had

thought of his Court-martial: every honest man *wishes* the same thing.

Tom H--------- the informer, who has long dealt in *loose fish*, *wishes* that an OLD WIFE would fetch as good a price as a MAID.

Young widows like CALISTA are "full of *wishes*."

Modern poets *wish* their readers had bad memories.

WE WISH OUR READERS---A HAPPY NEW YEAR

MODERN SUBSCRIPTIONS.

O ALBION; long to thy blest fields was given
That first great attribute of parent heaven,
Celestial Charity---at her command
Glow'd every heart, and opened every hand,
And the sad claims of poverty and grief,
Need only be proclaimed to find relief;
Alas, how changed! from what polluted source
Now flows of bounty the degenerate course!
In vain the orphan sorrowing, breathes the sigh,
In vain the tear swells in the widow's eye.
In Vice and Infamy's triumphant sound,
The widow's and the orphan's cry is drown'd;
Let some vile strumpet with unblushing face,
Instruct in early sin the female race,
Each foolish dupe, by some deserting knave
Persuaded, [selfish interest, stupid slave,]
Bestows what impudence with sneers receives,
And luxury dissipates what folly gives.

Does some vile tool of faction, seeking fame
By every wile of cunning and of shame,
Suborn a strumpet in a senate's face,
By hellish lies the noble to disgrace;
When awful Justice, opening late her eyes,
Pervades of infamy the dark disguise,
Sedition's sons their mingled sums subscribe,
The conscience of their suffering friend to bribe,
While he, pure patriot, whose indignant pride,
Turn'd from the proffer'd silver box aside.
Will his friends' *golden* stores with joy receive
Laughs in his sleeve, but pockets what they give.
Instead of Gotham's freedom, wisely will'd,
With *guineas* had a spacious chest been fill'd,
The splendid gift had never been refused,
But gold that folly gave would vice have used.

O fallen from public favor's slippery brow,
To the deep gulph of infamy below,
Tho' in thy praise the shouts of fools resound,
And city oxen bellow loud around,
Does not reflection's voice, gentle tho' clear,
Proclaim thee to thy conscience's shuddering ear
The lowest actor now in Faction's scene,
Worst of the bad, and meanest of the mean?

PETTICOAT INFLUENCE.

Much has been said by *the patriots* against *petticoat interest*, but our readers will perceive by the following let-

ter, that *some of themselves* do not hesitate to solicit such influence on *very important* occasions and to obtain *very distinguished honours.*

Chiswell Street, 27th March, 1809.

"DEAR SIR,

"As soon as Mrs. Clarke's memoirs are printed, *pray* let me have three copies, and if the plates are done, *pray* let the bearer bring me one. I *wish Mrs. Clarke could manage to get Lord Folkestone and Mr. Wardle to honour me with their company any day and hour that* SUITED *them at Peckham lodge, through Camberwell, four miles exactly from Whitehall.*

I am, dear Sir, truly yours,

(Signed) TIM. BROWN."

*To Mr. Gillet, Printer, Crown-court, Fleet-street.**

We shall only observe that this curious epistle was written by the same Mr. Tim. Brown who during the mutiny at the Nore, gave as a toast "at *Peckham lodge through Camberwell four miles exactly from Whitehall,*" the health of "*Admiral Parker*, chief of the mutineers"---by the same Mr. Tim Brown, who received and *fast holds* Miss Taylor's subscription; by the same Mr. Tim Brown, who endeavoured *to procure* evidence for Colonel Wardle at the late trial. By the same Mr. Tim Brown whose name appears in the list of that begging patriot's subscribers as the donor of *fifty pounds!!!*

* We have written to Mr. Gillet to explain how we got possession of the above letter, and that he may not be suspected of any breach of confidence, we have given him our entire permission to shew our letter to Mr. Tim. Brown or any other person.

NEW CASE OF BIBLIOPHAGY.

"Illa tamen gravior, quæ cum discumbere* cœpit,
Laudat Virgilium, perituræ ignoscit Elisæ;
Committit vates, et comparat; inde Maronem,
Atque aliâ parte in trutina suspendit Homerum!

Juv. Sat. 6. l. 433, &c.

MR. SATIRIST,

'Twas with heart-felt pity, and with all the twinging sympathies of fellow-feeling, that I perused the melancholy, though not *new* case of your correspondent Benedick Higginbottom, as inserted in your last month's *fasciculus*, for such I think it may be justly called, being as neat a bundle of smarting twigs, *vulgo tickle-tail*, as ever was brandished by any descendant or prototype of Busby.

He, poor man, notwithstanding his querrulous *prognostics* and *diagnostics*, has been able to wind up his memoir, *secundum artem*, with a *method of cure!* but what is a poor patient to do in a case always considered hopeless, if not specifically incurable? Sedatives, you might perhaps recommend; alas, Sir! lenient applications only aggravate the symptoms, and I fear the most experienced practitioner in matrimonial *pathology*, and in female *physiology*, must exclaim with the poet Shenstone:

"Wit can't relieve the pangs that I endure,
And wisdom shews the ill, *without the cure.*"

Vide Shenstone's Pastoral on Absence.

* Some *practical* commentators on this passage have asserted that Juvenal was a *bachelor*; had he been married it would have been *recumbere!*

Yet as our medical gentlemen give all the new symptoms of *hydrophobia*, though confessedly incurable, so as this disorder, at times, is attended with a *hatred of water* both internally and externally applied, I hope I shall be justified in pointing out its effects on the *naturals* and *non-naturals*, and other divisions both of the *animal* and of the *domestic* economy. Some folks imagine that a disease is half conquered when they know its name; but, alas, Sir! this complaint, like the *gentleman* mentioned by the poets with an hundred heads, meets the unhappy patient every day with a *new face*, and would require a daily change in its nomenclature; I shall endeavour, however, in the course of my investigation to find a name, a *compound* one it must be, expressive of some of its most virulent symptomatic phrases. Some unhappy gentlemen have wives who are at times troubled with what may be called "female philology," or a *fondness for words;* alas, Sir! my rib is not satisfied with *words* in small doses, but with a kind of sickly maidenish appetite, devours quantities of insipid and jejune trash, and not being blessed with a good digestion, has often a violent revulsion in the diaphragm, and, (saving your presence, Mr. Satirist) scatters about the crude unconcocted mass to the utter annoyance of myself, and indeed of all her acquaintance; often, indeed, have I exclaimed, but in a whisper, Mr. Satirist, for she reads Latin so well as to understand it with an English translation;---often have I exclaimed with the poet,

"odi
Hanc ego, quæ repetit, volvitque Palæmonis artem,
Servatâ semper lege et ratione loquendi,
Ignotosque mihi tenet antiquaria versus,
Nec curanda viris *opicæ* castigat *amicæ*
Verba.

From a letter which I read some time ago, written by a *maker of books* to a *collector of them*, I find there is a new disorder called *Bibliomania*; but were you, Sir, sometimes to see my dear Mrs. DOOLITTLE, with her often-thumbed editions of *minor* poets, *monkish* rhymes, and Caledonian bards laying on the breakfast or dinner-table, you would suppose *her* disorder to be a species of *bibliophagy*, in short, that she was become a book-eater; indeed, she may be said at times almost literally to devour them. Thank God! she is not yet so far gone as to become a maker of books, yet is she sometimes to my great discomfort a *maker of words*, which she distributes to me and her friends. These are in general of a peculiar hardness, and so knowingly compounded that the most able chemist would be unable to analyze them; those which she makes in the day her friends often complain are indigestible, but in her nocturnal-manufactory, what they want in elegance of preparation, is made up by a predominance of the *acid*, and the rapidity with which they are administered.

Oh! that I had listened, Mr. Satirist, to the poet's advice---

> "Non habeat matrona, tibi quæ juncta recumbit,
> Dicendi genus, aut curtum* sermone rotato
> Torqueat enthymema, nec *historias sciat omnes*;"

but my dear bedfellow has as morbid an appetite for *traditionary*, as for written or rather *printed* lore, she therefore not only knows *all the histories* of her friends, but even sometimes a little of mine, and often tells me more than I know myself. Such, Sir, are some of the effects produced by this complaint; I shall now describe its progress.

* Ought not this to be "*curtaine sermone?*" Vide Sneak's Commentaries on the "*Attick Nights.*"

Prognostic.---Though a disorder of the *chronic* kind, yet there are times when the symptoms are more virulent; this is generally expressed by restlessness and impatience for the last two or three days of the month, which increase until the evening of the last day, when the maid is sent, not to the doctor's, but to the bookseller's shop. I have always found that a dose of the *new reviews* only increases the first symptoms, large quantities of the crude diet already mentioned are then sent for, and the disorder becomes permanent.

Diagnostics---are various: patient chuses a retired corner---neglect of person---aversion to water, though not to all liquids---chiropophoby, or a dislike to hands and feet, the first being generally dirty, the others slip-shod---an itching at the nose, relieved by opening and shutting a box---patient catches at whatever is in her way, particularly if a bottle or glass: in the paroxysm, it is sometimes necessary to put the patient to bed, when there, I often observed with sorrow, a *catching at the clothes*, particularly if the night is cold---if the paroxysm ends in sleep it is frequently attended with snoring, &c. &c.

Cure.---Incurable.

Such, Sir, are the phases of a disorder unnoticed by Buchan, Willich, Dr. Moffatt, or even the *learned Solomon*; I had hopes, indeed, that some of his "*balm of Gilead*" might have effected a cure; but Lord! Sir, there is too much *brandy* in that, and *my* patient is used to it; in short, Sir, I fear none but yourself can give any relief to

Your's,

DANIEL DOOLITTLE.

Goose-lane, Dec. 17.

HINTS TO COLONEL WARDLE.

THE following letter, as our readers will easily perceive, was written before we were apprized that Colonel Wardle had requested his patriotic friends, to open a subscription for his benefit.---It is really astonishing that his ideas and our own should have so exactly coincided.

Exchequer Coffee-house, 12 o'clock, Monday night, December 11th, 1809.

DEAR COLONEL,

THE verdict which we heard given *five and thirty minutes* ago, must have been extremely unpleasant to a man of your "proud and honourable" soul, and will, we fear, prove greatly injurious to your fame and *fortune*---unless some extraordinary measures be immediately adopted to preserve the one and re-establish the other. We, (who have always most anxiously watched over you in your daring and dangerous career), therefore respectfully suggest that the following line of conduct will be most likely to produce the desired effect.---In the first place we think it very advisable that you should dispatch one of your counsel's briefs to *William Cobbett*, ESQUIRE, and request his immediate cooperation.---Then, with his assistance and that of *Mr. Henry Clifford*, you may publish a letter to Lord Ellenborough, in which you may darkly hint that his lordship's charge was partial, (which those patriots who *did not* HEAR the trial may possibly believe), and that the verdict of the jury (who, by the bye, your *friends* should insinuate were *packed*) was *wrong*.

There may be great difficulty in persuading the *public* that one of the most upright judges that ever sat in the court of King's Bench, has been guilty of any dereliction of duty, but you know there are *some* who will believe any thing. Besides, as you have already attacked your king, the royal family, and the ministers, who should you assail next *but the judges of the land?*

It is true, the trial by jury has hitherto been considered the palladium of the English constitution. And even modern patriots have been loud in its praise---but this was only when juries *acquitted traitors*, or *found verdicts in favor of patriotic disturbers of the public peace!!!*

Having published your letter to Lord Ellenborough: get the editor of *your* paper, the Statesman, to give notice that there will be a meeting of your friends, held at the *Crown and Anchor* Tavern, to express their *high* sense of your "manly, independent, and undaunted conduct," and to consider the propriety of entering into a *subscription* to indemnify you from all *losses* (fame and character of course included) *charges* and expences, &c."---Then let Cobbett boldly and roundly assert that your *integrity* stands higher than ever.---You know he does not stick at trifles---after this, persuade Mr. Waithman, Sir Richard Phillips, or your shoe-black, to write circular anonymous letters to all your *quondam* friends, entreating their attendance at the projected meeting. Next procure some young barrister, who is anxious to hear himself talk, to be elected chairman when your friends assemble, who will pass for an independant and impartial man much better than Mr. Waithman, Sir Richard, Tim Brown, or any other of your *evidence-hunters:* having arranged these preliminary matters, call upon *your next door neighbour, Mr. Walker, No. 16, James Street, Buckingham-gate,* and

(*if you think you can trust him with so large a sum*), give him one *hundred pounds*, out of the *three thousand* which Mr. H. of Golden square *rose* for you on Friday last, and request him to attend the meeting, and subscribe the *aforesaid hundred pounds*, in *his own name*. Nobody will suspect that the money *is your's*, and thus other people will be induced to imitate (as far as they can) Mr. Walker's *apparent* liberality. Sir Richard Phillips, after this, cannot think of subscribing less than *twenty pounds*, even if he is thereby obliged to "*fobb off*" some poor half-starved devil of an author with a *bill at* NINE *months*, instead of paying him his due in ready cash.---Should all these endeavours to preserve the remnant of your fame and fortune fail, we fear nothing will alleviate your afflictions but changing the air of this world for the *warmer* climate of the *realms below*. We are, dear Colonel,

Your's, *unalterably*,

SATIRIST & Co.

P.S. Be sure to get all the money you can before you are yourself put upon your trial.

COLONEL WARDLE.

"The verdict of the jury this day (Dec. 11th,) will either bind his laurels firmer on his brow, or consign him to ruin and disgrace."

Mr. Alley's Speech.

THE complicated villanies of which a part, and, AS YET, *only a very small part*, has been exposed in the court

of King's Bench, must alike perplex the casuist, and astonish the politician. Conscience had hitherto been considered as imposing some restraint on human depravity, and the dread of infamy as affixing some bounds to the crimes of ambition; but recent occurrences have incontrovertibly demonstrated the lamentable fallacy of these opinions. On the 11th of December, Mrs. Clarke, and the two Messrs. Wrights, were arraigned on what the learned Judge who presided most properly termed "*a complicated indictment for perjury*," with the view of preventing them from giving evidence on behalf of each other. It is to be observed, that this oppressive mode of prosecution, this deadly blow at the liberties of British subjects, this infamous abuse of the British laws, was advised and resorted to by *patriot* Wardle, and his "political friends!!!"

Notwithstanding the colonel's counsel, availing themselves of the *licentia fori*, liberally took the blame of this disgraceful proceeding upon themselves, we solemnly assure our readers, that what we have stated is correctly true. What renders this interesting cause the most important that has been tried for a long series of years is this: Mrs. Clarke, Daniel and Francis Wright were not the only persons on whose guilt or innocence the jury had to decide. The *patriotic prosecutor* was himself VIRTUALLY and MORALLY *arraigned for the same atrocious crime as the defendants*, and the verdict was, in fact, to determine whether the *two Wrights and Mrs. Clarke*, or COLONEL WARDLE and his two principal accomplices were PERJURED!!! No legal objection whatever was taken to the indictment, the evidence for the prosecution and the defence were in direct opposition to each other, and it was left for the jury to say whether the defendants, supported

as their testimony was by *probabilities, written documents,* and an honourable and disinterested witness, were not more entitled to credit than men, who, in their cross-examinations, confessed themselves to have been guilty of transactions alike repugnant to honor and to honesty. We were in court during the whole of the trial, which lasted more than *fourteen hours,* and we deeply lament that the public have had no authentic account of what transpired; the newspaper reports could have given them little idea of the real state of the case, and even *Tipper's edition of the trial,* (by far the most comprehensive hitherto published) is very defective and imperfect. It cannot indeed be said that Colonel Wardle has, in the *legal* sense of the word, been convicted of perjury, because the necessary forms of law have not YET been gone through, but we will venture to say that even his own attorney, could he see the documents which *we have seen,* would not be hardy enough to insure him from conviction. It is to be observed that the defendant's counsel on the late trial, (prudently, no doubt,) produced no more evidence than was necessary to acquit their clients: much, very much remains to be revealed: and when the WHOLE is exposed, even the knaves and dupes who have contributed their *pounds* and their *shillings,* to uphold, support, and reward a *confessed suborner,* whom TWO JURIES have *virtually* decided to be a * * * * * * * will be obliged, from considerations of *self interest,* to abandon him for ever.

It is not our intention either to comment on the evidence which has already been given, or to expose that which has been *reserved,* but we must beg leave to say a few words concerning MAJOR DODD. It will be recollected that *twelve months ago,* we seriously advised his il-

lustrious master either to dismiss him from his service, or to insist upon his no longer associating with such wretches as Hague, M'Callum and other conspirators against the peace and honor of the Duke of York. Had our humble but honest advice been attended to, how many base though false aspersions, how much mental anguish would that exalted personage have escaped! We always considered *Dodd* as a man *rotten even to his heart's core;* now let us see how far Mr. Alley (Wardle's leading counsel) was justified in describing him as "a *high, proud,* and HONOURABLE man."

Mr. Garrow asked Major Dodd the following question; "Did you take no interest in the inquiry that was going on in the House of Commons?" To which he replied, *upon his oath,* "NO MORE THAN ANY OTHER INDIFFERENT PERSON!!!" Notwithstanding this he, five minutes afterwards, confessed that *two notes,* INSTRUCTING *Colonel Wardle how to examine certain witnesses, were in his hand-writing.* The following letter, which was not read in court, he also admitted to have been written by him.*

Sloane-street, Nov. 21, 1808.

"My dear Wardle,

"The more I reflect on the conversation we had this morning, which had for its object the pure honour and interest of our country, the more I feel convinced that every individual, who is assisting in the great cause, is

* We should not have considered ourselves at liberty to publish this document had not a garbled copy of it appeared in a weekly paper. We can, however, assure our readers that it is authentic.

entitled not only to *our private*, but to public protection. These, I am fully aware, are your sentiments as well as mine: they must indeed be those of every honest well-thinking man, and if *this assurance* from me can be *of any service*, you have *complete authority to use it as you please.* From what you mention of a *certain female*, I have no hesitation in believing that her *co-operation* will be more material than that of any other human being. God knows she has been infamously and most barbarously used by *an illustrious great beast*, but she may now have *an opportunity of redressing her own wrongs*, and by serving a generous public MOST ESSENTIALLY TO BENEFIT HERSELF.

I remain, my dear Wardle, ever your's,
most faithfully,
"THOMAS DODD."*

Does this look like taking "no more interest in the enquiry than any other *indifferent* person?" Is this the language of a "proud, high, and honourable man?" Let it be remembered that when Dodd wrote this letter he was the confidential secretary of the Duke of Kent, who, he swore, (and doubtless most truly,) deeply lamented the infamous attack on his illustrious brother's fame, which this wicked, double-faced servant was thus industriously aiding and abetting.

* It is necessary to observe, that this letter was written at Wardle's request, for the purpose of shewing it to Mrs. Clarke, that she might be induced to believe his promises of reward would be guaranteed by *others*. Our readers will require no further proofs of the existence of a conspiracy against the late Commander in Chief, whose resignation the army so sorely and so *justly* deplore.

We shall say nothing on the subject of Wardle's indecent letter to Lord Ellenborough, it being only calculated to amuse the wooden-headed orators of Guildhall and the British Forum. Indeed, it is almost as absurd, though not quite so impudent, as Cobbett's miserable defence of the fallen patriot. The *Register-man* unblushingly declares that Mr. Wardle's *integrity* remains unimpeached!! He also with equal truth says, "There is nobody, there is not a soul in the country who thinks that Mr. Wardle has done any thing dishonorable: it is the *laugh*: that is what he has to withstand." *Pol. Reg. Dec.* 23, p. 975.

We confess that we can see nothing honourable or *laughable* either in a man's *confessing himself a suborner*, although he previously sat in the House of Commons, and allowed his *suborned* witness falsely to declare in his presence she had received no price for her evidence, (vide *Minutes of Proceedings*, &c. p. 12,) or in twelve honest men having declared him to be unworthy of credit *upon his oath*." Mr. Cobbett, who himself pledged his soul to prove that which he knew to be false, may probably think these circumstances extremely *funny*, and not at all dishonorable; but he must excuse us for assuring him that "there is not a soul in the country," (orators *Waithman* and *Gale Jones* perhaps excepted,) who thinks as he does.

A few words more to Mr. Advocate Cobbett, and we have done. He says, "in the whole of his proceedings since the first trial, Mr. Wardle has been *indiscreet*, and especially in writing without *taking a moment's* time to reflect, the letter which appeared in the *Statesman* of the *evening of the trial*." *Pol. Reg.* p. 975, Dec. 23d. Now it so happens that this latter charge of *indiscretion* is cruelly unjust, for Mr. Wardle did take *many hours* time to reflect; aye, and even sent a copy of this unfortunate letter to

Mr. Advocate Cobbett's own publisher and secretary, poor decayed Wright,* to be corrected *for the press.* This Mr. Advocate Cobbett *knew*, but as he supposed none of "the enemy" did, he shrewdly concluded that a *lie* would suit his purpose and serve his friend much better. The curious epistle alluded to, was not published till the evening AFTER THE TRIAL.

It is rather hard upon poor Wardle that he should now be blamed "for going to law at all, after the first trial," when it does not appear that any of his "political friends" attempted to restrain him from thus committing himself during all the long vacation, although he sent Mr. Advocate Cobbett a long and lamentable letter, imploring his advice, the Wednesday after the *first* trial, *together with one of the counsel's briefs and divers papers* to enable him to compile a *flaming defence* in the Political Register of the following Saturday!!! Verily these *advocates* have treated the poor patriot most scurvily!!!

There is one other circumstance to which we must allude rather more seriously, Cobbett wickedly endeavours to insinuate that *ten thousand pounds* and *other advantages* were given to Mrs. Clarke *out of the public money*, for the suppression of her infamous book.

That Mrs. Clarke did receive a considerable sum, [but not near 10,000l.] from certain noble and honourable persons is most true, but it was given out of *their own pockets*, and their only motive was to prevent the publication of "private and domestic anecdotes," which unguarded affection and misplaced confidence had imprudently intrusted to an artful woman. That this is the fact Cob-

* Late bookseller in York-street, St. James's; a man well known to many a hungry creditor.

bett *knows*, for his *favourite pupil* and *confidante*, LORD FOLKSTONE, *was the person who secretly negotiated the transaction for Mrs. Clarke, who wrote all her letters* on the subject, and in fact finally arranged the terms!!* His lordship *well knows* what were the contents of the suppressed book, and as a man of honour he must confess, that they were such as none but *a villain* would wish to be made public---he also knows that those, who, *to their immortal honour*, procured its suppression, were totally unconnected with the present administration, and that *not one sixpence of the money paid to Mrs. Clarke, was taken from the public purse.*"†

Dec. 26.

* The originals in *his lordship's hand-writing*, are now in Mrs. Clarke's possession.

† We have great satisfaction in declaring that although we have reprobated, and do still reprobate Lord Folkstone's political principles, there is not, among all the damning evidence of conspiracy against the Duke of York which we have perused, any thing which tends to implicate his lordship in the crime of *subornation*.

ANECDOTES, &c.

MRS. STOKES, a lady now resident in England, was at school with the repudiated Empress Josephine: during the short interval of peace in 1801, she visited France, and Madame Bonaparte having expressed a wish to have a private interview with her early friend, Mrs. S. was introduced. After the usual congratulations, they began to discourse with freedom on the occurrences of their youthful days, and Madame B. anxiously enquired of Mrs. Stokes if she recollected hearing her future destiny predicted by a fortune-teller while she was at school? Mrs. S. replied in the affirmative. "And pray, my dear Madam, what, as nearly as you can remember, were his words?"---"He said you would sit upon a throne!"---"Was *that all*?" eagerly asked Madame B.---Mrs. Stokes, who knew the sequel of the prophecy to be unfavourable, hesitated, and said she did not recollect any thing else. "Alas! *I do*," exclaimed Madame B. "he said that I should sit upon a throne, but that I should die in a workhouse; and since the first part of his prediction has been nearly accomplished, I have most anxiously dreaded the fulfilment of the rest."---This anecdote is well known in the fashionable world, and we can vouch for its authenticity. Those who contemplate her recent degradation, must allow there is every probability that the unfortunate Josephine's apprehensions will finally be fulfilled.

THE EMBRYO MARQUIS.

"FOR a small cause like this is his lordship to wait?
An embryo marquis to claim the estate!
Now by the *Lord Harry!* 'tis devilish pretty!"---
You may think the cause small, but it may not be *petty.*

UTER HORUM.

"UTER *horum* will succeed,
Can you tell, ?" not I, indeed,
You cannot solve the point, nor I,
Est enim questio UTERI.

ALARMING DISORDERS.

COLONEL W. having caught cold in Westminster Hall, has since been grievously troubled with the *ear-ache.*

Mrs. P---n is recovering fast from a severe attack of---*the Satirist*---a *relapse* is, however, to be dreaded.

The Countess Dowager of ------ is most seriously afflicted with---*the absence of Mr. Elliston.*

Lord Folkstone is not expected to recover from the fatal effects---of his intimacy with Cobbett.

Lord Castlereagh's present *indisposition* is said to have been occasioned by the ignorance of his MAN COOK!!

The Hon. Mrs. M--- is much troubled with---*her husband's company.*

Lady H--- labours under considerable apprehension that her intrigues will be discovered.

(To be continued.)

REVIEW OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

FIAT JUSTITIA!

The Pulpit; or a biographical and literary Account of eminent popular Preachers; interspersed with occasional clerical Criticism. By Onesimus. 8vo. pp. 367. 9s. Matthews and Leigh, London.

Sir Thomas Brown, in his curious enquiry into Vulgar Errors, hath expressed his doubts at considerable length, respecting the truth of the received opinion, "that an unsavoury odour is gentilitious or national unto the Jews;" we should have been glad to have availed ourselves of his acute and philosophical investigation, had he chanced to live in our times, and had enquired, as no doubt in the same spirit he would have done, into the nature or reality of the *Music and odours of saints.* We know, indeed, that a most luminous work on this subject, and under this title has been published by one of the lights of the elect; but we suspect that it is rather in a different spirit to any thing which the philosophical knight would have written on the same occasion. We have no objection, however, to take it on the authority of this work that saints have some peculiar and appropriate music and odour, by which they may be distinguished at once, under any disguise, from the unsanctified part of mankind. It would, indeed, be rather hazardous to deny this, after a perusal

of the work of ONESIMUS; whose modesty has vainly sought to conceal his saintly qualities; his "santiloquent" twang and conventicle odour being perceptible to the dullest sense.

We have heard of a bookseller's journeyman, who would talk like a *courtier*, of going to places *incog.* and would fancy that every body was under the greatest anxiety to discover his name and quality. We less wonder, therefore, when we find ONESIMUS talking of the reiterated 'enquiries as to *who* and *what* he is.' INTROD. p. v. We protest for ourselves, that we have not the least curiosity to know more of Onesimus than he chuses to tell us, and than we know already; and we further protest that so little have we heard of the inquiries of which he speaks, that we should have been totally unconscious even of the existence of his work, if it had not of late stared us in the face from the window of every evangelical bookseller, while placards stuck up at every corner, announcing its wondrous merits, threw into obscurity Bow-street advertisements for the detection of forgeries, and quack proclamations of infallible medicines for the cure of incurable diseases.

Objects seen through a mist appear greater than they are: an ass browsing thistles on a common on a foggy morning may, at a little distance, be mistaken for some noble or terrific animal. The ass would owe all his importance and all the attention his appearance excites to the fog: but as he does not create the fog he is no party to the deception, and has no interest in its continuance or dispersion. The saintly author of the work before us, knew well the value of such a mist, and has, therefore, endeavoured to supply by vapour what he wants in substance.

With this view he assumed a fictitious name; and sunk his own in that of Onesimus. He fancies himself the object of universal curiosity, and under this impression believes himself to be of sufficient importance to command attention: he wishes to be asked who and what he is, and can scarce refrain, though unasked, from making the wonderful discovery. *Parturiunt montes nascetur ridiculus mus.* We are absolutely unable to conceive any thing more comtemptibly ludicrous than the vapouring self-sufficiency of Onesimus. After comparing himself to the venerable martyr Latimer, he proceeds to say,

> "It has been my great comfort to have been trained in the way in which it was best for me to go. I have indeed swerved from that way; but never without serious grief. *Vanity is garrulous.* Ceasing then from myself, &c." (Introd. p. vi.)

Now this ceasing from himself, as he calls it, is to talk of nothing but himself for five or six pages together, and to be making constant allusions to himself through his whole work. There seems to have been little occasion, therefore, for gravely laying it down as a newly discovered axiom of moral philosophy, that 'vanity is garrulous:' since any one, who has taken the trouble to read half a dozen pages of the work of Onesimus must be fat-witted indeed if he did not make the same reflection. We are astonished at our own intrepid perseverance, when we look back on the one hundred and eighty-eight leaves of sanctified cant, which we have turned patiently over, sickened even to nausea, as we have been by the garrulous vanity, the triple inspiration of methodism, gin and porter, which fills them.

"Constantly mixing," says this pothouse apostle, "*almost from the cradle,*" *(a sucking babe of grace, 'mark that,')* "with those who, agreeably to the injunction of an apostle, do 'not forsake the assembling of themselves together;' it would be difficult for me now to recollect the origin of that feeling which has stimulated me to undertake the present publication. It has made part of my life; and it will last me through life. I trust, therefore, that the contents of the present volume will unequivocally *demonstrate the mind* in which I sat down to my task, and the integrity with which I have so far accomplished it. My wish was to do some good: and *the means are such, let me think,* as may lead to that end." INTROD. p. vii.

This modesty is sufficient evidence of the nature of the feeling that stimulated him 'to undertake the publication,' and does most certainly 'demonstrate unequivocally the mind in which he sat down to his task.' The reader therefore has no right to wonder when he finds such preachers as are really men of worth and talent escaping the splashes of this writer's praise; they are elevated beyond his grovelling reach: the ordure of his adulation bedaubs only those who have a methodist taint. With such he is affectionately familiar, and calls them by their Christian names: it is Isaac and Hugh and Robert.

He thinks it necessary, however, to affect a little coyness and diffidence. "Self-love does not flatter me," says this saint *from the cradle,* "into the belief that this series of clerical criticism is *without it defects.*" No to be sure, says the good-natured reader; perfection is not to be expected in any human work. Ay but, says ONESIMUS, his vanity instantly taking the alarm, mine is no

human work; it is all divine inspiration. I am but the mouth piece of the Lord.

"It was through the wilderness of literature," says the cradle saint, "that my road lay; and if I am now come out of it, and can look round, I owe this to *the cloud by day and fire by night*, which still guide those who wish to walk right. (A very pretty evangelical rhyme.) *'I was led by the way that I knew not.'*" INTROD. p. viii.

Now the man who can say this, and yet make the least doubt of the *perfection* of his work, must either be a most profane liar: or a most profane unbeliever in the omnipotence of the Deity. ONESIMUS may take his choice of the two characters.

In the space of about 270 pages, Saint ONESIMUS has undertaken to give a *biographical and literary account* of twenty-nine popular preachers; beginning with the late Bishop Porteus, and ending with Hugh Worthington, who may be all that ONESIMUS has described, but of whom we never heard before. He has a very simple and easy receipt for making up these biographical and literary accounts: he tells you whether his subject is handsome or ugly; whether he has a loud and shrill voice, or a soft and melodious one; whether he dresses well or ill; whether he enters his pulpit pompously, or with a hop, skip, and jump; whether he can sing with the congregation; whether he uses his right or his left hand most in action: whether he reads his sermon, (a great crime in the eyes of the cradle saint) or whether he uses a long slip or a small slip of notes, or none at all; the perfection of all preaching; whether 'he *bundles out* of his pulpit,' or keeps snug till every one is departed: this, with the titles of the preacher's sermons, if he has chanced to write any, and a few ad-

monitions from Saint ONESIMUS, completes *the biographical and literary account.*

That ONESIMUS is a METHODIST, aye and a rank METHODIST, is sufficiently evident from his arrogance, self-sufficiency, egotism, cant, and ignorance: but as we would not hang a dog without just cause, so would we not brand any one, however mean, with the infamous and detestable name of methodist, unless we could produce unequivocal proof of the justice of the charge. Besides the specimens we have already adduced, let the following extracts serve as a sample of his fanatical cant.

"When will the ministers of religion confide more in the assurance of their Divine Master to his primitive disciples, extending as it does, through them to all ages of the church?" (*which, however, remains to be proved*). 'Take no thought, how or what ye shall say; for it shall be given you in that same hour, when ye shall speak.' Acquainted as he is with this consolatory assurance, and while *acknowledging its force,*" (*how is that shewn?*)" still does Dr. Andrews," (*It is Dr. Gerard* ANDREWS *of St. James's of whom the saintly critic is speaking*) " seem fearful of trusting himself, even but for some few moments, out of the leading-strings of his manuscript." P. 28.

Now, without stopping seriously to answer this idle objection, we may ask if it is not through this belief that the same miracle will be worked in their favour as formerly in that of the apostles, that inspired tailors and illuminated coblers dare to debase, by their idiot ravings, the sublime truths of the gospel? But to proceed with our extracts:

" Intellectually illuminated as he is, elevated as he ought

to feel above particular *prejudices*, I was *astonished* to hear Mr. Hewlett preaching *against visionary fanatics*. I fear indeed that it is to some feeling of this nature we must trace his general reluctance to elucidate the mystery of godliness." P. 64.

"Let me entreat the Rev. Isaac Jackman to know of whom he is. Never let him suffer the dread of being branded with *fanaticism*, to drive him from the *preaching of spirituality*." P. 78.

"I sometimes preach," said one *good* man, "half an hour before God comes; and when he is come, I can do no less than preach half an hour, or three quarters of an hour afterwards. Mr. Hall might sometimes say the same." P. 176.

Who will say that ONESIMUS is not a fanatic? Of his arrogant self-sufficiency, and of the consequence which he imagines the public attaches to his opinions, it is almost difficult to select specimens, since every page of his work is so crowded with them, that our choice is distracted. We dip them at random.

"Happy am I to observe Dr. Andrews's improvement in his manner of delivering our Lord's prayer. He seems to have *reflected on what* I *formerly wrote* on this head, and I shall not, owing to this *reform*, *remind him of it now !!!*" P. 28.

The saints save thy poor wits! poor thing! So this is not *reminding!* The saint must have swilled an extra pot of porter, when he scribbled this precious stuff. Again, but something more modest:

"I wish that I may prevail upon him (Mr. Isaac Saunders) not to *bundle* out of the pulpit almost as soon as the congregation begins to separate. If I have freely pointed out the defects of his preaching, it is upon the belief that he will not prove inaccessible

ble to *admonition*; and because from his youth *he may profit by my remarks.* I have no aim but his good." P. 102.

"Can I *help it*, if Mr. Woodd by his *misbehaviour* compels me to pursue this strain of criticism?" P. 134.

"Notwithstanding the observations here made on Mr. Woodd, I am *far from imagining* that he will be at all *affected by them* in the opinion of those who constantly attend his chapel. I do not even wish as far as this preacher is individually concerned, to *lessen him* in the minds of those, who have uniformly sat under his ministry." P. 136.

How modest and how charitable! How mercifully does this giant use his strength!

Is it possible to doubt that ONESIMUS is a methodist? Hear him a little further: the following extracts will shew that he can be at least sincere, and we are ready to allow him all the merit that his candour deserves. He asserts that very inadequate conceptions are formed of evangelical ascendancy. His zeal for the honour of methodism inspires him with a more than ordinary degree of eloquence.

"*Evangelism*" (so he calls methodism) "Evangelism," says he, "*it will be seen*, is no ordinary profession; since to be an evangelical, or a methodist preacher is not what once it was. Rises there up some hopeful champion of the *good* cause? distinguished as the popular minister of the time, the *glory of the old*, and the *wonder of the young*, he is *followed*, go where he list, day after day, and *night after night*, by crowds of persons of both sexes; admired by mankind and *beloved by womankind*, while astonishment gapes at him, *affection doats upon him*. He is in the broad way to public preferment, and in the SIDE PATH FOR PRIVATE GRATIFICATION!!!" P. 153.

O happy state of *Evangelism!* To be admired by man

by day, and be beloved and doated on by woman by night! This is indeed the way to make converts: who would not be a methodist preacher? Who would not wish to be led at once into the broad way to public preferment, and the *side-path for private gratification?* Who now will doubt our account of the *love-feasts* of the *saints?* "It will hardly be denied," continues ONESIMUS, "that methodist preachers are far from being *impotent* !" (P. 154). It would certainly be very silly to deny what there are so many living witnesses to prove. But let us proceed. It will be seen that ONESIMUS is discreet, and warns the *side-path* traveller not to be ostentatious of his success. Of a young saint of the name of William Bengo Collyer, on whom it seems the University of Edinburgh in its great wisdom has conferred the degree of D. D., he speaks thus:

"Inoffensively pleasing in his person, gracefully winning in his manner, plaintively feeling in his tones, (p. 158) Dr. Collyer seems still the *idol of the ladies.* Surely it is not true, however, that any grave and learned clerk could stoop, as he stood," (a strange attitude; we do not perfectly comprehend it) "to pick up the handkerchief purposely dropped into his pulpit by some languishing fair one; and who had first placed herself on the stairs of it, to pluck, as he went by, to pluck the good man's gown and share his smile!" P. 162.

Such are methodist meetings! and thus religion is made the cloak of licentiousness; and the temple professedly dedicated to God, is converted into a harem. Of an evangelical minister at Bath, William Jay, ONESIMUS says, "his pulpit labours seem particularly agreeable to his feminine auditors. He is a *melting* preacher!" P. 229. What must be, and indeed has already been the consequence of all this, is easy to perceive. ONESIMUS himself

does not hesitate to avow of our old acquaintance the *Reverend* William Hunt-*ington* S. S. that " he stands at the head of no small tribe, who *owe to him their birth*, and their rank, and who place in him their fears and their hopes." p. 197.

But see now how squeamish these saints are; and, while they care so little for realities, how much they regard appearances. In the course of a most conceited and shallow commentary, which Saint Onesimus has had the presumption to write on some lectures on the liturgy delivered by Dr. Gerrard Andrews, he observes,

" Dr. Andrews was wholly silent on a point that I hoped would not have eluded his animadversion. What I now refer to, and it has often struck my mind, is the prevalence, especially among the great portion of our commonalty, of Sunday marriages. Doubtless this is one abuse of the Sabbath. I think it a greater sin,' said a *good man*, ' to marry on the Lord's-day, than to yoke a plough; inasmuch as the work and concern is greater. The sinful continuance of this, I judge to be a provoking profanation of the Sabbath : and I seldom see those marriages blest, which were celebrated on that day : marrying on the Saturday, as the middling orders are wont, is, for some reasons that must be obvious to all, much the same as marrying on the succeeding day." p. 311.

Can any thing be grosser than this stuff of the saint and his *good man*, as in his conventicle jargon he calls him? " marriage," he adds," dissolves all previous contracts; *two in one, and one in two!* " p. 312. It should seem, however, that he has little respect for what is professed to be the great end of marriage. These saints would have every thing in common, and are unwilling to take on themselves, individually, the consequences of their Love-Feasts.

"What is always physically right," says he, "may sometimes be politically wrong; and it was scarcely possible to hear Dr. Andrews expatiating on the blessings *of fathering a numerous progeny*, as matters now stand, without feeling some trivial objections to the persuasion which he so happily laboured to disseminate. Patriarchal precedents were the last that should have been cited in confirmation of the generative benediction. When Lot was able to choose Sodom, and Abraham to settle in Canaan, either for himself, each might feel the advantage of replenishing the earth; but we who live where human affairs are not exactly in the same state, must *calculate* before we *procreate*; and are not entitled to expect, that the *goodness* of *Providence* will relieve the *folly* of our *improvidence*." P. 303.

This cool system of *calculating* is indeed out-shandying Mrs. Shandy. ONESIMUS has a most nervous sensibility of imagination, which is most readily stimulated. He talks of "those *profane wenches* who play the triangle through the streets," p. 188, and seems to have had some strange feelings excited in him when Mr. Wilcox (in a charity sermon) appealing to the feelings of the females around him, on behalf of the frail fair ones (of the London Female Penitentiary) whose relief he was pleading, described one of his female penitents to them as a *backsliding sister!*" P. 127.

The principles of ONESIMUS, if indeed they deserve the name of principles, we trust are by this time as apparent, as his admiration of Dr. Hawker (or as he calls him Robert Hawker) and men of his stamp, is unequivocal. This evangelical bird of passage, "who," according to Onesimus, "is become an annual visitant preacher about autumn to the churches of our metropolis," (p. 53.) is described by him as a "*distinguished Embassador of*

Christianity," (P 55.) whose "power *none* can deny; whose *gifts are great*; and by whom the heart is always led captive at his will." P. 56.

Now what are the qualifications of this ONESIMUS, this cradle saint, for the work which he had undertaken? The reader who can discover the meaning of the following passages, which are only a small sample of the profundity of wisdom contained in his book, will best be able to determine that.

"He plumps on his text, and comes too soon to the theme of it." P. 27.

"Preachers have been so long accustomed to join in *congregational services* that any objection to the practice will doubtless appear singular." P. 41.

"Mr. Dodd though successful is not *inaccessible;* and I shall, therefore, advert briefly to his deficiencies." P. 43. "Preaching forms his vitality." P. 54. "Negligence in certain preachers is commendable." P. 77. Speaking of one man, without reference to any other person or thing whatever, he says, "He has grown with his growth, and strengthened with his strength," P. 197. "He no sooner kneels than he rises up." P. 115. Then occasionally he makes such new discoveries, and propounds them with such oracular brevity and solemnity! Thus: "He who looks to rank high as an *extemporary* preacher, must be great as a *spontaneous* speaker," P. 81. "Fulham is not London." P. 90. "Exhaustion is not energy." P. 107. At other times his remarks evince such acuteness of observation, that they are no less valuable and important than profound. In drawing the character of one of his evangelical heroes, he says; "While I describe him as he is, I shall not forget him as he was; but shall try,

as far as in me lies to give *oneness*" (there's a pretty word) " to the portrait. Once he was lean, but now he is fat; *once he had teeth*, but now he has lost his teeth; once he brought a bulky bible with him into his pulpit, but now he brings a lesser bible with him into it; and once he could read his text without glasses, but now he reads his text with glasses." P. 209. The precision too, with which Saint ONESIMUS expresses himself is admirable: When there happens to be any meaning in what he says, it is impossible to mistake it. After lavishing a good deal of praise on the late Bishop Porteus and his writings, he speaks of his death; " Having known him in the pulpit," says he, " I could not leave him in the coffin." P. 20. " *His works will follow him!*" P. 21. Few authors, we apprehend, would relish such a compliment. But the style and language of this Saint from the cradle are not the least extraordinary part of his work: some words and phrases are entirely new to us. We submit a choice specimen. To speak in his own way, the manner will be found worthy of the matter, and the matter of the manner.

" When the prelate becomes the pulpit, it is then seen how much the pulpit becomes the prelate." P. 5. " While the pulpit confers dignity on the person of this preacher his person gives additional dignity to the pulpit." P. 49. " It was happy that a Secker met with a Porteus, and it was also happy that a Porteus found a Secker." P. 8. " He owed his preferment to his greatness, and not his greatness to his preferment." P. 20. " Doctrinal as well as practical, but not less practical than doctrinal, his sermons, &c." P. 20. " While he satisfies the peer," (at chapel remember!) " he does not perplex the peasant." P. 76. " Were he to divest himself of the *starchness of the priesthood*,

he is qualified to become *desirably respectable.*" P. 82. "It is the effect of nature, and it affects by nature."P. 274. "An unbecoming style of *colloquiality.*" p. 54. The sigh of delectation." P. 68. "Tremulousness of supplication." P. 67. "*Santiloquence* has a language of its own." P. 90. "The reformation of *santiloquence.*" P.114. "*Santiloquence* the eloquence of the pulpit." P. 184. "Rowland Hill, eccentric as is the general style of his *santiloquence.*" P. 298. "Pictorial preaching." P. 107. "Pictorial preacher." P. 108. "Pious tracts, of which utility and beneficiality are the prominent objects." P. 136. "Basil Woodd, constitutionally happy and circumstantially prosperous." P. 137. "Sermonic ramblings." P. 162. "Featural motioning." P. 220; the affectation of *solemnization* in his speech." P. 230; "his mode of voicing." P. 245; "the least excusation of any kind." P. 314.

It will be seen that we have examined this repository of trash with no common degree of patient diligence; and we have been led to do this, not from a desire to expose the absurdities of ONESIMUS, but from a sincere respect and veneration for the established church of these kingdoms. So vain, so empty, so ridiculous, so canting a thing as ONESIMUS we have seldom seen: had he written on any other subject, he had passed unobserved by us. We take no notice of an ass on the highway; but an ass in a china shop,may do mischief; and it is the duty of any one that finds him there, to scourge him out.

Washington, or Liberty restored: a Poem, in ten Books. By Thomas Northmore, Esq. Longman and Co.

WE enter upon our examination of this *magnificent* poem with trembling and apprehension, having been gravely

assured, by the author in his preface, that abuse of it will only be considered as " the malignant effusion of that corruption against which his pen has been uniformly employed ;" P. iv. that " the language and versification *are more correct than Milton's* ;" P. vii. and that he has endeavoured to inculcate therein " the best lessons of morality and virtue ! !"

Book I. opens not with an invocation to any of the Heathen Muses, but with a solemn prayer to THE ALMIGHTY, beseeching him, in most unintelligible jargon, thus :

" Uphold my mortal pinions while I sing
Freedom restored *to half the peopled earth*,
By freedom's noblest bulwark Washington !!!
Say the first cause of all this good to man,
What rank oppression ! what despotic laws !
What deeplaid plots of wicked ministers,
To strangle in its birth the immortal seed !
Or, if the *infernal* potentates of *hell*,
Have been permitted to resume awhile,
Their power on earth to speed thy great design,
Say, for alone thou canst, *which first which last*,
In war or council lent his devilish aid !"

Mr. Sheridan has assured us, that " the God of Justice sanctifies no evil as a step towards good ;" but Mr. Northmore appears to be of a different opinion, for he here evidently takes it for granted that " *all this good to man*" was effected by oppression, despotic laws, wicked ministers, or *wicked devils :* and only appears anxious to know which of these evil agents was principally employed, and the name and rank of the *two devils* who commenced and concluded the business. His prayer ap-

pears to have been instantaneously granted, for in the very next line he is enabled to introduce us to the original projector of the scheme, viz. SATAN himself, who (having of course provided himself with one of Dr. Herschell's best telescopes, which our readers will recollect were not invented in Adam's time, "when hell was outer darkness.)*

> "Long time *had view'd* with envious eye,
> From *where in Pandæmonium throned he sat*,
> Columbia's mighty chief," &c.

This sight makes the devil very eloquent---in his speech, which could not have been delivered with due emphasis and effect in less than three minutes, he appears to think that modern *liberty* would create as much mischief and confusion in Hell as it has since uponEarth. Nay, he roundly asserts, that should it be established he and all his imps must bid "*farewell to Hell*," P. 6 ---a terrible hardship truly, considering the numerous blessings of that enviable place. Satan is interrupted in the middle of his speech by the descent of a being hitherto undescribed in sacred or prophane history---

> "*Seraphic splendour* glided down the skies,
> And over York-town halted."

When the arch-fiend has recovered the shock of this terrific sign, he again addresses his brother devils, and accuses Moloch of sleepiness! who pettishly denies the charge, and offers to meet the enemy, single-handed, magnanimously exclaiming,

* Vide Milton's P. L. book I. v. 72.

"I tremble not because *seraphic light*
Hath halted over York town! if it have
Moloch will meet it there."

Beelzebub, who appears to be a good-natured devil, endeavours to make matters up, and Satan, who knows that his antagonist,

"next to himself
Was considered as the *eye of Hell;*"

and being moreover a little cowed by a "*Stygian* oath," which Moloch had sworn is glad to be reconciled. War is agreed upon; Satan "plans the campaign;" Mammon is dispatched to bribe the British ministers, and his mission proves abundantly successful---the poet then proceeds to panegyrize most fulsomely the American patriots and the French commanders, and to abuse without mercy the loyalists (whom he declares to be "worse than *hell-hounds,*") and the British ministers. It must not be forgotten that the devil and his imps fight on the side of the latter, and *seraphic splendour*, the Arch-angel Michael, and all the host of Heaven for the Americans.---Satan having drawn up his army in battle-array dispatches them to Virginia, promising to follow them shortly,

"Wrapt in other form,
Darkness or cloud, *or else some animal*
Some vulture, or perchance that *sighted* bird
That looks with eyes undazzled at the sun." p. 34.

It, however, subsequently appears, that he does not think it necessary to change his shape on his first arrival in America. He mounts his glittering car, of which a *sublime* description is given: the body of it, we are told,

was composed of "some new-discovered substance," but whether

"Metallic, or carbonic, or *lignose*,"

Mr. Northmore, though a profound chymist, cannot determine; however, as it appears in the sequel that the devil left the wonderful *machine* BEHIND HIM, we hope professor Davy will endeavour to procure a fragment thereof from America, and by analization ascertain this important fact.

The ethereal horses of Satan must have been very extraordinary leapers; for Mr. N. assures us, that they

"with *one bound*
Spring from Hell's confines to Columbia's *Alps*." P. 43.

Book II. opens with a truly original apostrophe to the "TRANSCENDANT MIND!"

—*Who* filst all space (*including of course Mr. N.'s scull*)
All time with its *incomprehensibles*.*"

and after fatiguing us with a vast deal of common-place jargon about William Tell, liberty, and the revolution in Switzerland, concludes with an account of Griezler's death.

In the beginning of the *first* line of Book III. the poet, (we mean Mr. Northmore) abruptly commands his Muse *to stop*

"And own her gratitude
That she was not, in being at that time
When ignorance' deep whirlpools whelm'd the world!"

These recall to our memory the following lines of a *minor* poet.

* Query, *Breeches*.

"Thus every block-head thumps his empty scull
And thanks his god he was not born a fool."

In this book Mr. N. convinces us that we have always mistaken the character of good *Queen Bess*, into whose mouth he puts the following eloquent and highly poetical words.

"That sovereign princes are alone to Heaven
Accountant for their actions is allow'd;
But when *perpetual servitude awaits*
A nation of *free men*, reason ordains
Their country's constitution and it's laws
Absolve them from allegiance."

Who can wonder that such a speech should produce the astonishing effect which Mr. N. thus poetically describes,

"Thus spake Eliza, and the people *yet*
Inclining forwards bent, *with ears erect*
Listening to silence !!!" P. 69.

The following lines, are, we dare say, equally beautiful, if we could but comprehend them.

"Spain's despot *saw*, but harden'd at the *sight*,
Seeing saw *not*, for tyranny is *blind*." P. 76.

This and the preceding book have no more to do with Washington or America than with the man in the moon, but they are, nevertheless, extremely funny, and prove Mr. N. one of the most laughable serious writers, that ever wielded pen.---We have, at length, discovered one good line, viz.

"And mourn'd their living hero as the dead." P. 79.

which, however, we recollect having met with before in the works of an inferior bard named Alexander Pope.

The "ALMIGHTY BEING" and "TRANSCENDANT MIND" not having, as we presume, afforded Mr. N. so much assistance as he hoped and required, he in the beginning of Book IV. invokes the Heathen muse, Urania, to "steer his fragil bark," then feeling himself inspired, describes the causes of the American war in the following elegant and highly poetical language.

> "'Twas gold and power,
> Twin evils form'd to curse the hopes of man,
> These first induced North, presumptuous fool,
> Who blindly steer'd the helm of state, which men
> Of wisdom and of foresight can alone
> Guide safely thro' the intricate of things,
> These him induced to try what force avail'd
> Against *the sons of freedom—freedom's sons !*"

The speeches of Lords North and Chatham are irresistibly comical when we consider that the author intended them for poetry, the former says in the British House of Commons,

> "The force that is required
> To bring back these rebellious colonies
> To their obedience is so trivial,
> It scarce deserves your notice." P. 111.

Mr. Northmore next gives us the following new definition of *Confidence.*

> "*Confidence* is a *parasitick* plant,
> It seldom fastens on a virtuous breast;
> But *on* the unsound trunk it takes deep roots
> Thus Heaven for *wisest purposes deprived*
> *The British senate of its intellects.*"

Book V. *Columbia,* or America, having taken her stand on the summit of *Bunker's hill* (which by the bye, is something like a man standing *upon his own nose,*) makes a very pretty speech to her sons, exhorting them to oppose their lawful king. She is followed by Citizen Franklin,

> "At whose right hand sat Wisdom cloth'd in light;
> And round whose head a blaze of vivid flame
> Play'd harmless." P. 120.

He makes almost as good a speech as Colonel Wardle would have done, and appears to have been much such another s----------. Columbia, and the doctor, however, do not precisely agree in their accounts of the latitude and longitude, or geographical situation of "freedom's cause;" the former being quite confident

> "That freedom's heaven-clad columns rose
> Up to the fountain of eternal light,
> While its firm base *immoveable was fix'd*
> In EARTH'S *adamantine centre.*" P. 117.

and the latter roundly asserting that it

> "Rests on the *centre of* ETERNITY." p. 130.

We have always heard that Doctor Franklin was a great philosopher and a profound mathematician, but it was left for Mr. Northmore to inform us that he had ascertained the circumference of *Eternity,* which he must have done before he could find its *centre.*

Washington is chosen their leader, but "freedom's bulwark" is mighty modest and would fain be excused; he tells them *in lofty numbers,* meant by Mr. N. for heroic blank verse, that the state requires

"Continued perseverance, fortitude,
Assiduous attention, *to a vast*
Variety of things, with patience
Amidst unnumbered sufferings, nor least
That dignity of name and character
Which stamps the owner great, and rises far
Superior to envy," &c. P. 134.

and modestly insinuates that he is deficient in all these requisites; this however will not do, and he is compelled to be the American commander in chief. Mr. N. next proceeds to compliment Jefferson, as indeed he does every enemy of his country, and tells him "he shall be another Washington." We are then favoured with an account of the battle of Bunker's Hill, in which the Americans are celebrated as heroes, while the English are most patriotically represented as the "veriest cowards upon earth," who must inevitably have been conquered had not the devil (who our readers will recollect was left at the end of Book I. perched on the top of "*Columbia's alps*") come to their aid.

"for now his eye
Had reach'd the page where fated Warren's name
Slowly vanescent, o'er the book of life
Cast a dim shadow! gladden'd at the sight
Instant to Death he cried, My son! my son!
The hard-fought day is *ours*, see here the name
Of Warren vanishes, lift then thy dart
Poise it with fate, and lodge it in his breast." P. 141.

Death instantly obeys; and the Americans being thus deprived of their leader, the *Devil and the English* triumph!!!

Arrived at the first page of BOOK VI. we started,

actually supposing that Mr. Northmore, who had already invoked the *Supreme Being* to aid his impious work, under two titles, had now solicited the assistance of "*The Holy Ghost.*" Nor were we much less shocked when we found that he had profanely addressed "the Goddess of Liberty" *by the name of the third person of the adorable Trinity.*

"The "*Almighty Being*," "*Transcendant Mind*," and poor "*Urania*," having all failed to inspire him either with poetry or sense, Mr. N. now calls upon "*the Holy Spirit*," "Celestial Freedom;" and thus implores her to assist him in writing *unintelligible nonsense*---

> "Once again descend,
> And buoy my feeble pinions, while I soar
> *Above all mortal ken*, and sing of deeds
> So far excelling human intellect,
> *That man could scarce believe the facts man saw.*" P. 147.

This "*purest essence*," as will appear more fully hereafter, "granted *all* his prayer." And he gives us a most incoherent description of the blessings of the *French Revolution*, from which, and the following sublime comparison relative to ministers and magpies,

> "Thus rooks and daws and chattering magpies prate,
> Their noisy terrours to the bird of day."* P. 151.

he thus suddenly breaks off,

> "But soft, my Muse! where speedest thou thy flight?
> My theme is freedom and Columbia's son:
> But on the sacred *tripod* where thou sitst

* We have heard the *owl*, (no reflection on Mr. Northmore) denominated "the bird of *night*."---Query, What is "*the bird of day?*"

Like a Dodonian priestess, heaven-enwrapt
Thou pour'st prophetic truths, and blend'st the past
And future time-*unheeding consequence !*"

The '*heaven enrapt*' poet now offers up a prayer to *Washington*, whom he dignifies as a *seraph*, and yet seats him in the midst of an inferior order of angels, yclept *cherubim*, which shews that Mr. N. is somewhat ignorant of the *hierarchy* :---We must not omit this sublime supplication.

"Oh thou, blest *seraph !* from that bright abode
Where *midst the cherubim*, thou sit'st enthroned
And supplicatest mercy o'er the sins
Of *us thy fellows once.* Oh deign to lend
Thy gracious hearing to my '*raptur'd song !*" P. 152.

If Washington can withstand this, he must be the most ungrateful, hard-hearted *spirit* that ever *intruded* himself into heaven, particularly as Mr. N. immediately afterwards assures him that he

"The poor Indian taught
To love *the works of peace.*"

and was, in short, while on earth, the most perfect of human beings.--When he was panegyrising his hero's love of freedom, and hatred of *slavery*, he probably forgot a clause in that *humane* personage's *will* which runs to this effect. "I give and bequeath all my carriages, horses, neat cattle, sheep, SLAVES, and every *other* description of LIVE STOCK to my beloved wife Martha Washington."

Mr. N. having finished his prayer, Washington, whom we thought safe "*amidst the cherubim*," is by a sort of *poetical legerdemain* introduced to us again as a *mortal*,

and makes a long speech to his American chiefs.---Sir H. Clinton addresses Arnold---on the subject of Major Andre's murder, who vows to avenge it,---which the poet seems to think was mighty cruel, as the murderers were *Americans.* Cornwallis is now introduced to our notice, who, it appears

> "in the southern clime,
> had met no equal."

and that

> "——— *even* Gates
> When proud of victory, he *dusted* back
> His lengthen'd march from Saratoga's straits." P. 167.

Reader, do you understand this? If not, *we* can afford you no explanation---perhaps your *house-maid* can.---The 6th book concludes with a catalogue of various battles, or rather of the conflicting commanders of whom

> "*Last tho' not least*, the fierce St. Ledger rav'd
> With Johnson's savages, and those *far worse*
> *Than savages*, miscalled *loyalists*." P. 169.

We must postpone our remarks on the remaining four books till next month; they are even more replete with absurdities than those we have noticed, but we shall not, however, when we re-sume this subject content ourselves with ridiculing Mr. Northmore's ignorance and folly as a *pseudo poet*, but shall feel ourselves imperiously bound to chastise his malignity and wickedness as a reviler of his sovereign and an enemy of his country.

(To be continued.)

THEATRES.

'*Cum tabulis animum censoris sumet honesti.*' Hor.

"Now is the winter of our discontent made glorious summer;" at length the public has triumphed, and Covent-Garden, so late the theatre of war, already begins to feel the advantages of submission. We trust, however, that it never will be forgotten that the public has triumphed, and that the triumph is most glorious; since it was obtained over presumption grounded on monopoly and patent, and supported by brutal force and arbitrary power. The termination of the contest in which we have been engaged will teach future managers prudence, and, if a British public could ever stand in need of such a lesson, moderation in success. We are glad that the proprietors of Covent-Garden have been allowed to continue the advance of admission to the Boxes, since it has thereby been made apparent that it was for things of higher value than money that the people contended; and that all pecuniary objects were lost sight of, when public liberty and public morality were seen to be in danger. Indeed the removal of the private boxes, by which the proprietors had assured to themselves so considerable a revenue as to render, while they were allowed to exist, an advance of admission unnecessary, did away the principal objection to such advance, and gave the proprietors some claim on the generosity of the public. We could have wished, for the honour of the British stage, that an equal generosity had been shewn to Mr. Kemble,

who merely because he is the only acting and ostensible proprietor seems to have borne, in this contest, very undeservedly, the whole undivided weight of popular indignation: we could have wished that the first actor of the age might have been spared the humiliation of *begging pardon* of that audience, who have so often witnessed the powers of his genius with delight and admiration. We cannot but regret that his conduct, or the conduct of those with whom he is connected, should have been thought deserving of his degrading punishment; or rather we regret that the punishment should have fallen on the only person who could be degraded by it. As to the discharge of Brandon, the general informer, we perfectly approve it; nor can we by any means agree with those, who on account of this meanness and insignificance, think him beneath the public resentment; much less can we enter into the feelings of those very tender-hearted persons, who urge that this man has long been a servant of the managers, that he has a large family, that he acted only under the authority of his masters, and that for what he did they, not he, were answerable. Now although we very readily admit the meanness and insignificance of this man, it will be remembered that, mean and insignificant as he is, upon his bare authority numbers of most respectable persons were, for nearly three months together, dragged nightly before the magistrates of Bow-Street, and that upon his bare testimony, mean and insignificant as he is, unsupported by any other, and often in direct contradiction to the most credible witnesses, numbers were sent nightly to the vilest prisons, or held to enormous bail. Mean and insignificant as he is, then, he has been found powerful enough to trample on the liberties of the people. Such a man must be punished. As to his having been long a servant of the managers, what

has the public to do with that, any more than with his large family? He had not been long enough a servant, it should seem, to learn humility, nor cared enough for his family to act prudently. Besides, if it were of any importance, he either is, or it is his own fault if he is not, in very affluent circumstances. Whether he is to be considered as the agent of the managers merely, or not, does not in the least affect the case: but it was not so much what he did as his manner of doing it that was offensive. Even as the mere tool of injustice, however, it would be necessary to punish him: since but for such ready instruments as this, those who wished to commit wrong would want the means; to suffer the works of such a one to go unpunished, therefore, would be to offer encouragement to injustice and protection to iniquity.

Since the restoration of order, the stage has presented nothing which particularly calls for our notice. Cooke, indeed, has staggered as the representative of the Roman father, but was so completely stupified by intoxication, that he was obliged to stagger off again without performing the part. Whether he wished to assert and exemplify the vaunted descent of the Romans from the heroes of Troy, we know not, but it is certain that he was as drunk as a Trojan. This conduct has been too often repeated. Mr. Cooke has talents; but no talents, however extraordinary, can excuse the gross and beastly sottishness in which he constantly indulges. Be his own vices his punishment: he is self-degraded beneath the contempt of the meanest of his audience. A Mr. Egerton and a Mrs. Clarke have been added to the company; the gentleman, we believe, as a substitute for Pope, and the lady to recite the words of the characters usually performed by Mrs. Siddons. Lightly as we thought of

Pope, we think still more lightly of Mr. Egerton, though we never saw a heavier actor: and of Mrs. Clarke we never think at all, except to wonder what could induce the managers to engage a person, who has not one single requisite for the stage.

The peace established at Covent-Garden has thinned the Lyceum, and it must be confessed that at present this theatre offers little that is attractive. Notwithstanding the complaints which Mr. Dallas made of the injustice of our observations and those of our brother-critics, on his farce of Not at home, it hath died since our last of mere debility, though an attempt was made to lengthen its existence by amputating some of its limbs: this it was too weak to endure, and died under the operation. The managers, it should seem, are willing enough to give the town all the novelty they can: for they have produced something in the shape of a comedy entitled Sudden Arrivals, *or too busy by half*, and said to be written by Mr. Cobb. There are some things which absolutely defy criticism. One word describes a desert, one word would as well describe Mr. Cobb's production. We leave it to the fate that inevitably awaits it; remarking only a circumstance relating to theatric costume, which struck us during the representation, which is, that a benevolent man in disguise is always wrapped up in a great coat of pea-green or sky blue, and a rogue is as regularly clad from head to heel in bloody red.

COMPARATIVE CRITICISM.

Non nostrum TANTAS *componere lites !*—VIRGIL.
Who shall decide when DOCTORS *disagree ?*—POPE.

1. A general, historical, and topographical Description of Mount Caucasus ; translated from the Works of Dr. Reineggs and Marshal Bieberstein, by Charles Wilkinson.

" Mr. Wilkinson has executed his undertaking apparently with *strict fidelity.*"—Eclectic Review.

" Thanks to the adventurous Dr. Reineggs, and his *judicious* translator, Mr. Wilkinson, the English reader may now find some very curious and authentic information respecting the people who inhabit the snow-clad mountains of Caucasus. The *botanical details* are *extremely* copious and *interesting.*"—Antijacobin Review.

—" We have further to complain of the *little care* that has been taken by the translator ; whose *ignorance* or *inattention* has rendered *several* passages *wholly unintelligible*, and has *disgusted* us by the *continual* recurrence of *gross vulgarisms* : nor can we avoid mentioning, that a considerable part of the second volume is made up of lists of plants, and *botanical descriptions, of no more value than so much waste paper.*"—Annual Review.

2. Brother Abraham's Answer to Peter Plymley, Esq. ; in two Letters.

" In our account of the two first Letters of Peter Plymley,

we observed that his arguments would have little weight, unless *ridicule* were considered as the test of truth. In this Answer he is assailed with his own weapons, and we think with *considerable success*. The Letters of Abraham are written with *considerable spirit*, and *some humour*. The writer also reprehends the *coarse* and *illiberal language* of Peter and his *low sarcasms*," &c.—British Critic.

" To a performance both *witty* and *sensible*, Brother Abraham makes a reply which is *neither* the one nor the other."—Annual Review.

" [Extract.] This and similar *stuff* is called an answer to Peter Plymley."—Monthly Review.

" Though we did not expect that these pages would be filled with any weight of argument, we did hope to find them enlivened by some scintillations of wit. We have, however, to our mortification, found them *miserably deficient* both in *wit* and *argument*."—Critical Review.

W. Flint, Printer, Old Bailey, London.

THE SATIRIST,

OR,

MONTHLY METEOR.

FEBRUARY 1, 1810.

THE PATRIOT'S BEGGING-BOX.

" ——— O you commanders,
That, *like me*, have no dead pays nor can cozen
The commissary at a muster, LET ME *stand*
For an example to you ! as you would
Enjoy your privileges, videlicet,
To pay your debts, and take your letchery, gratis ;
To have your issue warm'd by others fires."

MASSINGER.

SIR,

THE *obliquity* of *etymologists* is astonishing ; but when we consider the *outlandish tools* with which they work, our surprise will perhaps be diminished at the oddity of their fabrications. One of the drollest of these tools they call *Katantaphrasin*, and it certainly has manufactured some articles as ridiculous as any of the new fashioned furniture that appeared in the *grotesque* plate to the second number of your work. For instance, *lucus*, not un-

frequently, as " dark as pitch," (indeed we have the *venerable* authority of *Lilly* for asserting that it is *nulli penetrabilis astro*) is extracted by these *fanciful chemists* from *lucendo*, which is " as clear as the sun at noon-day." Again, an imbecile crew were lately denominated " *all the talents*," when it would have been as difficult to have found a single *talent* among them *all*, as it would be to " discover what is the third part of three farthings, three halfpence* being the half." They passed *current*, however, *for one year*, among the unwary, but the more shrewd and experienced soon found them to be only† ASSES *subæratí*.—And still more recently, a man has been denominated *a patriot*, which they always told me was derived (not from *pater, patris*; though that cannot be said to be an etymology *minùs aptus* ACUTIS NARIBUS HORUM *hominum*, " do you take, good sir?" if not, refer to page 522 of your fifth volume, but) from *patria patriæ* one's native country; who *has done, and still continues to do all he can to ruin it*, by exciting murmurs and dissatisfaction against every one who seems to have its interests at heart.

You will perhaps fancy, Sir, that *my wits* occasionally *go a wool-gathering*, like those of the above mentioned genuises, when I tell you that I was led into these reflec-

* See *Donna Borachia's* new system of Arithmetic in *Massinger's Very Woman.*

† Lest any of your readers, sir, should *argue me* of ignorance in *Zoology*, and insist that no such *species* is to be found among the *Mammalia* of *Linnæus*, I beg leave to inform them that my knowledge is derived from a much more scientific arrangement, viz. that of *Robert Ainsworth*, Lexicographer, who, with the happiest descrimination, has fitly characterized this *variety* by the *specific* distinction *subæratus*. See his 18th *Class*.

tions by an application to subscribe to *Colonel Wardle's* BEGGING-BOX. But, if it were necessary, I could shew you *how*, "by the association of ideas," as the great John Locke terms it, I was very naturally led this round-about dance. In fact, after having subscribed my *thirteen pence half-penny* with an earnest hope that it might be *properly* applied, I began to reflect a little, and think I had done a foolish thing; and to ask myself *what reason there was for a subscription being set on foot for Colonel Wardle?* and it struck me first, Sir, that when the *gallant* Colonel so patriotically instituted a late inquiry, he was either a *man of fortune* or he was *not* If the former, I do not exactly perceive what expences he has been at so great that this fortune could not readily cover them; even taking in the*———— to Mrs. Clarke, the trip to the Martello towers, and the unfortunate law expences: the furniture, to be sure, from *Mr. Wright's* may be considered as *surcroit de malheur*—And are such trifling disbursements (if indeed *disbursements* they have been) as these any thing to *a patriot?* Would Mr. *Waithman*, or Alderman *Good-be-here* (an etymologist observed to me that this name was certainly imposed in the *optative mood*) or Mr. *Griffiths* refuse three thousand pounds or

* I have been compelled, Mr. Satirist, to leave here a blank through inability to hit upon the *proper* term. By the help, however, of the following extract from the *Beaux Stratagem* your readers will *perhaps* be empowered to supply the defect of my ignorance.

"*Gipsey.* But won't that money look like a bribe?

"*Foigard.* Dat is according as you shall tauk it, *if you receive the money beforehand*, 'twill be *logicè* A BRIBE; but if you stay till afterwards, 'twill be only *a gratification.*

"*Gipsey.* Well, doctor, I'll take it *logicè*—But what must I do with my *conscience*, sir?

"*Foigard.* LEAVE DAT WID ME, joy."

thereabouts, *for the sake of their country? that* country for which *they profess* so much regard! whose preservation and welfare is the constant subject of their waking thoughts, the sole phantasm of their nightly dreams! I cannot help, Mr. Satirist, suspecting a man's *rent-roll* who requires remuneration for so paltry a sacrifice.

But if a man sets up for a patriot with *no fortune, then,* to be sure, his *motives* for inquiry into abuses may be justly appreciated, and his braying for reform accounted for. But an awkward question may arise, *whether the* purity *of the one is so indisputable as to challenge a reward for the other?* This, however, is a point which I shall leave to be discussed by more able casuists.

I was struck with another circumstance in the advertisement pasted over the *clap-dish.* I found the subscription was to indemnify the Colonel against *all losses.* O admirable *panacea!* Ye *Brodums* and *Solomons,* ye *vegetable balsams,* and *balms of Gilead,* hide your diminished heads! What, Sir, would Peter Finnerty, and *Fool* Hague, and *Squire* Cobbett, and many others whom I could name, give for an antidote against *all* losses! I *have* heard, that there is *one* thing, which when once lost can *never* be regained, a trifling trinket called character. Let the sage doctors who have discovered this φαρμακον ανακλητικον instantly publish it "for the good of their country," and I will insure them such a ready sale for their *nostrum* in the vicinity of *Berkeley Square* as shall amply indemnify them for all their trouble.

I must confess, Mr. Satirist, I was not a little gratified in contemplating the illustrious names that were so happy as to decorate the two columns of this advertisement, like the *fortunate* numbers in a *lottery-puff.* My ardour was increased, when I found *so many* patriots

rushing forward in *the hour of difficulty*, who, till now, had lain so *perdu*, that I had not even known they were in existence, saving *Thomas Hovell*, ESQUIRE! of whom I used to buy my *dog-collars*, and *hunting-whips*, opposite the gate of *Trinity* College, Cambridge. Even the names of *Waithman* and *Goodbehere* decorated this list, though I never before had seen either affixed to any *charitable* contribution, or even to the PATRIOTIC FUND *properly* so called. Not that I suspect the benevolence of these gentlemen, but rather consider them as having forgotten in *this solitary* instance, the Christian precept of "doing their alms in secret:" as in general they so strictly adhere to it, that even "*their* left hand knoweth not what their right hand doeth," and still less the eye of any *other* person. But this was so *fair* an opportunity of shewing their *respect for the family of their Sovereign*, which they take so much care to let us know, they *profess* to revere, that they put a restraint upon their modesty, and *did what they never did before.*

I am, MR. SATIRIST,

Your obedient Servant,

A REPENTANT SUBSCRIBER.

James Street, Buckingham-Gate,
Jan. 10th, 1810.

LOGOPHAGIA LONDINENSIS,

OR A PILL FOR A COMMON-COUNCIL-MAN, "BITTER TO SWALLOW, AND HARD OF DIGESTION."

"Hadst thou, ROBERT, so *unartificially and odiously libel'd* against him as thou hast done, he would have made thee *an example of ignominy* to all ages that are to come, and *driven thee to* EAT THY OWN SPEECHES BUTTERED, as I saw him make an appariter once in a taverne eate his citation, waxe and all, very handomely serv'd 'twixt two dishes."

Nash's *Apologie* of PIERCE PENNILESSE, 4to. 1593.

ALAS! MR. SATIRIST, "how are the mighty fallen!" The *Nick Bottom* of the Common Hall, he who used to *roar* so, as that all the jackass drivers, butchers' boys, and tinkers who could get within the sound of his sweet voice, swore "it did their hearts good to hear him," and cried in extacy "*let him roar again, let him roar again*," has now been compelled "to aggravate his voice so, as to roar you as gently as any sucking dove; to roar you as 'twere any nightingale!"

To be serious, Sir; I rejoice that Lord Castlereagh condescended to notice the linen-draper's abuse; since he now stands convicted either of such a gross, deliberate, and meditated lie, as must for ever expose the blackness and malignity of his heart, or of adopting a calumny on such slender and untenable grounds, as most completely evince the shallowness and stupidity of his head. And was there ever, Sir, so unmanly, so humi-

liating, so self-damning a retraction? "Hang him, *sneaksbie!*" "He read it in a newspaper,*" forsooth! Oh! *sapient Solon*, there's a document! never canst thou hold up thy face again,——tho' *I* will here retract—for I am incapable of ascertaining the utmost extent of the tether of impudence.

Here's a fine subject for another *tirade* against the *tyranny of ministers*, and *the insolence of placemen!* To think that one of these should have the audacity to insist that the infallible oracle of the city should own that he had uttered a gross lie, and compel him to *eat the words* he had formerly vomited forth in one of the fits of his intemperance. Oh, Sir, what a disagreeable mess for the maw of a democrat; fouler *draff* was never given to the prodigal's swine to swill. May it have one good effect, and "turn *his stomach!*"

I am, Mr. Satirist,
Your obedient Servant,
An *old fashioned* man, but a hater of
Bob Whig.

London. The day after the Common Hall, January, 1810.

THE SUBSCRIPTION THEATRE.

The beneficial effects of the Drama on the manners of society are too generally admitted to require illustration; at least they are only denied by those, who have

* i. e. In Cobbett's lying Register.

nothing but fanatical prejudices to oppose to reason and experience, and who, in a perfect confidence of their own merits resolutely shut their eyes against all good to be derived from precept or example. But the dissent of bigotry is ever the strongest evidence of the propriety and excellence of that from which it dissents.

To promote the interests of the stage, then, is to promote that of the community, and those who wish well to the one, will be glad to see the other encouraged. It is with great satisfaction, therefore, that we have observed the progress of the plan for establishing a third theatre in this metropolis; the immense enlargement of which, during the present reign, would alone, independent of other considerations, warrant such an addition to the number of licensed theatres; that success should have so far attended such an undertaking is not to be wondered at, when we consider with whom it originated, and by whom it is supported; of its happy accomplishment we have good reason to believe there is no doubt.

The fatal effects of the system which has long been pursued by those to whom the honour and the interests of the British drama have been intrusted, can only be counteracted by some measure of this sort. That the stage has for a considerable period been in a state of decline, no one will be found hardy enough to deny; and they who love satire better than truth, and would exalt the worth of past times by detracting from the merit of the present, take the readiest mode of accounting for this decline, by attributing it to an absolute dearth of dramatic talent; the cause, however, will be found not to be want of talent, but want of cultivation and encouragement, and want of ground for that talent to thrive in. Is it to be believed that

the country which has given birth to a Shakespeare, and the illustrious train of tragic and comic authors, unrivalled by any age or nation, a country which can still boast the living genius of a Colman, a Cumberland and a Sheridan, is it to be believed that such a country can have become so degenerate and exhausted that it can produce only those composers of dull dialogues, those solemn retailers of stale jokes and threadbare sentiments, who are employed to write for the theatres and are thence called dramatic authors? Dramatic authors! Can it be believed that the dramatic genius of Britain can have stooped from her eagle flight to crawl thus on the ground? Before it is inferred from the present productions of the stage that no talent for dramatic composition now exists, it should be ascertained that no works of higher merit are offered to the managers: it should be made appear that the stage is open to genius, that talent is invited and would be welcome there, though coming without introduction or recommendation. That this is not the case is notorious: but the spirit of true genius is too lofty to descend to the meanness of soliciting patronage, and thus the drama is left to languish in the wretched and hopeless condition to which it has been reduced by those who have had a patent to quack it. That the managers are absolutely deficient in taste and judgment there is no necessity to presume; but they have no occasion for the exercise of such powers: they are the only persons licensed to manufacture plays, and employ therefore what workmen they please; of whatever quality their articles may be, or however clumsy or ill-fashioned the workmanship, the public have no choice, they must take them or none. This system, however, which has been adopted on account of its convenience, or some of those motives which usually influence the operations of

trade, they could not pursue if they were not monopolists; but monopoly, by destroying competition, renders all exertion on the part of the monopolists unnecessary. By the erection of a third theatre, then, the immediate cause of the decline of the drama will be removed. But when it is considered how much may be expected from the youthful vigour of a new establishment, formed expressly for the purpose of affording an open field for the cultivation and display of genius, and of restoring the stage to its legitimate honours by the banishment of all pantomime and mummery, and when it is considered how strongly this must operate on the old patentees as a stimulus to exertion and emulation, the first stone which shall be laid of the new SUBSCRIPTION THEATRE, will be held sacred by all who feel an interest in the literary glory of their country, as an altar on which monopoly is sacrificed to the genius of the British Drama.

RESPONSE OF CROP THE CONJUROR, TO THE QUERIES OF ASTROLOGICAL ANATOMY.*

VERILY FRIEND! Though thou callest thyself NO CONJUROR, yet do thy queries predicate much thy research into the *occult* qualities of *bodies*. "Experiments (say the professors of the modern school,) are the tests of truth," surely then after thy very favourable experiment ending in the nativity of thy son Albumazar, thou can'st not be at a loss to comprehend the *meaning* of those con-

* Vide SAT. No. XXVIII. p. 49.

junctions, expressed in the prognostications of the all-foretelling *Francis Moore*!!! Yea, verily, I cannot indite *his* name without a note of admiration! *he*, the modern chief of that ancient sect of philosophers so ably defined by the accurate Tacitus,

"Genus hominum, potentibus infidem, sperantibus fallax, quod in avitate nostra, et velabitur semper et retinebitur." Vide *Tacit. Hist. lib. I.*

Often have I admired the *fund of knowledge* contained in his oracular predictions, and often have I deplored the short-sightedness of *all the Talents*, in not availing themselves of that *fund of wealth* deducible from his writings. When the hard hearts of the country members were *steeled* against the *Iron tax*, and when the inhospitable country-gentlemen refused to invite an *exciseman* into their houses, how easily might the failure of these *petty* schemes have been remedied by an application of the well-known fact, "that it was a custom once at Alexandria, for astrologers to pay a certain tax, which was called the tribute of fools, because it was raised out of the gain that astrologers and fortune-tellers made out of the credulity of their followers." But some wise men tell me that *Doctor Moore* predicted the *departure* of the *talents* from power, after their year, month, week, and day; and as I don't perceive that he has foretold their *return* to it, it is not likely that he will be added to their party, or that they will ever have a *conjuror* among them!

But to revert to thy query; thou knowest, friend, "magna cognoscunter e parvis," therefore, if the moon in her progress through the *houses* and *signs* in the heavens, should have some influence on her *sublunar* subjects, she has her representatives and elucidators upon

earth; as it may often be observed that our *chaste Dianas* who like her wander, of a night, amongst *houses* with *signs*, often produce wonderful changes in man. Thou must know then that MRS. CROP and I——— but thou knowest not MRS. CROP—verily she was born under the sign VIRGO—(quasi dicat *virago*)—wherefore as the divine *Claudius Ptolemy* saith in the second book of his Quadripartite, "she is *moist* and causeth *thunder*; the first parts are more hot and hurtful; the middle parts temperate; the last parts watery;" for myself, the configurations of the planets at my nativity were in verspertine stations, which, as the same learned author observes, "makes men ingenious, not mindful nor lovers of labour, searchers out of hidden things, magicians, revealers of mysteries; meteorologers, philosophers, augurs and interpreters of dreams." Being both thus celestially moved, in order that our house should always be in a *favourable aspect*, I found it necessary to regulate our motions in each revolving month by the columnar prognostications of the learned physician; or in other words, to elucidate my meaning by your own quotation, on the first of March, 1810, I shall find it necessary to *sit* at home, and perhaps treat Mrs. Crop with turkey and *Ham*—on the second, no longer quiescent, I shall make use of my *legs*, &c. &c. &c. By a strict attention to these rules, we were in the early days of marriage enabled to fulfil all the predictions; of late, however, I have observed with sorrow, that we have been obliged to defer some of them to "the day after, *more or less*;" even this *salvo*, however, fails me at times, and when *I shake my head*, and say that the doctor is in error, MRS. CROP, who, by the way, is a great philosopher in some things though not *in all*, and who in turn has been of the Megarick, Eretrick, Cyreniack,

Annicerian, Theodorian, Cynick, Eliack, and Dialectick schools—yea, verily! when I shake my head, Mrs. Crop exclaims with *Empericus* in his treatise, *Advers: Geometr.* "Ει εστι κινησις, εστο κενον, αλλα μεν εστι κινησις, εστιν αξα κενον."

But thou seemest puzzled respecting the *conjunctions*, yea, verily, *sometimes* so am I—but as some conjunctions are used to fill up a hiatus, it is evident that these are applied to the same purpose. Q. E. D.

That part of thy query respecting the 24th and 25th—is indeed, a matter of deeper research; I see thou hast consulted "Tristram Shandy" upon it, as far as relates to the horror of *Uncle Toby* at the curse of *Ernulphus*, but that learned author supplies you with a case more in point, which I shall elucidate by mine own experience. Thou recollectest Mr. Shandy weekly winding up the house clock!—alas! "Jubes renovare dolorem," this *infernal* rise on paper, has more to do with the celestial motions than some folks imagine, and is become a source of disquiet both to authors and astrologers.—Ah! Friend, formerly in the happy times of broad margins and broad columns, that unhappy word was printed in *one line*, but as in general it will not admit of abbreviation, the learned physician was obliged to extend its influence over two days in the month instead of one. Now according to the *old plan*, our predictions at home went on pretty smoothly. but as to the *new one*———why the truth is, Mrs. Crop is much more disposed to conform to the change than I am. Verily, Friend! *thou* art a bold man—wast doubtless born under Gemini——" thou fearest not a Dragon's tail"—but thy star may not always be in the ascendant—Socrates himself seems to have been born under *Aquarius*, or some other *watery sign*, if we are to credit the

anecdote of *Xantippe*—remember that *three* signs of the Zodiac wore *horns*, and that *one* of them had *claws*——
Verbum sat—

From my Observatory, Yours,
Jan. 19*th*, 1810. CROP THE CONJUROR.

COBBETT TO WARDLE.

AN HEROIC EPISTLE.

WARDLE for thee, for thee these lines are penn'd,
Accept the consolations of a friend;
Nor longer strive to prop a fallen name;
Like me despise the empty breath of fame.
Let silly mortals bow to Virtue's throne,
Infernal spirits should her reign disown;
Despise all honors from that poison'd source,
And, like thy Cobbett, bold pursue thy course,
Nor thou, my friend, for golden boxes sigh,
From civic honors, and such trifles fly;
Be no half-patriot, nor let gew-gaws stagger,
Sigh not for baubles, whilst thou grasp'st the dagger.

Let then, Sir Richard, of his knighthood vain,
Hang bells, and whistle to his golden chain;
Piping and gingling, making mighty stir if
A saucy barrister should doubt a sheriff.

No, to such puny whipsters bid defiance,
And lean on infamy with firm reliance,
For he whose back is cicatriz'd with whipping
Feels not the lash, nor shuders at a stripping,

Unblushing Cobbett laughs at castigation,
And shameless *registers* his own damnation.

With talons reeking in my country's blood,
I pierce the bosom that provides me food,
While from my tongue malignant poisons shed,
Attaint those laws that shield my guilty head ;
Tho' oft detected often dragg'd to day,
Still, like the mole, I dig my dirty way.
Evil is but a name—'tis only evil
To that poor wretch who is but half a devil.

Britannia slept while I *disguised* drew near,
And pour'd my subtle poisons in her ear :
" Squat like a toad," and anxious to deceive,
So Satan crouch'd him at the ear of Eve.
Her breast with fearful visions I deform,
She dreams of black corruption and reform :
Touch'd by Ithuriel's spear,* compelled to rise
In my own form to meet her loathing eyes,
More hideous still than that which late I wore ;
But think'st thou Cobbet can deceive no more,
Or that abash'd his spirit feels dejection?
No! know that Satan-like he braves detection,
And let him, like the fiend, distinguished be,
If not for virtue, for atrocity.
Nor from dear mischief will he e'er refrain,
Nor fly this blooming † Paradise again,
Till blighted, mildewed, every flower shall die,
And virtue o'er the wreck shall heave the sigh.

* Vide the Elements of Reform, Captain Powell's Court-martial, and the Rival Impostors.

† As he once did.

Hear what B———t says vers'd in patriot lore,
Who in the glorious cause hath laboured more?
Who like him, fearless of a traitor's fate,
Makes desperate throws to clog the wheels of state?
" The *Ins*," he cries, " are bad, the *Outs* no better,
" For each alike our patriot efforts fetter:
" Each to my hate prefers an equal claim,
" Their means tho' different, yet the end the same.
" Both, both alike pursue their country's good
" And in the cause accurst would shed their blood.

" When roared the storm and labouring to her fate
" Rolled *gun-whale* to the vessel of the state
" Driven by the blast; the fatal rocks in view;
" Her sails all rent, and mutinous her crew;
" We gaz'd well pleased, and hop'd immediate wreck;
" But *Pitt* the skilful pilot, kept the deck;
" Aw'd every heart, and firmly grasp'd the helm:
" No more she labours, nor the waves o'erwhelm.
" The gallant ship no more of winds the sport,
" Weathers the storm, and safely enters port.
" Tho' skilful pilots still their aid afford,
" And tho' with open force we dare not board,
" Still, still in secret to our purpose true,
" *Rats of the state*, we gnaw her bottom through."

These are the doctrines of the patriot school:
Perish the country which we cannot rule;
Perish her power, her commerce, and her name,
Or if remember'd only so-with shame;
Ten thousand thunders on her head be hurl'd,
Destruction's besom sweep her from the world.

When daring Beelzebub and rebel crew
Before the lightnings of th' avenger flew.

Fierce, the unconquer'd dauntless spirits fell
From Heaven's proud steep, and found the depths of hell.
" Nine times the space that measures day and night,"
" In dire combustion," from the realms of light
A dreadful ruin, fell the rebel host
Far thro' the reign of Chaos :—wild were tost
Their broken spears, which now innoxious flew ;
Pitch'd in the infernal soil to trees they grew ;
And, wonderful to tell, they seem'd the same
As the fair parent plant from which they came,
Which sprang luxuriant on the plains of Heaven,
By bounteous hand divine to angels given ;
At times on favour'd mortals too bestow'd,
The tree of *liberty*, the gift of God.
But in the infernal soil, no more the same,
It pois'nous grew, and *anarchy* became :
Dear to the fiends, to *Wardle* dear and me,
We joyful hail it as a sacred tree :
Planted in Briton's soil, her verdure dies
And a brown desert only meets our eyes :
So Darwin sings, the deadly Upas stands,
Blasting the fruits and blossoms of the lands,
No longer now a fable ; low its head
Malignant rears ; its pois'nous branches spread
Magnific horror o'er a desert vast,
And howls of demons mingle in the blast,
Its giant arms expand ; while nature's breath
Tainted, extends the dreary reign of death,
But we infernal souls, a charmed band,
Dance round the fatal wonder hand in hand,

Joyous we see its root by slaughter nurs'd
And glory in the name of "*the accurs'd.*"

But should this charming picture fail to cheer
Thy patriot soul, and check the rising tear,
Still art thou moody, view Guildhall awhile
Let city politicians raise thy smile
Where cobblers, tailors, shopmen, men of metal,
Their shops and counters leave, the state to settle:
Fish out of water, floundering on the strand
Like stupid porpoises when thrown on land.

PUNCH of the play see foremost Waithman stands,
In native awkwardness he paws his hands,
Then to his eloquence he gives a loose:
So strives to soar from Billinsgate a goose
Thinking to reach the Thames' translucent flood
But flaps his heavy wings along the mud.

His dirt the counter-orator thus flings
Bespattering generals, ministers, and kings:
Can he tread classic ground? O surely that he can,
Talks how *Augustus* Cæsar cross'd the *Vatican*;
Familiar speaks of every antient hero
The emperors *Michael Angelo*, and Nero,
Then dashes off, and warm with civic fury
Bellows for bill of rights and British jury;
Swears London's citizens take no denial,
Prays our good king to punish without trial.
Shews how the battle lost might have been won
Then snaps his shears and tells what *he'd* have done.

The common council cry "it is a pity
That Waithman is not member for the city."

Ev'n my Lord May'r, a man of much discerning,
Says " pity that a counter hides such learning."

Thus while the inkle merchant measures out
Fustian and falsehood to the rabble rout,
I give the fool a sop of my applause,
He spreads our poison and promotes our cause.
So verjuice harsh from leaden vessel pour'd
Turns mawkish sweet with deadly poison stor'd.

I smile to hear the blust'ring blund'ring dolt
Cry to the fools, " here taste my attic salt,"
Half tempted to exclaim " the Devil burn ye,
" Thine attic salt! 'tis poisonous *sal saturni*."

Now grieve no more, my Friend, for loss of fame
Gulp hard and swallow down thy load of shame :
That tough the morsel is there is no question,
But patriots have a wonderful digestion.

Thus, if what naturalists indite be true
A stupid Ostrich munches a horse shoe,
He turns it round and round, and tho' it is hard
Fears not the iron sticking in his gizzard :
Nor fear thou, Wardle, boldly bolt the gobbet,
It will digest, or trust not

WILLIAM COBBETT.

NEW DIGNITIES.

"Semper ego AUDITOR *tantum?*"

Chancellor of Oxford's Speech.

SIR,

The information contained in the enclosed paragraph is pregnant with such important consequences, that I have not the least doubt of your readily inserting it, and even giving it a distinguished place in your publication, and thus contributing, by means of the diffusive circulation of your work, to make it known "*qua sol habitabiles illustret oras.*". Its authenticity is incontrovertible. Not the most *wavering sceptic*, not even *Pyrrho* himself, nor *Sextus Empiricus*, if they were yet vacillating in "*dubiety*" (as the *onomatopoietic* author of the *Looker-on* terms it; and, *experto crede* ROBERTO, "the phrase is a good phrase," save that "it is affectatious, look you!") between existence and non-existence, could hesitate for a moment upon it, since it proceeds from a *well-paid* oracle of the party, the BRITISH PRESS; which, throughout the whole course of its *long* career, has *never* made the slightest *mistake* either in geography, orthography, typography, grammar, or criticism, nor ever departed further from *truth* than *Port Baltic* is from *Cape Horn*; and *that*, you will allow, is a venial error. In that newspaper for Monday, January 8th, the following portentous paragraph struck my astonished eyes. *Je perdis la tramontane.* "Obstupui, steteruntque comæ, et vox faucibus hæsit."

"OXFORD UNIVERSITY.

"A delegacy, consisting of the following gentlemen, was

nominated on Friday, for the purpose of holding a convocation at Camelford House, in London, on Wednesday next, in order to admit the RIGHT REV. Lord Grenville, the chancellor elect, to his office."

It is not impossible that somebody may fancy this to be a mere fabrication of the fancy of the *witty* editor of the *British Press*, though, I must confess, it is not very probable that any of the readers of the SATIRIST should be so *thick-headed*. I therefore, Sir, beg leave to assure you, with *the same strict regard to veracity as the aforesaid editor has uniformly displayed*, that though I had every reason to rely on his information, still, it appeared to me so important, that I could not rest till I had thoroughly ascertained the fact myself. I therefore applied to my worthy *confessor*, the *vicar apostolic of Hierapolis*, and requested him to procure for me a list of the dignitaries of the Romish church. He happened to be at dinner when I called upon him, and as it was a *fast* day, he was mortifying upon a *turbot with lobster sauce* and *omelettes à la reine*, and as soon as I could persuade him to desist from his *austerities*, he furnished me with Mr. Coghlan's list, and there I found, as the *veritable* editor had asserted, that a *congè d' elire* had issued from Avignon, *subannulo piscatoris*, recommending the noble Baron to the see of PANTOTALANTOPOLIS. My next step was to find out *where* his see lay, and this by the help of the Rev. J. Goldsmith's Popular Geography, *done* for Sir Richard Phillips, Knight, &c. &c. &c. I soon discovered. It is situated in the land of *MORIA, *in partibus infidelium*,

* I should be sorry, if any of your readers, who may also be readers of an old fashioned book, but one well worthy of perusal, called THE BIBLE, should confound this country with that mentioned Gen. xxii. The etymology of the former is to be found in the Greek.

and, if its name were to be rendered into English, it would signify something like "the city of ALL THE TALENTS."

In the course of conversation I gained a good deal of collateral information, and found that this promotion was intended merely as a step to higher honours; and that as soon as the RIGHT REV. Chancellor was installed, his *Holiness* meant to send him the *red hat* and "call him to a Cardinal's degree." It was whispered to me also, that in case our *Holy Father* should find his retirement at Avignon prejudicial to his health, and migrate to *limbo patrum*, (though I am uncertain whether Popes travel *that* road, or go *rectà ad cœlos*) the contest for *the triple crown* will lie principally between *Cardinal Fesch*, and the *Most Eminent Cardinal of Oxford;* but that the friends of the latter entertain sanguine hopes of his success, if he does but use the same arts to attain the *tiara*, which did him so much service in procuring the Chancellorship of Oxford.

I bestowed a *hearty anathema* on an *heretic* who malignantly observed to me, that if he should be elected, *one ceremony* which has been in vogue since the days of *Pope Joan* might, to save trouble, be omitted; as he must on all hands be allowed to be little more than *an old woman*.

If I should gain any further information on this subject you may depend on hearing again from, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

Seven Dials, St. Giles's,
January 8th, 1810.

PAPICOLA.

TO THE PRESIDENT AND COUNCIL OF THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS.

GENTLEMEN,

IN presuming to address you on a subject of equal importance to your individual interests and to the welfare of that community which places so just and honourable a confidence in the wisdom of your collective deliberations, I flatter myself that I have undertaken a task of which the necessity will be a sufficient justification. Engaged as the greater proportion of you must necessarily be in the exercise of an arduous and laborious profession, there are many abuses in the minor branches of medical practice which neither your habits nor engagements afford you an opportunity of observing. It cannot be expected that a physician who has passed through the regular and multifarious routine of medical education should be acquainted with the sensible properties of drugs, or be so well versed in the practice of experimental chemistry as to be capable of detecting the various artifices of pharmaceutical adulteration. It will not be improper, therefore, for a student who has not yet passed the period of academical probation, but whom accident has afforded the benefit of pharmaceutic experience to call your attention to the numerous and deplorable imposition by which your exertions in the cause of humanity are rendered unavailing, and the health of the community is endangered.

When I assure you that there is scarcely one chemist's shop in London, in which any valuable medicine prepared according to the direction of the Pharmacopeia, or pre-

served in an unadulterated state, can be procured but at the personal command of a physician, I am asserting a fact, of which the truth is as undisputable as the enormity is flagrant; and when I add that the mode in which the directions of the Pharmacopeia are evaded, and by which the most important articles in the catalogue of medicine are adulterated, is such as often to render the effect of a prescription diametrically opposite to that which was intended by the physician, no arguments need be adduced to convince you how much your fame and fortune as individuals is interested in the reformation of abuses so extensive, and so infamous.

Of many of the substitutions and adulterations I shall present you with the regular formula at a future opportunity, and as they are already known to all who feel any pecuniary interest in such knowledge, no danger can arise from their more extensive publication. In the mean time the following list will at once enable you to judge of the truth of my assertions, and assist your patients to determine what reliance can be placed, in the present state of Pharmacy, on the judgment or experience of any medical adviser.

Balsam of Copaiba. This balsam when genuine is of a golden yellow colour, and of a fragrant but rather sickly odour, which bears not, however, the least resemblance to that of turpentine or pitch. It costs the chemists on an average of every five years about five shillings a pound, and they contrive to sell it at the rate of one shilling for an ounce: not content, however, with this moderate profit, they usually substitute for the genuine balsam a mixture of yellow resin, oil of turpentine, and oil of olives. This mixture, which costs about eleven pence per pound, is generally of a dark

amber colour, its smell is like that of a mixture of pitch and turpentine, it usually has an empyreumatic odour, and on being digested in spirits of wine becomes turbid, and deposits a considerable sediment, while the genuine balsam immediately forms a transparent tincture.—It may be easily conceived what are the effects of resin and oil of turpentine as restoratives.

The POWDER OF PERUVIAN BARK is nothing more than the triturated particles of the inert ligneous matter that remains after its virtues have been extracted by decoction, or infusion; so that the patient who fancies he is taking a specific for an ague, is merely oppressing his stomach by a load of indigestible matter. When this is not the case, the purchaser may at least be sure that in every ounce of what is called Peruvian Bark, there are three drams of almond powder, or five of galangal, guiacum, and turmeric.

Of RED PRECIPITATE, in its best state, one half is RED LEAD; and of the white precipitate, three fourths, or sometimes the whole is *white* lead. On the last form of adulteration the common profits of the shop are two thousand four hundred *per cent.!*

OIL OF ANISEEDS. Very few mothers are aware that in every six drops that they foolishly give their children for a cold, there are more then four of melted wax, olive oil, hogs-lard and spermaceti.

POWDER OF RHUBARB. This is always mixed to the proportion of about one half, with turmeric and jalap. The latter of these drugs is dearer than the English rhubarb, but its assistance enables the adulterator to mix a large proportion of inert substances without taking away the effect of the compound as a cathartic. Of the dangers that may arise from this substitution, the physician alone can form a proper estimate.

Jalap in its turn is generally compounded of what is called P. D. elecampane, guiacum-wood, and scammony.

Columba root, and Augustina bark are very conveniently adulterated with gentian; the hydrargyrus sulphuratus ruber, or vermilion, when sold for medical purposes, is generally mixed with red lead; and to every ounce of musk there is usually added an equal quantity of powdered honey.

The red spirit of Lavender is not, as might be supposed distilled from the herb of which it bears the name, but is a common tincture of pimento and red sanders, or coccineal in proof spirit. The Elixir of Vitriol instead of being a compound, an aromatic tincture, and an acid, is a mere infusion of logwood chips in diluted sulphuric acid; and oil of cloves, of which the efficacy depends entirely on its pungency, is commonly diluted with three times the quantity of olive oil, tinctured with turmeric or alkanet.

The tinctures are almost uniformly made with proof spirit, so that from those of which the efficacy depends on the solution of a resin, no advantage can be expected, especially as the most valuable ingredients are either entirely omitted, or substituted by others that possess the same sensible properties, but are cheaper, or more easy of suspension in so weak a menstruum.

In the ointments no regard whatever is paid to the directions of the College. Wax is only employed when it cannot be dispensed with, and the place of spermaceti is supplied, as far as propriety will admit, by suet or hog's lard.

Such is a very imperfect catalogue of the artifices by which the most judicious advice is rendered ineffectual, and the happiness of society is sacrificed to the emolument of a few unprincipled individuals!

You are well aware that it is seldom in the power of a physician to have the medicines that he prescribes prepared by his own apothecary, and even if the contrary were the case, the advantage would be comparatively trifling. A very small proportion of the stock of an apothecary is purchased at the company's hall, and the greater number of those who are engaged in this branch of the profession are as liable to be deceived as the most ignorant of their customers. The mode of adulteration among the druggists is so uniform that an apothecary gradually learns to consider the preparations of the shop as the standards by which to judge of every medical article; and if he were to receive an unadulterated powder or a compound that had been prepared according to the directions of the Pharmacopeia he would probably return it.

If I am not very materially deceived there is a power still vested in your hands, by which the abuses that I have ventured to point out may be partially restrained, if not entirely corrected. It is to the expediency of an immediate and inflexible exercise of this power that I now beg leave to solicit your attention. The objects that may be accomplished by your decided interference, are of too much importance to yourselves and the community, to be tamely sacrificed to indolence or timidity, and if you delay much longer to assert your authority, the period is not far distant when it will no longer be admitted.

It is to be hoped, therefore, that before the expiration of another month you will pay an inquisitorial visit* *to all the venders of medicine within one mile of the metropolis, and that you will order such simples as are adulterated or decayed, and such compounds as are not prepared according to your Pharmacopeia, to be burnt or destroyed.* It is by this means alone that you will be able to give effect to your

* See the College Charter.

late endeavours for the perfection and reformation of the present system of pharmacy; and, whatever may be the result of such a measure, you will remove the imputation that in some degree attaches to every collegiate body that has existed for a longer period than a century, of indifference to the welfare of the public when placed in competition with their private emolument and tranquillity.

In a future letter I shall take the liberty of calling your attention to abuses of a nature still more flagrant than those which have formed the subject of the present address. In the mean time it may not be improper to submit to you the necessity of impressing on the mind of every individual who may have occasion for your professional assistance, a due conviction of the deplorable evils that may result from an extemporaneous purchase of any article of medicine at the shop of the druggist or apothecary.

I am, Gentlemen, with respect,

Your friend and pupil,

London, Jan. 16, 1810. A MEDICAL STUDENT.

RELIGIO WHIGORUM.

"——— prove it by their practice,
"No argument like matter o' fact is;
"And we are best of all led to
"Men's principles, by what they do."

HUDIBRAS.

MR. SATIRIST,

I HAVE often wondered at the very serious apprehension, which some persons affect to entertain, respecting

the disposition of the Whig party to introduce the Popish Religion. Whatever reason there may have been for this dread, on former occasions, I do think that it may be well discarded in the present times.

It cannot but happen that they must dislike the very name of the Cross, who have been so repeatedly and constantly *crossed* in their ambitious pursuit of places and of power. Besides, they have so long bawled, like Sir Hubidras, for

"A godly thorough *reformation*,"

that it cannot be possible they should have conceived the design of overthrowing, or of endangering the reformed religion of their country.

But it will appear most satisfactorily, from adverting to the particular *characters* of some very distinguished members of the party, that the imputation of their being Catholics is most unfounded. And it will be found by this enquiry, that their practice is very illustrative of their principles.

That Lord Ego is a *Vanist*, I presume no one, who has ever heard him speak, will venture to deny.

Lord H——y P——y is, notoriously, a *Jumper*.

The worthy Baronet, Sir Fr——s, has proclaimed at all times, and in all places, with the most zealous anxiety, that he is an *Independent*. Indeed, this is a very numerous sect among them; for most of them, though laymen, urge their pretensions to be *ministers*.

Mr. W—tb——d, it has been repeatedly asserted by his friend Timothy, the banker and brewer, is a staunch *Brownist*.

And I have heard, that R——d B——y Sh——n has often declared, that he cannot but be a friend to the reformation, since it gave the *cup* to the laity.

I could specify many other denominations; but these may suffice to my present purpose. Many of these gentlemen are *universalists*, and make frequent harangues on their favorite text—civil and religious liberty all over the world. And many of them, I am sorry to say, are most incorrigible *free-thinkers*.

I remain, Mr. Satirist,
Your obedient servant,

London, 12th January, 1810. ANGLICANUS.

PARRIANA.

SIR,

ON a first perusal of the relics from which I have made the inclosed extracts, I was inclined to consider them as the juvenile compositions of Dr. Johnson. The structure of the sentences, and the modulation of the cadence, remind us in almost every paragraph of the author of the Rambler; and the pedantry, tautology, and affectation by which the language is deformed, might be easily forgiven in the first rude essays of a school-boy. On enquiry, however, I found that the MSS., at present in my possession, were discovered in one of the secret recesses of an attic story at Emanuel College, Cambridge. It may, perhaps, lead to a knowledge of the author of these interesting fragments to inform you, that the room thus honoured by their "repositation," is situated in the second stair-case of *Bungay*, and commands a beautiful and extensive view of an adjacent coal-yard. Along with the

MSS. were discovered a worsted stocking rolled up in the form of a night-cap, half a dozen of cobler's pegs, a butcher's bill for three weeks, amounting to the enormous sum of three shillings and eight-pence, and several Greek and macaronic "Odes to Spiders," "Meditations on empty Stomachs," &c. &c. On the panes were marked the initials S. P. 1778; but on enquiring of the old bed-maker who this S. P. might have been, she fell into hysterics, and is not yet perfectly recovered.

I have since ascertained that the rooms alluded to are the identical apartments in which the celebrated Mr. Lemuel Gulliver first studied the elements of navigation, (vide Gul. Travels, chap. i. line 10.)

The work itself is entitled "Academic Lucubrations; with a Preface by a Ph. Cant. In 12 vols. folio." Of these twelve vols. in folio only the table of contents, the 7th chapter on the generative powers of men of letters, the preface, and a few unconnected notes have been preserved. The "rapacity of mice" has in many places obliterated the text so as to prevent the possibility of correct transcription, and even were the MSS. complete, no extract or epitome of mine would enable you to form an adequate idea of the author's multifariousness of learning, and ingenuity of digression. It is difficult in some instances to conceive by what possible association of ideas, subjects so apparently unconnected as those he has brought together could be originally allied. Taliacotius reminds him of the rates of porterage, and the rates of porterage of Sir Robert Walpole. A dissertation on the culture of potatoes recals to his remembrance a history of the devil, and the mention of his tutor's wig introduces an analysis of Cleland's Memoirs of a Woman of Pleasure. His notes embrace every variety of disquisition, from an enquiry into the origin of breeches to a dissertation on the

morality and expedience of polygamy. His allusions to ancient authors, and his references to their authority, are so numerous, that in a great proportion of the following extracts, I have rather chosen to exercise the memory, than weary the patience and fatigue the eye of those who may read them with attention.

The subsequent quotations are selected entirely from the preface. After a long panegyric on Mr. Richardson, the master of the college, he gives us the following elegant description of his wig.

"* * * * * Of this celebrated ornament of the first scholar whom my country has produced, let me indulge in the remembrance.* It was at once capacious without tumidity, and flowing without exuberance.† It possessed the humble requisites of hebdomadal utility, and did not leave its possessor to desiderate the more attractive beauties of decorative elegance: it might have hidden from the view of vulgar observation the calvosity of Cæsar,‡ and added majesty and grace to the severity§ of Cato;—what a great writer was not ashamed to declare of a progenitor inferior to himself alone in the highest attributes of intellectual elaboration, may be predicated with equal plausibility of the wig before me—it not only possessed the adscititious recommendations of grace and majesty itself, but was the cause of the "‖summa sive aggregatum accidentium in agentibus, quam impatiente, ad propositum effectum con currentium quibus omnibus existentibus effectum non existere vel quolibet eodum uno absente exis-

* Johns. Vit. Poet. art. Smith. ad fin.

† Without o'er-flowing full, (i. e. full bottomed.) Denham Cooper's Hill. ad fin.

‡ Lucan. Pharsal. lib. 33. and 38.

§ Lempriere, art. Cato.

‖ Hobbes. Investig. lib. 2. cap. 6.

tere, intelligi non potest," of grace and majesty in others. Of *this* prodigy of tonsoric labour it could *not* be said, as the Hungarian historian* exclaimed of the excrementitious *supercapiti* of Bertholde, that they were "Lankus et carroti color, et flockorum figuræ," but to use the language of a man,† whose amplitude of thought was only equalled by his copiousness of expression, "It was both a grace and an ornament," an ornament of which the man who should attempt a description would deserve an appellation of folly which he who should read the legends of Montanus with complacency might otherwise have been expected to appropriate. Yet great, and striking as were the exterior attributes of this venerable offspring of barbaric* ingenuity, still more great and still more striking was the albescent immacularity of its hue, which oppressed the powers of visual perception by its intensity of brightness, and paralyzed the intellectual machinery of mind by the apparent abstraction of that propensity to refrangible aberration by which even the most perfect memorials of ancient art and modern labour have been deprived of their otherwise inevitable praise. Often has its comprehensiveness of rotundity become the nocturnal object of somnific exercitation, and its luxuriance of virgular convolution exhilarated the saturnine but potatory evenings of academic sociality. It was not of that common order of wigs which the philosopher would have passed without excitement, and which, like the mental endowments of those whose brows it was destined to surmount, neither nature had elevated above the eternal

* Myropus.

† Anon.

‡ *Barbaric Bands.* Henric. Erskin. incerta ludibria designata. "Parody on Gray's Fatal Sisters," and beginning "Haste your powder bags prepare."

boundary of monotonous mediocrity, nor art exalted into artificial intumescence. In the abstract quality of existence alone did it approach to a resemblance of the turbular erections of undiscriminated comastructores. But in this commonality of individual essence, there is little reason for the scavengers of literature to exult. I shall not on this occasion appeal to the general principles of reason, or call up the peaceful manes of immortals to oppress them with confusion when the great master of metaphysical perspicacity is himself before me. * "Proprius actus entis est esse. Nam omne ens est, et quicquid est, ens est; nacti et quicquid non est, non est ens. Intelligitur autem esse, secundo ad rectum, quod est esse simplicitur, non esse tertio adjectum, quod est κατα τι: competit enim id, et non enti et τω nihil, veluti cum dicitur nihil est non ens, cæcitas est privatis. Communis igitur, entium quæ objectum est, communis illius conceptus est causa unitatis in illo conceptu, et sita est in communicatione ἐ εἶνοι." After so splendid a display of depth without obscurity, and perspicacity without castration, it might be superfluous to quote the authority of preceding philosophers, were not I well aware from the lessons of experience, of the *perverseness* of the *obstinate*, and the *ignorance* of the *unlearned*. Corroboration, however, if corroboration be demanded, may be discovered in the works of Columella, &c.† Materia prima (*sive, indubitanter, qualitas omnibus corporibus communis*) non est corpus per formam corporis, neque quantum, neque quid, neque quale, neque aliquid, eorum quibus ens determinatur. If such were the opinions of the great masters of philological precision, it would be equally vain and impertinent in me to prove

* Burgersdicii. Inst. Met. lib. 1. cap. 1. sec. 11. line 4.

† Hereboord de gustibus, cap. 2. Columell. sect. 8. and Blackst. Com. tom. 3. fol. 323.

that the wig of which I am now speaking may possess, in common with other wigs, the abstract quality of existence, without approaching even to an indefinite resemblance in the conformation of its fabric, the aptitude of adjustment, or the grandeur of its individual effects."

He then proceeds to a critical enquiry into the origin and utility of wigs. In this part of the preface he is much more simple and unaffected than in the preceding extract, displays such powers of expression as with modest industry might enable him, if he be still alive, to rival his great contemporary Dr. ——, in all the graces of rhetorical declamation. "In this part of my preface a discussion on the history of wigs will be neither unconnected with my subject, nor totally unproductive of utility, or delight. With the history of what all may at some period be condemned to wear, all should be acquainted. Necessity of anticipation is the lot of human nature. He who learns to be prepared for every event that the fortuitous concurrences of life may unexpectedly elicit, will neither be subdued by disappointment to despondence, nor exhilarated by prosperity to forgetfulness. The time may come when the most youthful of my readers may have reason to remember my instructions; when the hand that now presses the bosom of a mistress may be employed in the adjustment of a wig, and the heart that now beats with love and expectation, may pant for the arrival of a fashionable perruquier. To the young my precepts may inculcate the wisdom of preparation, and to the old my lucubrations may supply the materials of practical improvement. What I have attempted to perform, justice will not permit me to doubt that I have in some degree effected. I have traced the history of wigs from the earliest periods of authentic history, and have ventured to vaticinate the probable changes to which their conforma-

tion will be subjected by the caprice or the refinement of posterity."

He now commences with the scriptural account of the creation, and endeavours to demonstrate that the wigs of the patriarchs were mere conical caps, formed out of the fleeces of sheep: an invention by which they superceded the necessity of powder and curling irons. After this he attempts to describe the shaving utensils of the Hebrews, and concludes the 4th and 5th page of his preface, by an inquiry into the author of that celebrated couplet—

"Oh Absolem, oh Absolem, oh Absolem, my son!
If thou hadst worn a perriwig thou hadst not been undone!"

But as this is an inquiry into which I presume you have no disposition to accompany him, I shall hasten to subscribe myself,

Your friend and admirer,

WILFRID WILDGOOSE.

Jan. 8, 1810.

CONFESSIONS OF A METHODIST.

Part V.

"My treacherous memory will still refund a few more of the kind interferences of Divine Providence, which to such an one as Nabal the Carmelite would appear a mere tale of a tub, and serve only for ridicule, sport, and laughter;"* and indeed some of them are of strange sort, "insomuch that my mouth has been often filled with laughter while I have been writing them†." I

* Bank of Faith, Part II. p. 72.

† Ibid, p. 94.

have not noted the time when I first set up as a Gospel preacher; but I remember it was much about the same period that, finding little to be got by tinkering, I took to cobbling old shoes. I first, however, began my vocation on the highway. "I had soon preaching enough for a bishop, yet I had nothing coming in to live upon for so doing. In this dilemma, a professor of the gospel, who was by trade a shoemaker, asked me one day to come to him and learn to make children's shoes, which I agreed to, and learned to make them in a short space of time. I had now five times a week to preach constantly; on which account I was forced to lay the bible in a chair by me, while I was at work, and now and then read a little, in order to furnish myself with matter for the pulpit.*" Thus it might be said that I worked two ways at once for the good of *souls*, and my two professions served to set off one another. As I sewed the vamp to the underleather, so I vamped together texts for the underlings of the gospel, and as I proceeded from the heel of my shoe, working all round by the toe back to the heel again, and leaving off just where I began, even so I proceeded with my discourse. Many goodly sayings did my carnal profession furnish me withal, which I did not spare to use in my discourses. Thus I waxed in grace as I waxed my end, and my faith was like unto my bristles; and never did I handle one of them that I thought not of the swine into which the Lord conjured the devil, and how they ran into the sea and were drowned. And at such times I would cry, "it was a sad thing so many fine bristles should have been lost!" and then my dame would add in a plaintive tone, "ay, and so much fine pork too, William!" Then her mouth would

* Bank of Faith, Part I. p. 52.

water, and she would ask me, if I thought the devil took those hogs to hell with him or what became of them; for that if any were washed ashore, and were afterwards taken up by any body as booty, they must have made devilish queer bacon. My Mary would often put questions of this sort to me, which I endeavoured as well as I could to expound: and indeed I pierced the souls of many a fainting and backsliding sister with love, even as I pierced with my awl the soles of my shoes, and hammered the truth into them like as I hammered pegs into the heels. At last, however, "I found it impossible to preach five or six times a week, and carry on the business of cobbling at the same time, especially as it generally came in so fast at the latter end of the week;" the dear people wishing on the sabbath to walk pleasingly in the eyes of the Lord, which they could not do if their shoes wanted heel-tapping: "wherefore I determined to give up this employment, and continue in the work of God only,*" for I saw plain enough that this was the best trade of the two.

"During the space of three years I secretly wished in my soul that God would favor me with a chapel of my own;"† for thought I, "who but a fool would lead his flock from post to pillar, on purpose to shear them, and give the wool to men whom I know not whence they be? I will keep my flock at home and shear them for my own profit; and sure none can have so much right to the wool as they that labour day and night to feed the sheep; and I have vanity enough to think that they had rather the profits of the fleece fell to my share than to any other.‡" I could not, however, for some time manage this business of the chapel: nobody was willing to trust me. "At

* Bank of Faith, Part I. p. 58.

† Ibid, p. 103.

‡ Ibid, Part II. p. 32.

length God stirred up a wise man to offer to build a chapel, and to manage the whole work;—God drew the pattern on his imagination while he was hearing me preach a sermon: I then took the ground; this person executed the plan; and the chapel sprung up like a mushroom."* As the Lord had employed this man, I left him to seek payment of the Lord, and never troubled myself about the debt. I have heard he died in prison. Happy are they who die in bondage for the Lord! "I will mention a few free-will offerings which the people brought," as furniture for my chapel; some of which may sound strange to such as are not of the elect, but of which we well know the use. "One person gave half a dozen chairs and a couch for the vestry; and my friend Mrs. Lyon furnished me with a tea-chest well stored, and a set of china; my good friend Mrs. Smith furnished me with a very handsome bed, bedstead, and all its furniture and necessaries,"‡ which I have found a very convenient piece of chapel furniture. "A dear daughter of mine in the faith gave me a looking glass for my chapel study,†" as I called my evangelical bed-room, which was convenient, when we rose in the morning, as well for herself or any other pious sister, as for me.

"As the chapel filled, and the people approved, of course my pedigree, my residence, my station in the camp, my family and fortune, were enquired into; and that at a time when some of my creditors wanted their money: so that I was encompassed about with a whole crowd of creditors: and who can expect less who make themselves *debtors to all?* A gentleman of the city, who had a little

* Bank of Faith, Part II. p. 103.

† Ibid, p. 148.

house at Peckham asked me to go on a week-day evening to preach, and to take a supper and bed at his house, which I agreed to: so I borrowed a few shillings and set off. But that I might give vent to my grief, and bemoan my hard fate in secret, I called a coach and got in, *the old man and the devil* both following me*; so we went *all three* together, like the adulterous woman and her accusers; and to be sure I had not one sixpenny or shilling debt in all the world but what the devil set before me, together with various prisons for poor debtors: and aggravated my misery by setting before me the power of God to help me if he would, the wealth that he gave to many wicked persons, and his hard dealings with them that loved him. I listened to him till I was in such a frame as Elisha was, when the forty children followed him, crying, "Go up thou bald head." But at length, recollecting myself, I *bantered the devil.* I said, Satan, hast thou got any cash by thee? If thou hast bring it: I don't care where you get it, bring it if you have any, I will receive it, and *thank God* for it; but if thou art as poor as myself, let my debts alone. The devil left me at this; †" and as will appear took me at my word. "When I came to the end of St. George's Fields I got out, and gained sixpence by my ride, for my fare coming to half a crown, I bade the coachman give me sixpence and in return gave him three shillings, which, as it was nigh dusk, he did not perceive were not what is called good,

*. We can very readily conceive what business the devil had with our Methodist Confessionist, and think it very natural that they should keep company; but we are utterly at a loss to understand who the *old man* is, unless he be the *bugaboo* that children are frightened with. So much for the wisdom of the saints! SATIRIST.

† Bank of Faith, Part II. p. 11.

though they were good enough for my purpose, and I am sure were good enough for him, for he was a most ungodly whip, crying ever and anon to his horses, 'get along there, jah! jah!' and for this profaneness I punished him and served myself. " I walked the rest of the way, and that night had a glorious time;†" for the devil put several single passengers in my path, from every one of whom I got something, so that before I reached my friend's house, I had collected a tolerable good booty. This was a great prop to my tottering faith; I found now that there was a way to manage the devil; 'twas only putting on a bold face at once, and throwing off my mock-modesty, and then it was, ask and have. " I spent a comfortable evening with my friends, and had a most uncommon time at going to bed, and a most sweet frame given me when in bed; and in the morning I arose sweetly becalmed. In my road home I called upon two dear friends, and told them that I should shortly have a lift-up, as I usually called it; and that I had got it already in faith and should shortly have it in hand. These poor souls and I moved in *consort*, like the cherubim and his wheels, for when I was down they were down, when I was exalted so were they.†" I did not however let them know what I had got the night before, but only told them that I should have it soon, and by this means, which upon such occasions I always use, I was sure never to be a false prophet.

My reputation among the pious sisterhood now began to spread, and many doors were open to me. I cannot now remember all who sought my assistance, but I had frequently more work on my hands than I could do. At a time when I was invited down to Bristol, " a letter came from a lady in the country with a twenty pound

* Bank of Faith, Part II. p. 11.

† Ibid.

note in it,*" and as she paid so liberally, and beforehand too, of course I gave her the preference. I do not mention her name, because her husband is still alive. " Another lady in the country sent me in a letter a forty pound bank note,†" so that I rose in value all at once *cent. per cent.* and at this I stood for some time ; for " soon after that a lady in the country sent me forty pounds : and a most faithful and affectionate friend in the city, who times without number has ministered to my necessities,one evening when I had well pleased her by my service, ordered me to go to a cabinet maker, and bespeak a chest of drawers for my clothes, a writing desk, &c. and sent me home with forty guineas in my pocket.‡" I am a wonderer unto many as David saith. I began now to know my value; and was seldom long at a loss for a doctress, when I wanted to get rid of the gout in my pocket. " I owed twenty pounds for tythes; for though I am a gentleman of the cloth myself, yet being not a regular but an irregular, I am constrained to pay tithes, offerings, dues, and fees, though I live upon nothing but offerings myself; and these are neither few nor small. There was a gentlewoman at my house on a visit, and I asked her if she had got the sum of twenty pounds in her pocket, telling her, at the same time how much I wanted it. She told me she had not; if she had, I should have it.§" Now I knew this to be false, because I had taken her pockets from under her pillow, while she was in a heavy sleep which the spirit had laid on her, and found therein two ten pound notes wrapped up in separate papers which were each inscribed ' For the doctor for a work of love;' which I knew meant me: and there was be-

* Bank of Faith, p. 14.

† Ibid. p. 20.

‡ Ibid. p. 25.

§ Ibid. p. 86.

sides some loose cash together with a pin-cushion, a huswife, a leathern-cased bottle half full of the liquor of life, some letters of love from various pious brothers and a hymn book. I could partly guess the reason of her refusing it to me, but I knew a way to get it out of her, and I was resolved to have it. So I went up into what I called my study, which I had had fitted up in a convenient manner for the purposes to which I put it. "A few hours after the same woman was coming into my study, but she found it locked, and knocked at the door. I let her in, and she said, 'I am sorry I disturbed you.' I replied you do not disturb me; I have been begging a favour of my gracious master, and I had just done when you knocked; and that favour I have now got in faith, and shall shortly have it in hand, and you will see it."* In good faith now have you though? said she. "In good faith," replied I, "I have, and thou shalt be well satisfied thereof." And she was satisfied, and then making some womanish excuse for her former refusal, she gave me the money. And thus I paid the parson's tythe.

"It fell out once that I was earnestly invited to go a journey into the north, but having the gout in my pocket, I was obliged to postpone it till I was loosed from this infirmity. At length the cure came, and off I went with about eleven pounds in my pocket. Having been long expected by some of the faithful, and they having now despaired of my coming, except one or two sweet sisters, upon whose minds it was impressed that I should come, just before my letter of information reached them; which delay *sharpened their appetites.* One poor soul had her work sweetly revived; another young woman who had been long in chains of barrenness, came forth to the light and shewed herself; and had my hand been as open as their

* Bank of Faith, p. 25.

hearts, they had sent me home with thirty guineas in my pocket; but I returned some of it back again, knowing* that they had taken it from their husband's stores, and fearing that so large a sum would be missed, which might have got us all into an ungodly scrape, and made us a bye-word to the sinful mockers. Besides "the transforming views that I had been favoured with had opened my heart. Neither my heart nor my pocket are standing pools, but springing wells; and when my bounty goes into the family of the Lord I fret not; but it hurts my consequence to be duped, as I was in the case of Mary Cole, by the devil in the shape of a woman; the devil artfully instructing his fraternity to fish after the tender feelings of those whose hearts have been made soft by discipline."†

It may appear somewhat strange that I should so much devote my labours to the service of woman-kind; but to this I was called, and for this I was fitted. A pious handmaid is as a crown of glory, and this crown I shall seek to deserve and wear. The wisest of men, even Solomon, had many wives and many concubines: I have not yet quite reached his number, but by the blessing of my gracious master, I have faith that I shall. And did not David take to his bosom the wife of Uriah the Hittite, even Bathsheba? And wherefore was she called *Bathsheba?* That knot I will untie, in the same manner that the spirit teaches me to expound every other part of scripture for the good of the dear people. First then she was called *Bath*, because David first saw her in a *bath*; to which *she-ba* was added to express at once her sex, and her *lamb-like* and gentle nature; which is plain, since Nathan in his speech to

* Bank of Faith, p. 79.

† Ibid. p. 80.

David called her a *ewe*-lamb, for which *she-ba* is a very good name. Now, this is so; and let your Greek or your Hebrew scholars talk as they will, they can't help it. For shall not the spirit be believed before carnal reason?

"The devil and Dr. Sack's pride have often interfered with me in the writing of this narrative, wishing me to conceal some part of these things, or to keep back part of the price of the field, that the doctor's enemies may not be entertained, nor his honour eclipsed; but I am determined to go on, that the poor souls of my enemies may have a morsel to feed on, and the dear people a precedent, without any regard to the suggestions of Satan, or to the consequence of the tinker."* But for the present my pen must stop.

THE WANDERER.

No. I.

"Quid tibi visa Chios, Bullati, notaque Lesbos?
Quid concinna Samos? quid Crœsi regia Sardis?
——————————— majora, minorane fama?
Cœlum, non animum mutant, qui trans mare currunt."

HOR. EPIST. XI.

LIFE has been compared by moralists, *to a pilgrimage* —there are some with whom it *literally* becomes so;—a love of change—an insatiable curiosity—a desire to inves-

* Bank of Faith. p. 83.

tigate men and manners, and various accidents of life, propel some characters to be *loco-motive* during the greater part of their mortal existence. Of these *Wanderers*, some collect food for the body, others food for the mind, and, as it may rationally be expected, many of them collect food for—*ridicule!*

There are more *natural curiosities* to be found in various climes than the descriptive tourist has on his list of *videnda*, and there are also more *artificial* ones than the painter or sculptor ever thought of. 'Tis true, that in our *own colonies*, these curiosities have often been imported from the mother country, and in their outline justify the axiom contained in my motto; yet even these have generic varieties worthy the investigation of the *Satirist*. As to the continental nations, and their colonial offspring, as well as the native inhabitants of Asia, Africa, and America, they have each their characteristics peculiar to themselves. In the several progressive stages, from the wild *wanderer* of the woods, reposing on Orellana's banks, through every gradation of civilization, even unto the indolent sons of Asiatic luxury. The diversities of climate and of situation not only vary the wants, but even the wishes of mankind, affording to the individual whatever can stimulate his desires, or give nutrition to his foibles, each have their modifications of folly analogous to the *longitude* of their wishes, and to the *latitude* of their means of gratification, whilst the polar-star of *self* is uniform in its influence on each hemisphere of passion.

To sketch these varieties, to delineate these *non-descripts*, be then my task; let me not, however, be supposed thus to *arrogate* a task for which I am not in some measure qualified. Custom, that imperious law, has decided, that each new adventurer in the field of periodical

disquisition shall produce his "why" and his "wherefore;" that he shall tell his readers *what*, though not *who* he is; this law has been conformed to since the days of the *short-faced* Spectator, and obeyed by all his successors through a generation of *long faces*, longer indeed than their purses. It may then be supposed that the stimulants to loco-motion already mentioned have each in their turn had an effect upon the WANDERER; that he has been propelled by an *impetus*, led on by *attraction*, and been but little subject to the *vis inertiæ* of *gravity*.

Though not born to *write epics*, or to spin out *romances*, like some modern wights, I was doubtless intended by nature to be the hero of both, as the two earliest ideas I can remember were those of *Love* and *War*: the one either generated by, or manifesting itself in, the ornament of a *wooden sword*, assumed on my *first* suit of full-dress; the other excited by an overgrown French baby, presented to a young sister, by an indulgent grandame, which having engaged my fancy as a bedfellow, was a fruitful source of prognostication to some of the prattling gossips. Ideas so early developed, could not fail of juvenile expansion, and before the age of ten years, I was alternately the victim of these destructive passions; the *heroic* however predominated, and in their turn the romantic exploits of *Tom Thumb* gave way to the more magnanimous darings of *Jack the Giant-killer*, whose glory was soon eclipsed by the chivalrous prodigies of *the seven Champions of Christendom*. In short, I rescued virgins from green and blue dragons, defended orphans, slew Saracens, and was extremely intimate with all the great men at the court of *King Pepin*; these latter ideas have never been effaced, but they were obliged in some degree to yield for a time to the bullying heroes on the banks of Scamander, and my wrath would doubtless soon have been as violent as that of Achilles himself, had

I not fortunately, or unfortunately, for which of the two it was I have never yet been able exactly to ascertain——had I not on the perusal of Robinson Crusoe and the *Buccaneers of America,* imbibed an idea that the most rational plan for my future life was to spend it in *robbing churches,* and other amusements of *Blackbeard* and his facetious companions. Impressed with this idea,

"Me juvat ire per altum,"

became my motto, and was soon the stimulant to every latent wish; all studies, save those of voyagers and travels, became irksome; my mind whirled round in a circle of pathless oceans and undiscovered lands; of burning suns and shivering ice islands; of bearded Turks, and smooth-faced Esquimaux; of Dutch frows with nineteen petticoats and of Tropical dames without any petticoats at all; "of Antres vast and desarts wild;" of animals aërial, terrestrial, aquatic and amphibious, elephants and humming-birds, seahorses and sea-mews; I sighed for the delights of war, tempest, pestilence, and famine, and soon, from the accumulated centrifugal force, my *body* flew off in a tangent. Yet still midst all my devious ramblings there was *one* wish remained; and I still feel that

Whether o'er Biscay's waves I steer,
Or onward urge my wild career,
And fearless tempt an early grave,
Borne on the rough Atlantic wave,
Or toss'd on Afric's distant shores,
Where round the Cape old ocean roars:
Then ranging 'long Italia's coast,
Of ancient lore the pride and boast,
Where cedars fringe the Alpine steep,
And round the far horizon sweep—
My course to th' Appenine extend;
Where wild Soracte's cliffs ascend—

Or Corso, from his lowering height,
O'er Ocean throws the shade of night,
Whether on sea or land I roam,
The WANDERER'S heart still points to home!

To that home am I then at length returned, and shall think myself well repaid for all my toils, if *mirth* can be excited to a laugh, or if a smile can be recalled to the cheek of *sorrow* by the bizarre and erratic adventures of the

WANDERER.

No. II. *Containing divers wonderful and true tales of astonishing human animals in our next.*

VALENTINES.

A FRAGMENT.

* * * * * We had very satisfactorily ascertained the origin of writing what are called Valentines on the 14th of February; for one or two of the party were very conversant in all learning of this kind. It was then proposed that we should each of us compose one for the next St. Valentine's day. The idea was readily adopted, and the MINSTREL, who has a knack of pouring the unpremeditated strain, after a very short prelude on the bagpipes, sung the following irregular lines, accompanying his voice with great taste on that expressive instrument.

The Minstrel's Valentine

I.

I who, of Norham's castled steep,
And Tweed's fair river, broad and deep,
And Cheviot's mountains lone;
The battled towres, the Donjon Keep,
The loop-hole grates where captives weep,
The flanking walls that round it sweep,
Built of the thickest stone:—

II.

Of stalworth knight and champion grim
With square-turn'd joints and strength of limb;
Of Haco's floating banner trim
Of Wallac wight, and Martin Swart,
Who came on baker Simnel's part;
Of abbots, monks and jovial friars,
Of simple nuns and purblind priors,
Of heralds, pursuivants, and squires;
And wanton lady's charms;
Of painted tabards, proudly showing
Gules, argent, or, and azure glowing,
And him, that satirist, so knowing,
Of whom we still make some account,
Sir David Lindsay of the Mount,
Lord lion king at arms:—

III.

I who, of sewer, and seneschall,
And salvo-shot, and gunner tall,
And feast, and dancing in the hall,
And ditties passing fair;
Of halberd, battle-axe, and mail,
Of damsel true and lady frail,
Of pennant gay and swallow-t ail,
Of Constance and of Clare:

Of lusty yeomen two and two,
In hosen black and jerkins blue,
With cloth-yard shafts and bows of yew;
  Of musquet, pike, and morion;
And of the lord of Fontenaye,
Of Lutterward, and Scrivelbaye,
  Of Tamworth tower and town:—

IV.

I who, of that same Palmer dark,
With shoulders broad, heaven save the mark!
Who counted the nails in Noah's ark,
And to stout Saint George of Norwich merry,
Saint Thomas too of Canterbury,
Cuthbert of Durham, and Saint Bede,
Had long for his sins pardon prayed:—

V.

I who have sung of all of these;—
  And eke of that same cuckold lord,
    Sir Hugh the Heron bold,
  Baron of Twissel and of Ford,
    And captain of the Hold,
Who led the Falcon knight to the deas,
And feasted him full high
With a fresh broach'd pipe of Malvoisie
And a savoury venison pye:
From the bare north, my distant home
A border minstrel, lo! I come;
  Who much, I ween, have pored
On many a huge unwieldy tome
Imprinted at the antique dome,
  Of Caxton or de Worde:
To dear Saint Valentine no thrush,
Sings livelier from a Spring-tide bush;
Then pay me half-a-crown a line,
And I will be thy Valentine.

Every one was charmed with the Minstrel's strain, and declared It to be entirely worthy of himself: and indeed upon reflection, I found this to be no compliment, for I discovered that every line, except the two last, was borrowed from some of his most celebrated productions. The Monk next arose: I perceived that the female part of our company looked rather uneasy; except one or two philosophical ladies, who protested that they thought him perfectly innocent: he might frighten *novices* indeed; but women should have more philosophy than to be alarmed by *tales of wonder*. The *Monk* who had prepared his tale, began.

The Monk's Valentine.

The fierce Cloud-king that rides in the air,
Wooed the Water-king's daughter so fair,
Ding a ding, ding a ding,
How the merry bells ring,
At their gay wedding!

The stocking is thrown, and the honey-moon done,
And the months fly past, and behold a son!
Mark the jolly priest
How his chin is greased
With the fat of the christening feast.

But the grim white woman who haunts the wood,
Stole the heart of their baby, and munch'd it for food;
Whether roast or raw,
It went into her maw
No eye e'er saw!

She gobbled fat and lean, and she mumbled the gristle,
But she saved the heart-pipe, and made it a whistle;

Wheugh! wheugh! wheugh! Whiz! whiz!
whiz!
Still 'tis heard in the breeze,
Whistling among the winter trees!

And whenever that heart-pipe whistle is found,
In cloud, fire or water, or under ground;
Then oh! lady mine,
Though now body and soul thine,
I shall prove a false Valentine!

Most of the company smiled at the monk's extravagance; though some few of the ladies put their salts to their nose; and I perceived that the alderman, who I had observed to eat of every dish at the table, looked very pale. After recovering himself a little by swallowing a bumper of brandy, he declared with an oath, that he should have cause to lament that he had heard the monk, as long as he should live, for he should never be able to touch a calf's-heart again: "And calf's-heart," said he with a sigh, was one of my most favourite dishes!" While the monk was expressing his concern on this account, and endeavouring to console the alderman, little Anacreon, whose writtings had acquired for him the name of the cock sparrow of Parnassus, seated himself at the piano fortee, and casting a tender ogle round the room, on every fair he thought worth ogling, sung in a languishing voice the following words; which he afterwards whispered me, were little gems selected from his most admired pieces, and strung together with a slight alteration, so as to form a cento.

Anacreon's Valentine.

'Tis morning love! I think of thee,
'Tis morning love! oh! think of me—
Think that thou givest thy dearest kiss,
And I will think I feel the bliss;

Think that I banquet on delights,
Thy honey kiss and turtle bites,—
Sweet bites, that bite my lips apart,
And bite a way into my heart;—
Think that I see thee pout and smile
While I am dying all the while,
But dead with bliss I still can view
Thy eyes of fire and lips of dew,
And in thy soul-dissolving glance,
Raptured read thy bosom's trance,
Then mingling lips, and hearts, and sighs,
Make babies in each other's eyes—
Then why that little wanton blushing
Glancing eye and bosom flushing,
Flushing warm and wily glancing,
All is lovely, all entrancing;
But if thou blush that blush be mine,
And I will be thy Valentine.

Some of the poet's fair hearers put their fans before their eyes; others whispered he was a charming tender creature; "But do you quite understand it?" said another. While this subject was discussing, a little young man, who I had been told was a Satirist, but who appeared more inclined to laugh than rail, arose, and told the company, that not aspiring to equal the lofty poets who had preceded him, he would give them a few doggrel rhimes for his Valentine; they were the best he could offer, and therefore he hoped they would take them in good part.

The Satirist's Valentine.

When N—k's grisly duke shall wear
Above a dozen shirts a year;
When E—e with averted eye
Shall pass a favourite bagnio by,

T—M— for modest phrases search,
Or W—y leave his wench for church:
When Mary Anne shall sin no more,
And Saints their love-feasts shall give o'er;
When pious Hannah plays at whist,
Or H— T—e turns a methodist;
When play-house wits shall write a play,
And Cooke get drunk but once a day;
When Flaxman the antique foregoes
To model from Lord Derby's nose,
Or E—n prizes face of stone.
That is not noseless as his own;
Whene'er a G——le, touch'd with grace,
Refuses sinecure or place,
Puts fee and salary aside,
And cries "Enough! I'm satisfied!"
When Cobbett shall forget to lie,
And bid farewell to infamy;
When Finnerty or Hague are drown'd,
(If truth in antient saws* be found;)
When Waithman proves less rogue than ass:—
When ought of this shall come to pass,
The Satirist shall his lash resign,
And pen a lovesick valentine.

The Satirist had scarcely concluded when * * * * *
* * * * * * * * * *

* There is an antient saw or proverb which says, that a certain description of men who are destined to *ascend a few steps* towards Heaven before they make their final exit from this world will never perish in a *watery grave*.

ANNALS OF QUACKERY.

No. I.

In venturing to hold up to the indignation of the public the most celebrated members of the fraternity of quacks, we are well aware of the dangers to which our temerity will expose us. To be lampooned on the wrapper of a nostrum, to be caricatured in the windows of Messrs. Jackson and Barclay, and to have the title of our publication degraded into the catch-word of a puff, are a few of the inconveniences which we are prepared to expect from their resentment. Yet so numerous and deplorable are the evils that arise from the prevalence of quackery, that we should not conceive ourselves to have executed our duty to the public, were we not to use our best endeavours for the punishment or extermination of a race of beings, who equally endanger the lives and corrupt the morals of the unhappy victims to their avarice.

Among the first of his fraternity both for age and impudence stands the hero of the Old Bailey. Of the origin and education of this person we have not been able to procure any satisfactory information. We have some reason, however, o believe that in the early period of his life he was a hawker of Birmingham ware in the neighbourhood of Salisbury. By what means he came into the possession of a shop we must leave to the conjectures of those who have traced the rise and progress of Sir Richard Phillips. Certain it is, however, that about the æra of the French revolution he established an office in Shoe-lane, from which place he issued out his advertisements as the only

genuine proprietor of a certain quack medicine. These *drops,* with the qualities of which we shall charitably suppose him to be unacquainted, he boldly ventured to recommend as a specific for a disease in which Sir Charles Hanbury Williams supposed the assistance of a heathen deity to be absolutely necessary. It is scarcely suspected, even by the thousands who remain the lingering victims of Mr. ———'s nostrum, that of all the compositions which human ingenuity could devise, for the aggravation and continuance of that very disease for which they are recommended as a remedy, the DROPS are the most certain and effectual. The writer of this article is acquainted with an instance in which all the common modes of cure were counteracted for more than nine months by the secret administration of that stimulating poison.

Finding, however, that the sale of his drops was by no means so extensive as to defray the expences of his advertisements, he had recourse to a stratagem which would have done credit to the genius of a *Cobbettite,* or the piety of a methodist. With the assistance of a man of talents, whose abilities were worthy of a more laudable undertaking, and whose rank and accomplishments might have been expected to preclude all possibility of contact with such a wretch as ———, he established a monthly publication, of which the literary department was as infamous for its voluptuous incitements to debauchery as the engravings were for their gross and disgusting turpitude. On the wrapper of this work he took care to inform his readers that any inconvenience that might arise from a casual indulgence of those passions which it was the object of the magazine to cherish and inflame, would be certainly and speedily alleviated by an application at his shop. The effects of his plan were such as he had anticipated. The

profligates who patronized his book had soon occasion to try the efficacy of his nostrums.

He did not confine himself to the publication of his magazine. His stock of trials for rape, and actions for crim. con. was peculiarly copious, and he took care that while his collection of books might inflame the imagination, his collection of prints should gratify the sight of the libidinous.

But his prospects were unexpectedly blighted by the interposition of the law. His rivals in the circulation of obscenity were so unmercifully treated by the judges, that he and his coadjutor found it necessary to announce their determination to substitute "wit for indecency, and elegance for *pungency*;" and as this declaration did not meet with the approval of the circle to which the sale of their publication was confined, it soon became an involuntary sacrifice to decency and justice.

After such a catastrophe some men would have had the modesty to retire from public observation, and to seek in retirement a refuge from disgrace. But our hero is blest with that happy versatility of talent which equally qualifies him for the composition of an indecent song, and the manufacture of a spiritual exhortation. The types that had so lately been employed in printing his monthly compilation of obscenity, were now destined to fill the form of a weekly journal, and at the expiration of a few days, our hero appeared as the pious and venerable editor of a *Religious Sunday Newspaper.*

Since the period of his debut in the character of a religious *monitor* he seems to have past his days in the calm tranquillity of *conscious virtue*, content with the profits of his paper and his medicine. He is not unwilling, however, to oblige his friends with an occasional peep at his

collection of curiosities, and he is still so ardent a friend for the *edification* of his species that for the compliment of a one pound note he will gladly supply even the casual purchaser with a new edition of his magazine, and should any unpleasant circumstances be the result of his customer's imprudence, he can furnish him with a nostrum for his cure, and an antidote against the repetition of similar indulgences.

The *drops* of which he pretends to be the sole proprietor, but which form a very important article in the catalogues of the wholesale druggists, are a compound of gum guiacum, saffron, oil of sassafrass, salt of tartar, balsam of copaiba, and spirits of wine. When it is considered that nearly two hundred thousand bottles of this pernicious philtre are annually sold, and that every bottle which is administered so far promotes the operation of the disease it is intended to cure, as to render the partial recovery of the patient uncertain, or his perfect re-establishment impossible, no other arguments can be necessary to excite the interference of the regular practitioners, and to warn the unwary and imprudent of their danger.

To obtain the purse of a fellow-subject by putting him in fear is considered as deserving of the last punishment that it is in the power of the law to inflict; but to administer a slow poison, under the pretence of selling a specific against one of the most deplorable maladies with which human nature can be afflicted, is a crime of which the enormity as far exceeds the commission of immediate homicide, as the tortures of a lingering death are more terrible than the pangs of sudden dissolution.

H.

COLONEL WARDLE.

THIS man of "brazen front and iron heart," assisted by mischievous incendiaries and *needy speculators*, is endeavouring by the most desperate means to raise himself again in the estimation of those who were once weak enough to be deluded by his professions of honesty and patriotism.—Since the appearance of our last number, *some* of the documents to which we alluded have been published in a weekly magazine, and although they contain the most damning proofs against him, his partizans, taking advantage of the weakness of the editor's comments, have endeavoured to wrest every sentence from its obvious meaning and to draw conclusions in his favour. We have hitherto abstained from publishing any of these for very obvious reasons, although we had seen all the originals, but we now feel it our duty to comment upon such as have been imprudently and *prematurely* divulged. To prevent mistakes we shall give the documents at full length, and then compare their contents not only with the oral *testimony* of the parties concerned but with their *written affidavits*.

Letter from G. L. Wardle, Esq. to J. Glennie, Esq.

(Copy.) *Eight o'clock, Saturday Morning.**

MY DEAR SIR—Will you, after seeing Mr. Wright, the

* This letter was written in *December*, before the investigation commenced. The words printed in italics are scored under in the original, which, contrary to the assertions of Wardle's friends, never was even *seen* by Mrs. Clarke, nor do we believe that she ever heard of the contents except from the public papers.

upholsterer, Rathbone-place, meet Major Dodd and myself at Fladong's Hotel about a quarter before twelve o'clock?

I hope you will be able to prevail upon Mr. Wright to let Mrs. Clarke know that he will be satisfied to wait till the end of the next month. Do urge to him the *impossibility* of its being arranged, as was *proposed* through the medium of the *Bookseller, without our committing Mrs. C.* and OURSELVES, which, assure him, would be of consequence fatal in an extreme he cannot conjecture. The great object is, that Mrs. C.'s mind should be rendered perfectly easy; and if Mr. W. will do so, I shall feel myself much obliged, and not unmindful of his attention to such my wishes (and anxious ones they are!) upon the subject.

Your's, my dear Sir, ever faithfully,

To James Glennie, Esq. GM. LL. WARDLE.

This letter it appears was written at *eight* o'clock in the morning; and Glennie was to meet Wardle and Dodd a quarter before *twelve* at an hotel, which is scarcely three minutes walk from Wright's. Why did not the Colonel call about the business himself, as he was in the neighbourhood? There is something very suspicious in this.

Wardle, in his affidavit swears, that he "was given to understand that she" (Mrs. Clarke) "would be able to pay the money" (i. e. the 500l. afterwards advanced to her on his and Dodd's security by Illingworth,) "in a few months from the sale of her book." (Vide Wardle and Dodd's affidavit, published in the *Times* of Nov. 24, 1809,) But here he asserts that it was *impossible* to be arranged through the medium of the *bookseller* without committing not *only* Mrs. Clarke, (Mark that, we beseech you, reader) but HIMSELF and his *coadjutors*; meaning, obviously enough Glennie and Dodd. Now, as Mrs. Clarke's obtaining any sum of money in the common way of trade for a book, (which, by the bye, it appears by Sir Richard Phillips's

affidavit, she never attempted to publish till March 8th, *three months afterwards,*) could not commit THEM in a way "*fatal in an extreme,*" it is sufficiently evident that there must have been some negotiation between Wardle and Wright concerning the means of procuring the required sum before application was made to Illingworth, although neither Glennie, Dodd, nor *Wardle* have said one syllable on the subject in their affidavits. The latter swears, "that he never did say to said plaintiff (Wright) that he had not let him, the said plaintiff, have the bill for 500l. as he this deponent had a difficulty in getting a person to accept it, or that in consequence of what was then in agitation, it would be imprudent for him, this deponent, to accept the bill," &c. and that "he NEVER *expressed himself to such or the like purport and effect.*" (Vide Wardle's affidavit, *Times,* Nov. 24.) Now, will any unprejudiced man say that there does not appear upon the very face of this letter, the strongest presumptive evidence that he *did* find difficulty in procuring a person to accept a bill, and that he *had* expressed himself to the purport or effect that it would be imprudent for him to accept the bill, and for his name to appear in any transaction of the said Mary Anne Clarke? What else can be meant by the words printed in *italics,* and *dashed* in the original.

The Editor of the Times newspaper, (who candidly acknowledges that he feels himself bound *in gratitude* to advocate Colonel Wardle's cause because by bringing forwards the charges against the Duke of York, he saved him from an impending prosecution) foolishly asks, why should *Mrs. Clarke's* mind be uneasy if Colonel Wardle was to pay? The answer is plain enough. Wright wanted money and he of course "pestered Mrs. Clarke" to get some from *Wardle*; and it was perfectly natural that she should be made the channel of communication.—The

Times to prove *its gratitude*, after having put this *mighty ingenious* query draws the following conclusion.—"No one, therefore, can deny but that this letter, produced now at last we apprehend by Mrs. Clarke herself,* entirely acquits Colonel Wardle of the imputed engagement to furnish her house." (*Times, January 10th*, 1810. Has the writer of this article forgotten that when Illingworth gave Wright his acceptance for 500l. Wright gave him a receipt, explicitly stating that it was "on account of household furniture delivered to *Mrs. Mary Anne Clarke at* WESTBOURNE PLACE," which receipt both Dodd and Illingworth swore was delivered into *Wardle's possession* within two days after it was given? it is dated January 2d, 1809; How then can it be said that Wardle knew nothing of Wright's intention to charge him till the day before the action was brought, viz. on the 1st of June, 1809?—It was proved by Dodd that Wardle paid the whole amount of this 500l. and it is ridiculous to say that he ever expected to be repaid by Mrs. Clarke, a woman whom he acknowledged to be so distressed that she required money from him to pay her butcher and baker's bills.—On reperusing Wardle's affidavit we were struck with astonishment at discovering the following asseveration which is quite inconsistent with the oral testimony he delivered in the court of King's bench:

* The writer, as we before stated, is mistaken in his apprehensions, Mrs. Clarke never having had this document in her possession. It was given by Wardle to his late attorney the *day before the first trial*, and when it was shewn to Mr. Serjeant Best, at the consultation, he told Wardle that if the money were *ten thousand pounds* he must pay it. The Serjeant therefore thought very differently from the Editor of the Times. Wardle had no money and Wright would not take his bond, the action therefore was, fortunately for the country, tried.

" And this deponent most *positively* denies that he *undertook* or *agreed* to assist the said Mary Ann Clarke, upon condition that she gave him any *information* in her power or ASSISTANCE in the investigation which took place in the House of Commons." (Vide Dodd and Wardle's affidavits, Times, November 24th.)

Our readers cannot have forgotten that Wardle when cross-examined by the Attorney General was obliged to admit upon his oath, that he had given Mrs. Clarke one hundred pounds before they went on the Martello tower expedition, and *twenty pounds* the *day* before the investigation, and that in his indecent letter to Lord Ellenborough he made the following shuffling and contemptible excuse, with regard to the larger donation, viz. that it was for her *papers* not her *testimony*; he here tacitly acknowledges that the 20l. which was given *after* he *had gotten her papers*, was for her *Evidence*, and we do humbly imagine that all men who are not idiots will be of opinion that *papers* and *evidence* both come under the denominations of " *information* and *assistance*."

Some of his partizans have endeavoured to justify this *purchasing* of testimony, contending that it is done every day by the police magistrates and the secretary of state. There is, however, no analogy between the two cases. When any murder or other heinous crime has been committed the police offer a reward for the *discovery* of the *unknown perpetrator*. An atrocious act is proved to have been committed by *some one*, and it is necessary for the good of society that others should be stimulated to ascertain by *whom*. But do the police magistrates or the secretary of state ever *single out their victim* FIRST, and *then* offer a reward to any person who will assist them in proving him guilty of crimes which they have *predetermined* shall be alleged against him? Colonel Wardle has confessed

that long *before* he knew Mrs. Clarke he had it in contemplation to bring forward certain charges against the Duke of York, that he sought her out as a person likely to *assist* him in his views, (i.e.) a *convenient instrument* and that two or three days after he had discovered her he gave her 100*l.* in *part of payment for her* ASSISTANCE.

God forbid such practices should ever be resorted to by any branch of the legislature: if they were, no one would be safe from the effects of subornation! Whether it was stipulated by Colonel Wardle that Mrs. Clarke's evidence should *be the truth*, we leave our readers to determine, requesting them, however, not to form any opinion till they well consider the meaning and intent of the following note, written by him during the investigation:

House of Commons, 5 o'clock, Tuesday evening.

MY DEAR MADAM,

Mr. Perceval says that he has a *question* to put to you, but that he will not keep you many minutes; he wishes you to come down about 9 o'clock; send *him* a note when you come, to say you are at the house in compliance with his desire. *I send you* Doctor O'Meara's letter enclosed, so that *you* may present it yourself to the House, STATING YOU FORGOT IT LAST NIGHT!!!

I hope you have sent Favori, &c. &c.

Yours very much,

G. Ll. Wardle.

How vastly kind of the Colonel to remind Mrs. Clarke of her *forgetting* to produce a document which she had *not* in her possession!!!

Meek indeed must be the spirit of our representatives, if such conduct escape with impunity.—Is there no man in the house of commons who dares to arraign this patriot?*

* We have been both surprized and shocked that as yet no

Is every heart paralized by the howlings of the Waithmans, the Burdetts, and the Cobbetts? If so, farewell to the dignity of the British Senate.

The boldness, activity, and perseverance of the disloyal were never so conspicuous as at the present moment; encouraged by the *forbearance* not to say *apathy* of the government, their exertions are incessant; a newspaper* has been recently *purchased* through which their inflammatory principles are disseminated among the soldiery and lower classes of the public, it being sent *gratis* to almost every public house in the metropolis; and while they are thus suffered to publish with impunity the most flagrant libels against their monarch, his family, and his government, they persecute with unremitting rigor all those who attempt to expose their machinations. Colonel Wardle, though thrice baffled and disgraced in a court of justice has now *six* actions depending for *libels* on his *immaculate*

member of parliament has moved for a committee to enquire into the conduct of Colonel Wardle, and can only attribute the circumstance to that timidity and forbearance which will, we fear, prove fatal to the country.

* Cobbett, Waithman, and Wardle have recently *purchased* the support of the *Statesman*, which has been since sent *gratis* to almost every pot-house in London and Westminster. As the proprietor, not many months back, was so distressed as to advertise for the loan of 1000l. (the sum furnished as we have been informed by these *worthies*) it cannot be supposed that *he* would be at this expence, indeed the object of it is alarmingly obvious. Our readers will not now be surprized at Cobbett's continually and most fulsomely puffing *the Statesman*, or at the daily advertisement of his *State Trials* (with the compiling of which, by the bye, he has no more to do than ourselves) in that newspaper.

† The last against the publisher of *the Satirist* for our last

character.† The *faction* pay HIS expences, and though he must be confident that no *honest* jury will award him more than *one shilling* damages, he hopes that the smallest verdicts in his favour will enable him again to impose upon the public, or at any rate to oppress those who have ventured to detect his impositions and lash his atrocities.

We cannot conclude without conjuring his majesty's ministers, as they value their country, to stop by the strong arm of the law, the alarming progress of those incendiaries and libellers who are endeavouring to involve their country in anarchy and bloodshed.

The states of the continent were ruined not by *corruption* but by the *cry of corruption* and the *pusillanimity* of their governors. Forbearance and conciliatory measures are hailed by the disaffected as indications of weakness and timidity. Sedition must be *opposed* with firmness and punished with severity, or England, divided against herself by their intrigues, will only have the sad consolation of falling last.

THE MARRIED MISTRESS.

THAT impudence is the general concomitant of vice we are taught by the daily experience of common life.—There is always an obtrusiveness in the conduct and manners

†month's strictures. We are at a loss whether to attribute this *furor litigiosus* to the insanity of the client, or the *avarice* of his attorney. We are very unwilling to believe that it is owing to the latter cause, and shall therefore at present refrain from publishing what we have heard on the subject of spinning out briefs, and drawing affidavits.

of the worthless and the profligate, from which a virtuous character would shrink with the most sensitive abhorrence. The woman of virtue and the man of worth rather avoid than solicit observation; the affection of those friends to whom they are endeared by their virtues, and the silent testimony of a tranquil conscience, are sources of happiness for which the meretricious splendour of a court, or the glare of public notoriety, would afford a poor and inadequate compensation. But the wicked and depraved are but too happy if they can find a momentary refuge from self-reproach in the bustle of a crowd, and the venal exclamations of the rabble. Such artifices, if they do not always afford a remedy for the "rooted sorrows" of the vicious, may sometimes give plausibility to cunning, and conceal the defects of a damaged reputation. We accordingly find that men whose private characters are so notoriously infamous that no human being would suspect them of a single virtue, boldly start forward as the champions of reform, and claim the title of disinterested patriots! the wretch whom a jury would not believe upon his oath, and whom a judge has pronounced to be guilty of deliberate prevarication, forsakes his cloth-yard and his scissars, to mend the tatters of a *threadbare* reputation, by criticising the measures, and arraigning the honesty of ministers; and the mistress of a thousand lovers, the *Phryne* of a whole metropolis, exposes herself in all the prominence of libidinous display to the gaze of a theatrical mob, or the impertinence of lounging connoisseurs.

Of these truths, if any corroboration be required, it would only be necessary to mention the name of the lady whose past conduct and late elevation entitle her to our present notice. She had long been an appendage to the house of * * * * * *as a chapel of ease* to the lady to whose name

and title she has now succeeded. With the character of the late ——— the public is well acquainted: her principal faults were levity and extravagance. Her good nature led her into indiscretions, from which it was not always in her power to extricate herself without an unwilling sacrifice of her honour or her principles. But if she had all the frailties of vice she had none of its malignity; she was often thoughtlessly generous, but never deliberately wicked.

If of such a character the virtues cannot be received as an apology for the vices, we are afraid that still less indulgence could be granted to the lady who so long participated, and is now supposed to engross, the favors of her husband. Residing in the same house with the *wife* and legitimate daughters of her protector, the offspring of the mistress were educated with the children of the wife, and the two *breeds* continued to herd together promiscuously till the death of the imprudent, amiable, and lamented ———. After this event it might have been expected that the surviving parties would have been anxious that the world should forget the disgraceful circumstances which attended their illegitimate connection, and that they would have expiated their former error by the *privacy* of their legitimate union. But her ladyship was not willing to be made a common *honest woman*, without using every possible means of giving publicity to so unexpected and extraordinary an event. After due notice and preparation, however, the marriage ceremony was actually solemnized, between * * * * * * and his antiquated mistress. Not content, however, with the eclat that attended the celebration of their union, it is asserted that there is still another means of publicity to which they intend to have recourse, and that her * * * * * is on the day of the next *drawing room* to be presented to her majesty. It is added that

on this occasion she will at once eclipse the splendour of her predecessor, and astonish even those who have been the most frequent witnesses of fashionable extravagance. From this last act of folly and impudence we anxiously advise her. It is yet time for her to retreat; the path of obscurity still lies open for her choice, and she may yet, by timely retirement, outlive the indignation of the virtuous, and the ridicule of those who have persuaded her, for mere purposes of amusement, to this final act of imprudence and vanity. But if she will presume to emblazon her own infamy by thus publicly reminding the world of the circumstances that attended her degradation, and deviation from virtue, she will find too late that even rank is no protection from disgrace; and that there is a degree of effrontery beyond which even the most adventurous violaters of modesty and decorum may not step without exemplary punishment. She might surely have remained satisfied with losing the opprobrium of a mistress in the appellation of a wife, without wishing to obtrude her person into the presence of majesty, who as she is herself a pattern of conjugal virtue can feel no other emotions than disgust at the devoirs of a female who can only be considered as a *married mistress.* We know not with what feelings her ——— will approach the avenues to a court, of which virtue and decorum are the brightest ornaments; but we may at least be allowed to prophecy that, if she puts her design in execution, the remainder of her days will be past in the agonies of unavailing mortification and repentance.

ANECDOTES, EPIGRAMS, &c.

NEW CLERICAL FUNCTIONS.

At a late splendid entertainment given by the Marchioness of * * * * * in honour of a younger son's attaining the age of *twenty-one*, the ceremony was conducted in a manner not only extraordinary but in some respects extremely reproachable. Among other arrangements, it was ordered, that "at a certain signal, the *clergymen* should see that the dishes were properly *placed on the table.*" Now we should have no objection if this order had been confined to her ladyship's own chaplain or *confessor*, but we cannot hear of such an attempt to degrade the sacred character of *protestant divines*, without expressing our strong disapprobation.

We understand that the rector of the parish, on receiving a copy of the regulations, was very *prudently* attacked with a fit of illness, which confined him at home during the time of this splendid *fete*.

THE PULPIT CRITIC.

Mr. *Onesimus*, who has lately attempted to distinguish himself as a criticiser of pulpit eloquence, in the work which we exposed in our last Number, and in a weekly paper, we have discovered to be the son of a very respectable *barber*, named Courtier, who for many years ornamented heads (*not* including his children's,) in the neighbourhood of *Long Acre*. Now, although he may be well qualified to criticise their *wigs*, we must think him a most improper person to judge of the principles and eloquence of our reverend pastors.

NEWS EXTRAORDINARY.

We understand that Mrs. W. L. intends shortly to present her husband with a very fine *Sir Peter Colt.*

Sir Richard Phillips, Knight and bookseller, has been appointed Attorney General to Colonel Wardle;—of whose *privy council* he has long been a most active member.

SUPPRESSION OF LOVE LETTERS.

Lord Folkestone, who never wrote more than *four* love letters in *a day* to Mrs. M. A. Clarke, is reported to have prevailed upon that Lady to return the whole, amounting to more than one hundred, and to accept some of MR. HENRY HASE's *notes* instead.—We shall see what his preceptor Cobbett has to say about *this suppression* of *amatory documents!*—We are told they were of the most entertaining description.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We are greatly obliged by the observations and information of numerous "CONSTANT READERS." The extract from an intended poem on Methodism has great merit but is rather defective in *point.* We shall be glad to hear again from the Author. We are much obliged to a *friend* for the story of the *diamond necklace*, but we have *private* reasons for not (*as yet at least*) making use of his information. We had heard of the circumstance from another quarter.

REVIEW OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

FIAT JUSTITIA!

Review of Lord Selkirk's Objections to a Reform in the Representation of the People: in a Letter to John Cartwright, Esq. from John Pearson, Esq. Johnson.

THE Parthian system of warfare, that ingenious mode of fighting whilst flying, seems peculiarly adapted to our *modern* philosophers, whether in morals or politics; they look around for some *little* eminence, on which they perch, clap their wings, and crow, and imagine that all the world admires them; soon, however, those whom their vanity told them were friends, appear to be open enemies; they find *this ground* no longer tenable, flit away to a second and a third, in their retreat make great use of their heels, but generally prove dunghill at last.

There is a certain class of people, of whom the proverb says, "it is necessary that they should have good memories;" it were to be wished that *Reformers* were blessed with the same natural gift, or at least that they were not so much inclined to remember to forget. Nothing can be a greater proof of this latter capacity than the work now before us, in which the author, with great affected candour, attacks Lord Selkirk for his late letter to the *Hackney Major*. Lord Selkirk, with all the old Roman ideas imbibed during a classical education, and with

a warm and enthusiastic mind, was strongly biassed in favour of reform, and of the *theory* which was supposed to lead to it; he happened, however, to go to that very country where that theory was put in practice, at least nominally so, and there he found that the application of these principles, constituted as mankind are at present, would inevitably be productive of greater evils than those intended to be remedied. To acknowledge that we have been wrong, requires a greater degree of candour than most men are possessed of; it is scarcely to be expected, therefore, that Lord Selkirk without some very powerful motive would have troubled the public with his political *palinode*: but if we recollect aright, when a meeting at Hackney was proposed some months ago in favour of reform, and consequently of *all things* connected with it, these disciples of equality thought it would not be a bad thing to have some man of rank and title in the chair, some unfortunate fly, who dazzled by the rush-light of popularity, would buz round the flame unconscious of his danger; to Lord Selkirk an application was made, and to his lordship's answer to that application, are we indebted for this *exposé*, this temporary convenient creed of the *Cartwrights*, and other clumsy bunglers, who are ambitious of repairing the *state machine*. We all must remember the ferment excited by "universal suffrage," a claim not only deducible from the general principles of the advocates for reform, but which has been loudly called for and dinned in our ears from the days of Tom Paine to those of Hare Townsend; the evils of this, however, have been proved so clearly by Lord Selkirk, that our constitutional quacks find it necessary to expunge it from their political pharmacopeia, and to substitute some of the distilled water of *Lethe* in its stead; this *they* have attempted, but in a manner which will fail in its effect; we say "*they*,"

because we have no doubt that this precious *morceau* has received the *imprimatur* of the *conclave*. In page 8, Mr. Pearson says,

"For my own part, I am very far from wishing that the principle of what is called universal suffrage should be acted on here, nor do I think that it is adopted by any body of reformers among us; and therefore I am at a loss to discover for what reason, or by what right, he imputes to them in the gross, an object which they do not themselves avow, and which I believe that much the greater number of them disclaim."

Poor man! do his friends suffer him to go at large, or has he *really* forgotten the toasts and toast-meetings, the constitutional clubs, and corresponding societies, and all the once-avowed principles of Paine, Tooke, O'Conner, and the whole et cetera of quondam patriots?

The very candid reviewer tells us, "that he shall not be so far led by his lordship's authority as to offer assertions void of proofs, or to pass opinions for arguments;" yet in the very face of this declaration, we find the following, no doubt, very *argumentative* position: "nevertheless, *I will assert my belief*, that universal suffrage would not, in our country, have a tendency to throw an undue share of power into the hands of the people;" and his great warmth for reform, however, seems to lead him into a species of logical and political mistake, the "*histeron proton*" of the Greeks, and "the cart before the horse" of our sister island, when he speaks "of that constitutional reform, without which the hope of any other reform is altogether delusive," a position so directly in opposition to every analogy either of the moral or the political world, that we presume it needs not refutation. From this new "Confession of Faith," it is evident that some of the old principles are considered as no longer palatable to John Bull, and can therefore no longer be

used as a *means* for which, and *not* as an end, we believe they were originally intended; but as they have quitted *this ground*, and seem rather shy of taking up any other, it is impossible for us to decypher their views and intentions otherwise than by analogy and deduction. It would indeed be too much to expect an unity of sentiment among such a motley groupe, when we recollect the *grand push* made for parliamentary reform in the *House*, in the early part of the French revolution; at that period the four principal speakers, each of whom was considered as an oracle, differed most materially in fundamentals, and particularly on this very point of extended or universal suffrage!!! Let us then endeavour to ascertain from their own speeches and their own actions the grand medley of reformation which might be expected from these "worthy and honourable movers." As for the "honourable baronet," it may be presumed that *he* would extend the suffrage to all those connected with *mill machinery*, that, according to his plan, every man should be considered as a qualified voter who *could swear* himself to be so, and that no *free elector* should be sent to Botany Bay, for an *error of judgment* in the cause of liberty; as for his dry-nurse at Wimbledon, *he*, poor man, if he cannot get the whole, would be content to take a part, a degree of moderation which he has proved himself capable of, in the legacy affair, for when he found the testator no longer disposed to leave him his entire property, to the exclusion of the legal heir, his modest wishes were content with persuading the heir to promise him half his fortune, under a penalty!* The Colonel would doubtless be a de-

* This affair of the penalty, and the Baronet's annuity granted on it, are well deserving of further investigation, by those who are curious about these reformists!!!

cided enemy to all corruption except what might be useful to his patriotism, and would stand forth a second *Catiline*, prepared to regenerate the virtues of his country by the assistance of all the infamy and vice which he could make subservient to his own ends. The Botleian *professor* would reform the poor laws by abrogating them entirely; *all* his labourers and dependents should be *rich*, and if they were not satisfied with that, he would take care to have them *well lodged*: with him the army should be new modelled, all his privates should be corporals; all his corporals, serjeants; his serjeants should be officers, and as for the officers---as he never knew but one that he could esteem, *and that one a traitor*, they should go to the right about; and for the liberty of the press, as that has been a profitable article, it might perhaps be allowed to remain *under his own inspection.* The patriotic linen-draper would of course remove the customs and excise, those great incitements to smuggling; as he well knows that they sometimes lead an honest man into difficulties; under his new system, the *common* council of London should regulate the *cabinet* council of St. James's; none of our expeditions would then be *unsuccessful*, as none would be sent out; all our contractors should be dismissed, and none but *honest patriots* allowed to serve the nation; and, if he could be persuaded to accept a place, *he* would be content with the *Treasurership of the County of Middlesex without a Salary*------but receiving a per centage!*

As for Gale Jones, from his extreme dislike to Bank-notes, he would no doubt remove as many of them as possible out of circulation; whilst the Finnerties, the Dodds,

* Had not this patriotic scheme been overturned, by the overturn of *all the talents*, the situation worth 2000*l.* per annum, would then have been 12000*l.* ! ! !

the Hogans, &c. &c. would be scattered over the land as conservators of the public property.

Oh! what *golden times* would then arise-----locks, bolts, and bars would then be needless------for the strong arm of reformation would take care of all---Britain would then be independant of commerce, for her maritime rights would be generously given up to her bitterest enemies---and an alliance with the great Nation would render us no longer fearful for our liberties, for then----- *we should have none to lose!!!*

An Enquiry into the best System of Female Education ; *or, Boarding School and Home Education attentively considered.* By J. L. Chirol, one of his Majesty's Chaplains at the Fr. Royal Chapel, St. James's Palace. pp. 363. Cadell and Davies. 1809.

The author sets out with boldly asserting his unqualified opinion that a public, or boarding-school, education is not consistent with the formation of the female character, (though he gives them their full share of panegyric in the course of the work,) and dissents from the qualified opinion of Miss Hannah More and Miss Edgeworth, that under *some* circumstances a school education may be preferable to a domestic one.

These palliating notions we dislike as much as Mr. Chirol, if they are derived from the incapacity of parents to afford their children at home the opportunities of being artists in music and painting, and rivals of the opera figurante in dancing, for to those whose parents cannot afford masters to instruct their children at home, such accomplishments can only be productive of evil, and to those who can, we are not inclined to think they will be productive of much good, for we must think with the Roman historian that it is no recommendation to a fe-

male, " Psallere et saltare elegantius quam probæ necesse est."

As there is much to praise and very little to censure in the work before us, the former, by far the most agreeable part of our duty, will occupy the greatest part of our review, and in the few instances in which we dissent from the author, we shall express that dissent with all the delicacy due to a gentleman whose abilities and whose virtues we highly respect.

We perfectly agree with Mr. Chirol in his ideas of a properly accomplished woman, which we will give in his own words :

" What I understand by the epithet accomplished woman, is very different from its general acceptation. A female deserves that qualification *only*, when her education has been so conducted as to inculcate and develope the knowledge, the instruction, the talents, the virtues, which are most essential to enable her to fulfil her destination as a wife and a mother. How many of those ladies who, on occasion of their being led to the *hymeneal altar*, are in company and the public prints pompously styled most accomplished, will, according to this definition be found deserving of the term ?"

We wish Mr. Chirol had left the phrase *hymeneal altar* to the public prints, who are so fond of it, since it is not only affected, but, considering the sacred place where the nuptual rite is solemnized, in some degree profane.

As the reading of novels is at present so fashionable we cannot esteem it as confined to schools, for we fear in nine out of ten private families, as *private families are now constituted*, it forms the chief amusement of the young females. Though not perfectly new, what Mr. Chirol says of novel reading is perfectly just. " Entirely engrossed by the tender and marvellous stories they contain, they (the school girls) wish to

personify the imaginary females delineated in them, and fancy they shall find lovers, amiable, constant, virtuous and perfect as the heroes of their romances."

The following observation, though it may seem trifling to some, we think of serious consequence, for as the Roman poet says

——'Hæ nugæ seria ducunt
In mala.'——

"Every attentive observer must have been struck with the great difference between the language and manner in which a girl brought up at home, and another educated at school address their parents. With the first the endearing names of *father* and *mother*, *papa* and *mamma*, are common appellations; her looks, her caresses, and her affectionate demeanour, at the same time demonstrate that she feels the full meaning of those terms, and that they express all she owes to her parents. But the frigid denomination of *sir* and *madam* invariably used by the other, are a proof of the little affection shewn by the parents and returned by the daughter."

What Mr. Chirol observes on the duty of godfather and godmother, is so correct that we most seriously deprecate the manner in which that sacred relation is now abused. Mr. Chirol must be little acquainted with the customs of this country, when he says that such engagements are not less strong in this country (whatever may be the words used) than in Switzerland, if there the sponsors think themselves at all connected (after the jollity of the day is over) with those for whom they have taken so high a responsibility. Our church acknowledges two sacraments only, and makes no distinction between the sanctity of each. But while one rite is always accompanied with the most awful solemnity, far exceeding that of the Roman church, who profess to believe the real pre-

sence, the other is among the higher and middle ranks always performed in a room, and among all ranks constantly accompanied with levity and merriment. When, which is often the case, a person of high rank condescends to be sponsor to a person their inferior, or indeed to any person, what an indecent profanation of the holy rite is the admonition given by the priest, which points out duties which they know it is not in their power or inclination even to attempt to execute.

Though the acquisition of the French and Italian languages is very fashionable, we perfectly agree that it is not an essential female accomplishment; but surely the recommending those who wish to acquire it to travel into foreign countries, or confine themselves for a year or two to the conversation of foreigners only, would subject an English woman to more inconveniences and *dangers* than even a boarding-school education.

Mr. Chirol certainly entertains too high expectations with regard to the advantages of domestic education as it would be too generally conducted in this country; he seems like Mr. Berquin to forget that he is writing "non in republica Platonis seu in fæce Romuli." As for the legislature interfering in domestic concerns, it is what every Briton would revolt at with indignation. With regard to public education the legislature might interfere.

Mr. Chirol having deprecated verbal criticism as being a foreigner, we have foreborn from noticing any little inaccuracy of construction in the extracts we have made, and indeed they occur very seldom in the course of the work. But when he speaks occasionally of our customs, he sometimes deviates into errors that shew he has paid more deference to what he has read and heard than to his own observation; otherwise he would never have written of ladies of *haut ton* parading on Sundays in the Parks, and

of the favoritism among the women of the present day of dogs, monkies, and cats.

The censure of young married women taking precedence of old single ones, shews that Mr. Chirol is ignorant of the etiquette of all feudal governments, where a girl of fifteen, who is daughter of a baronet, will take precedence of the oldest untitled married woman in the company; besides, such a trifling circumstance is totally unworthy of the general gravity of the work. And when we found *Blackstone's Commentaries*, and *Bentham on Legislation*, recommended to the study of the ladies, we could not suppress a smile, as it reminded us of a paper of *Addison's, who being consulted on the proper choice of a lady's library says that one of his booksellers recommended *Dalton's Justice* as a book essentially necessary.

These are only small specks in such a work, but feeling as we do the general merit of it, we most strongly deprecate all the contents of pp. 39, 40, 41. We sincerely wish it had not appeared in this edition, we hope and trust it will not appear in another. "Nam rerum descriptiones quarum vel ipsa mentio libidinosa est, si virtutem non moveant solidam stabilemque, fragilem certe nihil roborant neque imbecillam.†

*Spectator, No. 92.

† Hawkin's Prælectiones Poeticæ.

Essays, biographical, critical, and historical, illustrative of the Rambler, Adventurer, and Idler, and of the various periodical Papers, which in Imitation of the Writings of Steele and Addison, have been published between the Close of the 8th Volume of the Spectator, and the Commencement of the Year 1809. By Nathan Drake, M. D. Author of Literary Hours, and of Essays on the Tatler, Spectator, and Guardian. Vol. I. 1809.

Had the author of these Essays been as successful in the execution of his design as he has been fortunate in the selection of his subject, he would not have obtained a place in the pages of the Satirist. But in proportion to the triumph that would have attended his success, he should have estimated the probability of failure. The most cursory review of the literary history of the last century would require a combination of learning and ability that few of our contemporary writers will be admitted to possess, and we can only regret the appearance of productions like the present, which, while they are totally inadequate to the purposes for which they were designed, are at the same time so comprehensive in their plan, and so well adapted for popular perusal, as to preclude the efforts of succeeding writers. A man of genius would rather endeavour to explore the untrodden regions of literary enterprize than to pursue the most flowery and the best cultivated path that had been traced by the footsteps of a feeble predecessor. Were the humble retainers of learning content with the honest praise of useful industry, the labours of the Satirist would be comparatively easy.

We hope, indeed, that the productions now before us are rather the amusements of his leisure than the offspring

of his ambition. Acquainted as we are with the professional respectability of Dr. Drake, we should be sorry to understand that he had sacrificed any portion of the emolument or honour he is certain to derive from his medical pursuits, to the delusive hope of obtaining immortality as a man of letters. Productions such as his may command a temporary circulation among the innumerable readers of Lathom's novels and Hayley's poetry; but the lapse of twenty or thirty years will consign them to the same repositories with the kindred compositions of Harrison and Theobald.

After an enumeration of the periodical papers which appeared during the publication of the Spectator, Tatler, and Guardian, and "between the discontinuance of the latter paper and the commencement of the Rambler," and a few "remarks on their tendency and complexion," which are more remarkable for their justice than their novelty, we arrive at the most important part of this production, "the literary life of Dr. Johnson." Previous to the appearance fo Dr. Drake, an essay of this kind was an important desideratum, and we are sorry to observe that it is likely to continue so. He asserts indeed that the *field is still open for novelty of remark, and variety of illustration;*" but that the present biographical attempt is peculiarly fertile in either of these necessary qualities, we have not had the happiness to discover.

It is the duty of a biographer either to collect new facts or so to arrange and exhibit the materials that his predecessors have collected as to render them a source of amusement to the scholar, and of instruction to those superficial readers who have not the patience or the ingenuity to draw conclusions for themselves. To the first of these merits Dr. Drake can lay no claim: his anecdotes are professedly abstracted from the writings of the doctor's friends; and had

the correctness of his judgment been equal to the sharpness of his scissars, the present essay might have been rendered an useful and elegant epitome of more voluminous publications. But his labours have been more frequently directed to the transposition of his materials than to their abridgment or selection. The most uninteresting trifles are detailed at considerable length, while many circumstances that are at once illustrative of the character of Dr. Johnson, and of the manners and literature of the eighteenth century, are totally omitted. Of two anecdotes equally applicable to the subject one will be copied, and the other rejected without any obvious motive of preference; and the errors and mistakes of preceding critics and biographers are repeated with the most scrupulous fidelity. The famous *Impransus* postscript, which has long been known to contain only an apology for haste, is still bewailed by Dr. Drake as a confession of hungry destitution, and Lord Chesterfield is again declared in spite of history and common sense, to have been as deficient in *literature* as in virtue!

Let us now examine how far our author is entitled to the praise of "Original observation." He is so kind as to inform us *that Johnson had neither the enthusiasm of the greater ode, nor the gaiety of the less*: that *in sweetness, simplicity, and ease, he is too often the inferior of Addison and Steele*; that *the novel and familiar periodical essays seldom require the grand and stately march of the Johnsonian period*; and that *a pension honourably conferred, and implying not the smallest obligation to adopt the defence of any party or political tenet, no man, however independent in principle, would be warranted, especially under circumstances of pecuniary embarrassment, in refusing*. These no doubt are valuable discoveries, but it is not often that he ventures to hazard an opinion unless he be able to sup-

port it by a quotation of three or four pages from some celebrated author. He seems to suppose, indeed, that no one is in possession of a tolerable library but himself, and he has therefore contrived, with laudable benevolence to provide his poorer readers with more than one hundred and thirty pages of "choice passages" from Hawkins, Boswell, Sherlock, Hume, Addison, and Melmoth. With all due submission, however, we believe that the generality of readers would have preferred a simple reference to the page in which the "beauties" are to be found, and with regard to Dr. Drake's "authorities," they are generally introduced to support assertions of which the probability will scarcely be disputed.

But whatever may be the other qualifications that are required in a biographer of Johnson, a knowledge of human nature, and a facility of moral illustration are indispensably requisite. The life of our great lexicographer was not less checquered by vicissitude, or his character less strikingly modified by external circumstances than that of the unfortunate "Bastard," from the history of whose meloncholy progress he has deduced such important lessons of prudence and morality. His conversation was more frequently directed to the motives of human action, and to speculative observation on the manners and conduct of his contemporaries than to any other subjects; and his writings contain not only many pathetic appeals to his own feelings and situation, but embrace a series of varied, though sometimes inaccurate observations on life and human nature. To have interspersed the biographical narration with such moral reflections as the subject was so well calculated to suggest, and to enliven the literary criticism with occasional remarks on those parts of his moral and satirical productions that appeared to be erroneous or hyperbolical, was a part of our author's

duty, for the omission of which no other excellence could have been received as an apology.

The truth is, that Dr. Drake considered as a literary character, possesses neither originality of thought nor tenderness of feeling. He is always coldly correct, and feebly elegant. He never contrives "*to snatch a grace beyond the reach of art,*" or to express even the sentiments of his predecessors in such language as will atone for the humility of plagiarism. When by any uncommon effort of the mind, he ventures to hazard an opinion unsupported by prescriptive authority, he shews by the minuteness of his commentary and the prolixity of his details, how much he is alarmed for the fate of his intellectual bantling. It unfortunately happens that on these occasions he is always in the wrong, and he has not the art of rendering absurdity plausible or entertaining. He is extremely indignant at the bookseller's *selection* of Johnson's poets, and then offers his own *selection* as superior. When the reader is informed that in this specimen of his critical powers he has classed Milton with Dunbar, Goldsmith with Grainger and Kirke White; and Butler with Somerville, he will be able to form a more accurate estimate of Dr. Drake's qualifications for the present undertaking.*

* As the list to which we allude is a great curiosity, we shall transcribe a part of it for popular amusement.

FIRST CLASS.

Chaucer	Collins
Dunbar	Young
Spenser	Gray.
Milton	Chatterton
Dryden	Burns
Pope	Cowper
Thomson	

After having said so much of Dr. Drake's prose it only remains to give a specimen of his *poetry.* Had our own opinion of its claim to that title been consulted, we should have been disposed to distinguish it by the more appropriate designation of "prose run mad": but of this our readers are the most equitable judges. To subjoin an extract from his essay would only be to fatigue our readers with what is too dull to be admired, and too correct to be ridiculed; but of the following effusion it will be difficult to determine whether the sentiment is more noble, or the expression more ludicrous.

> "Who is he, rising 'mid the thunder of the storm,
> Rejoicing in the greatness of his might,
> It is liberty! He majestic in his form,
> He glancing in the plenitude of light."
>
> Gigantic is his step, resistless is his course,
> Yea! matchless are the workings of his hands!
> Hark thy people shout Iberia with tremendous force
> Thy armed nations shout along the lands:
> They bless thy presence, liberty!

If what we have already said be not sufficient to correct Dr. Drake's propensity to scribbling; he will perhaps pay some attention to the opinion of an author who spoke from

SECOND CLASS.

Sackville	Mason
Glover	Jones, Sir W.
Aken	Darwin
Dyer	*Holc* (*qu.* who is he?)
Johnson	Beattie
Goldsmith	White, Kirke
Warton, Tho.	Moore, Henry
Smollet	Hurdis
Grainger	

&c. &c. &c.

the dictates of personal experience, " of all men (says Dr Henry) the least to be pitied is he who enjoying among his friends the reputation of classical taste, extensive knowledge and a fitness for the highest literary undertakings, forgets himself so far as to venture into print; and by so doing dissipates a delusion on which all his supposed great qualities and endowments depended for existence. Nothing can be admitted as a certain test of a man's intellect but his deliberate writings. Speciousness of reasoning and fluency of words delight and astonish in the hurry of intercourse, but written composition alone is the copy of a person's mind; for in colloquial exertion variation of attitude embellishes even deformity."

A Winter in Edinburgh; or, the Russian Brothers. By Honoria Scott. 3 Vols. 12mo. Dick. London. 1810.

If we seldom bestow praise, it is not because we are unwilling to do so, but because we so seldom meet with objects deserving commendation; for the purpose of the Satirist would be as well answered by pointing out what is good, as by condemning what is bad. In noticing the work now before us, however, we have a double motive: we wish to do justice to the talents of the author, and we feel it to be our duty to execute justice on an old offender, who though still smarting under our correction, is so thoroughly imbrued with the very spirit of roguishness, that he cannot leave off his old practices, but would still trick for the mere love of tricking. When we put a stop to the torrent of filth which issued from the Wigmore Street laboratory, the proprietor, who like some nauseous reptile, could only exist amidst such filth, was deprived of the means of subsistence: when we crushed Squire Sedley, we crippled at the same time his employer; and the name of I. F. Hughes, Bookseller, immediately after-

wards appeared in the Gazette, in the list of Bankrupts.—He has, however, again commenced trade, and has hit on a new device to give circulation to the base counterfeits which are coined at his mint: with the utmost audacity he stamps these with the name of Miss Burney, or Mrs. Radcliffe, or some other popular novelist; and with those who are unable to distinguish the base metal from the sterling ore, they pass current: and thus the names of such writers are prostituted to serve the low purpose of such a bookvamper as this. Not indeed that their literary character can be at all affected by such an impudent violation in the opinion of those who are able to appreciate it justly, since such persons must be thoroughly convinced, that no one who had a name to lose would entrust it to the keeping of I. F. Hughes. But it appears that he is not content merely with thus affixing to his wretched productions the names of distinguished writers, but, to drive a double trade, lays claim to the works of authors of genius as appertaining to himself, in the hopes perhaps of bullying such as do not know him into a compliance with his impudent demands, or of forcing such as do know him to abandon their intended publication, under the fear of the contamination of his interference, and the disgrace of a contest with him. In the instance before us, however, we are happy to find that he has been treated with that contempt which he so eminently merits: for an object more contemptible we do not know. Let us turn to something more agreeable.

There is much variety in the subject of the volumes under consideration, and the mode of treating the several parts is accordingly varied with great judgment and taste. We have seldom perused a work of this nature which has afforded us more amusement. To attempt any analysis of its contents, within the limits to which we are necessarily restricted, would be as unsatisfactory to our readers as un-

just to the author; the story of Ivan and Alexis is extremely beautiful and affecting, and is told with a graceful simplicity. It reminded us very forcibly of the manner of Madame Cottin, to whose most interesting production, Elizabeth, it is scarcely inferior. Some fashionable parties in London are described with great truth and spirit, and we recognize in many of the characters the portraits of several of our old subjects; among these the scenes at our old friend, the whiskered countess, are delineated with a very gay and lively turn of satire. We have reason, therefore, to believe that such of the Scotch portraits as are unknown to us are equally faithful to the originals. The fair author, indeed, possesses a very happy facility of sketching, and catches with striking effect, the most prominent features of her subjects. We have derived much amusement from her spirited account of Scotch customs and manners: the scene at the Cowgate is a very rich specimen of her humorous powers; and there is something in the account of the feast of Hugmanay so strange to us of southern land, who have almost laid by all good old hospitable customs and antient festivals, that we cannot refrain from making a short extract from it.

"The auld year was danced out and the new danced in by the inhabitants of Edinburgh with due honours. Soltikof and his friends, after attending a brilliant ball in George-street, with Lord Leith's party, retired to their lodgings for great coats, and strolled through the old and new towns, to witness the Scottish Saturnalia.

"Auld wives wi' flowing cans, foaming with indescribable mixtures, crossed their path every moment; lads and lasses wi' clear kettles fu' o' hot pint; a' solicited the passers by to drown the cares of the auld year in the Lethean draught; a' wishing them a guid new year, an' many returns o' the season, an' a man before it be done. The inviters and the invited

were rolling in the snow; carriages stopt till the riders drank away animosity; sedans opened, and bursts of merriment resounded from street to street.

"O'Hara, who could not withstand the promise of amusement the stroll presented, joined the party; but in the endeavour to escape an old woman in the High-street, who had insisted on the guid-will kiss, his foot slipped, and he rolled violently down ——— Wynd, Hope's Pass of Thermopylæ, and coming with force against the poet's door, appeared before him like a huge ball of snow. Breathless with laughter, the intrusion was soon explained by the appearance of the party, who had paid O'Hara's debt of guid-will to the auld wife. Hope welcomed them enthusiastically, and busied himself in mixing a bowl of Edinburgh ale and whisky, whose potent contents were presented with an extempore address:

"Ills that hae wi' raucour bred,
"Causing oft a sleepless bed,
"From this gen'rous bowl be fled,
O' spicery.

"Fra' our minds the cares remove,
"O' friend unkind, or thraward love,
"Raise its foam the ills above,
O poesy.

"Soltikof, informed of the hospitable custom of drawing curtains in the dead of night; and that probably, at that moment, a hundred odd figures were sitting up gravely in their night caps, to drink the intruder's health, proposed sallying out with a composing draught to Jonny Fell.

"Hope's bowl was repeatedly filled, and after another promenade through the festive throng, the friends returned to their lodgings, impressed with a very favourable opinion of the Scotch populace, whose happiest hours seem spent in exercising the offices of hospitality, however scanty their means; —"the mair's the pity."

We have seldom, indeed, found such a combination of various talent, as is displayed in the Winter in Edinburgh. Whether the writer describes the romantic scenery of Scotland, and strays among wild solitudes or the fallen remains of antient grandeur, whether she indulges in scenes of broad humour, or of refined and elegant wit, or whether in simple narrative, she appeals only to the hearts of her readers, her powers are alike felt, and her talents equally resplendent.*

THEATRES.

Cum tabulis animum censoris sumet honesti. HOR.

THERE never was a month perhaps, since we assumed the chair of Histrionic Criticism, so barren of novelty as the last—the summit of *Parnassus* seems wrapped in impenetrable mists, or clad in frigorific snow. *Helicon* itself is frozen, and not one single snow-drop of dramatic genius has lifted its modest head above the lap of earth, as the harbinger of Fancy's spring!

Genius, humour, and originality, seem to have availed themselves of the HOLIDAYS, *not* to mix among our sports and pastimes, but to wrap themselves in cold seclusion from public view; yet the managers at each house, have not been idle, as they have attempted the amusement of *little* children, as well as those of a *larger* growth, by what they call a *Pantomime*, at one house, and a *Spectacle* at the other.

We have always considered the DRAMA as a living pic-

* Want of room obliges us to postpone, till next Number, the conclusion of our review of Northmore's *Washington*.

ture; of course Pantomime will be the *Caricature* of dramatic poesy: but Caricature has always an aim—an object; it satirizes the vices, the follies and the foibles of the day, whether these exist in mind or in manners; so may we expect a *moral*, even in a Pantomime. *This* however is a thing which seems to have been totally forgotten by the *collectors* of the Pantomime of "Harlequin Pedlar," notwithstanding the boast of Mr. Kemble, "that the managers would *now* have time to attend to the production of the usual holiday entertainments." We call them the "*Collectors*," as the word "selection," hitherto used, would be a misnomer in the present case, for such a jumble of unmeaning absurdity, we believe, was never before presented to an *admiring* Public. It possesses neither *story* nor *situation*; it ridicules no prevalent foible; the tricks are stale; the music is a tasteless repetition of contrasted discords; and the overture is like a *baker's pye* made up of what he has cribbed from those brought to his oven. Yet it fills the house, and the nightly burst of laughter from the gods, and the fashionable simper in the side boxes are encouraging hints to the managers, that *taste* and *genius* are *useless* assistants; these crowded, and sometimes overflowing houses, must convince them of their folly, in incurring such heavy losses by their opposition to the public, in the early part of the season. In our last number we noticed the arrangements which had taken place, these indeed were not then *ratified*, an operation which has since been performed through the medium of a *dinner of reconciliation*, to which the *lovers of the drama* were invited. Those who attended, however, were we believe rather lovers of the *dinner*, than of the *drama*, for whilst they paid every attention to the *good things* which came from the *cook*, they paid but little to those which came from the *manager*. Considered as a *reconciliatory* ceremony, it was

one of the oddest we ever heard of, as many of the toast would have given the spleen even to a stoic; nay had they been selected for the express purpose of fostering a spirit of animosity, they could not have been chosen more *unhappily*. Indeed we have heard that this *reconciliation* dinner, (as the O. P.'s were pleased to term it), was only distinguished for *outrage* and *disorder* and that although no professed bruisers were introduced, there were more *bloody noses* and *torn jackets*, than were ever exhibited in the pit of Covent Garden Theatre during the late disturbances. *Jew King*, Mr. Clifford's beloved bottle companion and great supporter, is reported to have declared the uproar far exceeded the bellowings of any *herd of swine* since the day when the legion of devils insinuated themselves into certain *porcine carcasses*.

It is only on such occasions as the present and among such company that Mr. Clifford appears a *great character*. The Isleworth millers no longer look up to him for support because they are no longer able to vend their suffrages to his patriotic employer; and although we have seen him in *spirits* when haranguing an *attorney* and indecently criticising *aloud*, an attorney general's speech, while it was in the act of being delivered, in the court of King's Bench, we believe he is there too well known to be too highly appreciated.

We have hitherto, in consideration of his great talents, abstained from inflicting that exemplary punishment on *Cooke*, which his repeated offences have merited; but we shall refrain no longer. Having roused the indignation of the audience by his beastly inebriety in the *Roman Father*, he recently came forward dressed in character as *Richard*, and his address was *in character*, and was indeed as fine *a piece of acting* as we have ever been witness to. The applause was so great as almost to prevent his being heard, and his assumed humility was soon changed to the most barefaced assurance; he even dis-

claimed all intention of making an *apology*, and having broadly confessed his sins, was scarcely able to refrain from laughing at those who, notwithstanding their late repeated boasts of being the guardians of *public* morals, were yet content to hail with fervent applause, a man who had shamelessly outraged every feeling of decency and decorum, at a season, too, when the bad effects of example were most likely to operate upon the younger classes of society.

A new actress, a Mrs. WESTON, has been brought forward as *Portia*, in the *Merchant of Venice*: if the managers merely intend to supply the town with *novelty*, we would recommend them at once to invite *all* the heroes and heroines of the country boards indiscriminately, as they appear hitherto to have been very unfortunate in their *selection*. Mrs. Weston may fill the part on a rural stage, but we presume more is required by a London audience than mere accuracy of memory, and a twisting of the head, which equalled Harlequin's in every thing but the *rapidity* of its motion. Mrs. Weston has no variation of countenance or manner; when clad as the "learned doctor," she still gave us the airs and graces of *Portia*; and she was still the same as *Isabella*, in the revived comedy of the "Conscious Lovers." With the revival of this elegant comedy we are more particularly pleased, as it is almost the only one of that day free from the glaring *double entendres*, though it is *not* quite faultless; and we cannot help noticing that although we admire Mr. Kemble for preserving the *old reading* of Shakespeare, yet he would not be accused of injuring the Bard, should he order the omission of that little play upon words between *Gratiano* and *Nerissa* in the last scene of the Merchant of Venice—but if it *must* be preserved, we will excuse Mr. *Farley* from bawling it out so loud, as to force the attention of every individual in the house. A man who wishes now to spend his evenings regularly at Covent Garden Theatre, is something like an

ass in a mill, as the constant bill of fare, week after week, is, *Hamlet*, *Conscious Lovers*, *Revenge*, *Man of the World*, *King Lear*, *Merchant of Venice*, and *Harlequin Pedlar*, which like the iron bed of *Procrustes* is made to suit all customers, who must thus submit for the time to have their understandings cut down to its dimensions. Amidst such eternal repetition, *criticism* is completely at a stand, for as the awkwardest recruits are taught to hold their heads up, *something* like acting must be expected from such frequent practice.

The LYCEUM company have at length ascertained that it was neither the excellence of their performers, nor the selection of their pieces, which filled their *little* theatre to an overflow during the Covent Garden row; their "Sudden Arrivals" have made a hasty departure, and they have made an attempt at novelty, by getting up the "Hypocrite" and the "Confederacy.

How gratifying must it be to the *ghostly* MONK, to find his *Castle Spectre* preserved on the dramatic shelf, as an amusement for good little boys and girls in the Christmas holidays, and placed on a level with that *sublime* effort of the imagination, the dramatizing of "Cinderella or the glass Slipper."

COMPARATIVE CRITICISM.*

Non nostrum TANTAS *componere lites !*—VIRGIL.
Who shall decide when DOCTORS *disagree ?*—POPE.

1. The Works of Alexander Pope; with Observations, &c. by the Reverend William Lisle Bowles.

"We have certainly been *disappointed* in Mr. Bowles's edition of Pope, which exhibits *neither* the industry of a *commentator*, *nor* the *elegance* of a poetical *critic*. There may be a few *good remarks*, but we sincerely think they are *very few*." —Edinburgh Review.

"In this edition Mr. Bowles appears as a biographer, a *commentator*, and a *critic*; and in all these offices acquits himself, in our opinion, with *credit*. His *remarks* never are superfluous or obtrusive. They are the observations of a *sensible* and *acute* reader; and, where taste is concerned, are *generally correct* as well as *elegant*: *often* displaying a *sagacious* observation," &c. "This is an excellent edition, sufficient to *satisfy* any *expectation* that is *not unreasonable*."—British Critic.

2. A Second Defence of Revealed Religion, in two Sermons, &c.; by Richard Watson, D.D. Lord Bishop of Landaff.

* Errors in last month's article: page 619, line 12, *insignificantly* is printed for *insignificant*; same page, line 4 of note, *same* omitted after *the*; p. 623, l. 11, *the* omitted after *In*; p. 624, line 3, *perused* for *pursued*.

" The first of these sermons is an *ingenious* and *able* defence of the credibility," &c.—Annual Review.

" There is something at once original and *extremely powerful* in the *arguments* employed in these two discourses. In the first, the learned author proves in the *most logical* manner," &c. " In the second, the same *commanding* style of *logic* is employed," &c. " We have no doubt, that the *clearness* and *soundness* of *argument* employed in these two discourses, are calculated to produce the best effect."—British Critic.

" Judging from mere internal evidence, we should *never* have conjectured that these sermons were the compositions of the *ingenious* and philosophical Dr. Watson. Indeed we do not remember to have any where met with *argumentation* more *lame* and *inefficient*. In both the discourses he evinces *logical quibbling instead of sound reasoning*. On reviewing his first sermon in the course of delivering the second, bishop Watson pronounces it to be ' *close* and *logical argumentation*;' but we can find *little* of this quality in *either* discourse. His explanation of the vicarious sacrifice [the subject of the second] is laboured, and as *unsatisfactory* to himself as it must be to all his readers." —Monthly Review.

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3. A topographical Dictionary of England ; by Nicholas Carlisle, F. A. S. 2 volumes quarto, 5 guineas.

" This is a *most useful* work of reference, executed with *great* labour and *care*. It has been compiled from the *most accurate* sources of information."—Annual Review, (Introduction).

" If ever there was a book indispensable, for reference, to a vast variety of persons, it is this, which bears at the same time *every mark* of the *utmost accuracy* that the nature of the matter contained will allow us to expect.—This is a *very capital* work of the kind. *Every English library* must at once receive it as an *indispensable* accession."—British Critic, and Preface.

"The general utility of this compilation will recommend it to a *great variety of purchasers*: and those who have occasion to consult it, will find it *uncommonly accurate* in its topographical details."—Critical Review.

"The price of this work, and its barrenness of amusement will *necessarily withhold it* from *general circulation*. To point out the *imperfections* and *errors* that have occurred to us, would be a mode of occupying our pages, very far from agreeable either to our readers or to Mr. Carlisle." Eclectic Review.

"It is *sporting with public credulity*, to talk of *such* things as 'information!'—There is however good in every thing; and should such a work not accelerate the dispatch of business, it must at least tend to disseminate the virtue of *patience*.—The statements of the resident population are *insultingly delusive*. The plan of this dictionary is obnoxious to the *most tedious* and *vapid repetitions*: it *abounds* in minute yet *vague* statements of *trifling* particulars. We only regret that so much genius and learning as we know that the author possesses, should have been so very laboriously employed in so *sterile* and *in every respect* so *unprofitable* a publication."—Antijacobin Review.

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4. A Description of Ceylon; by the Reverend James Cordiner, A.M.

"Mr. Cordiner is an *amusing* and an instructive traveller."—Annual Review.

"Mr. Cordiner's work is *much* more *dry* than might have been expected from the nature of the subject."—Critical Review (Appendix).

"There is rather an excess of *dull* fine writing."—Edinburgh Review.

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5. Substance of the Speech of Viscount Sidmouth in the House

of Lords, May 17th, 1808, on proposing certain resolutions respecting Danish Merchant ships detained in British Ports.

"An effusion of political puritanism exhibiting good intentions but *weak intellect.*"—Antijacobin Review.

"This *very able* and *argumentative* speech," &c.—Monthly Review.

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6. The Church of England incompletely reformed, a Fast Sermon; by George Somers Clarke, D.D.

"We admire the author's *learning*, and sincerely applaud his *zeal*. His discourse is *deserving* of the *serious consideration* of the higher ecclesiastical powers."—Annual Review.

"Dr. Clarke is *very acute* in his investigations, and bold in his strictures.—A *learned* and *critical* examination follows," &c. "This subject is curious and important, and Dr. Clarke's new rendering of the words will be *approved* by *sound critics.*" —Monthly Review.

"These, and many similar assertions, are advanced *without even a pretence* to *proof.*—The doctor's *absurdities* are aggravated by his *presumption.*—We pass over the *shameful* style of this discourse, and *many* other particulars which betray *great sterility of intellect*; and conclude with simply reminding our readers and the public, that the mode which Dr. Clarke selected to manifest his *ignorance* and *folly*, and *bring dishonour* on the established *church*," &c.—Eclectic Review.

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7. Lyric and other Poems, by Laura Sophia Temple.

"This lady's present poems are highly elegant, and *frequently original* in *thought.*"—British Critic.

"Miss Temple possesses *little originality* of *thought.*"—Annual Review.

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8. Scottish historical and romantic Ballads, with Notes, &c. by John Finlay.

"Three of the modern ballads are Mr. Finlay's own compositions: they are imitations of the ancient ballads, and *better* imitations we have *never* seen. One of them we shall quote. —Both the other poems are *exceedingly beautiful.*"—Annual Review.

"Three original poems are added to the collection which we conclude are to be ascribed to Mr. Finlay himself. They are professed imitations of the old historical ballad of his country; and as far as a *profusion* of *unintelligible words* and a *lamentable dearth* of *poetical expression* and *imagery*, can entitle them to the praise of successful efforts, they appear to us as deserving of it as any of the numerous similar compositions which we have from time to time had the misfortune to witness."—Critical Review.

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9. Remarks on the Proposals made to Great Britain, for opening Negociations for Peace, in the Year 1807; by William Roscoe, Esq.

"The *ingenuity* and *candour* which are habitual to Mr. Roscoe, are conspicuous in the discussion contained in these pages." —Monthly Review.

"The author's late*, and indeed the present, production, may be characterised as *any thing rather* than a temperate and *candid* discussion of public affairs, for patriotic objects, and with a beneficial tendency. They are both grounded on *misrepresentations*. We cannot follow Mr. Roscoe through all his exceptions to the conduct of the ministry; which are urged with the *captiousness*, though not the *ingenuity*, of a nisi prius advocate. It would be an endless task to pursue this writer through all his *captious* objections to the conduct of adminis-

* Considerations on the Causes, Objects, and Consequences of the present War: concerning which, see our twenty-first Number (vol. 4. p. 623).—Satirist.

tration, and all his *unfair inferences* from their expressions."—British Critic.

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10. The Theory of Dreams.

"This *ingenious* author," &c.—European Magazine.

"These are two *very curious*, *interesting*, and learned little volumes: they demonstrate *much acuteness* of remark," &c.—British Critic.

"We have read these volumes with *much pleasure*.—Our author does not often launch into original disquisition; but when he does, we think we can perceive the marks of a *sound* and *philosophical mind*."—Universal Magazine.

"This is a serious and learned discussion, not devoid of *amusement*. With much erudition and research, the author has brought to his subject a remarkable *mind;* remarkable at this hour, in being both *philosophical* and religious."—Monthly Mirror.

"This anonymous writer has shewn himself a person of *very weak intellect*. Who, in this age of reason, wants to be convinced by two volumes of solemn *dullness*, that it is idle to believe in dreams?"—Critical Review (Appendix).

"This author's *understanding* does *not* seem to be adapted either by nature or practice to the laborious exercise of rigid *philosophical* discussion.—Monthly Review.

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11. Dona Inez de Castro; a Tragedy, from the Portuguese of Nicola Luiz; by John Adamson.

"Various poets have employed their pens upon this subject: Luiz's play seems the best. An *English audience* would be *much pleased* with it, as Mr. Adamson has *most judiciously translated* it. The *language* is *correct*, and does *infinite credit* to the *taste* of this young gentleman of the north.—No person of common sensibility can read this play without *feeling all*

that the author meant he should; for our *passions* are *prodigiously interested*, nor is our attention drawn aside by any thing foreign to the dreadful catastrophe. There are no extravagant expressions: *all* is *natural;* and in *many* parts there are *very fine* passages.—This tragedy, instead of losing, has *gained* by the *translation.* It will *ever* do Mr. Adamson *credit:* indeed his acquirements, his *judgment, taste* and *elegance in composition*, are known to the world."—Monthly Mirror.

"The pathetic and interesting story of Inez de Castro has formed the subject of many tragedies in the languages of Portugal, Spain, France, and England; and the particular interest which is now towards the two former countries has probably induced Mr. Adamson to add one more to the stock of the British public, by furnishing them with the present translation. We must explicitly avow our opinion, however, that they derive *no* real *augmentation* from this gift; since the *play* itself seems to be *remarkably deficient* in EVERY requisite of dramatic composition, and Mr. Adamson's *version* of it is *even below mediocrity.* Its diction, though pretending to be poetic, *neither pleases* the fancy with its *imagery, nor gratifies* the ear by the *harmony* of its rhythm: indeed the *language* is *frequently ungrammatical*, and the syllables are often so *unfortunately arranged* that they *cannot constitute verse.*"—Monthly Review.

W. Flint, Printer, Old Bailey, London.

THE SATIRIST,

OR,

MONTHLY METEOR.

MARCH 1, 1810.

MINISTERIAL PATRONAGE.

THE *Morning Chronicle* has recently brought forward some most grievous charges against certain members of his majesty's cabinet, charges of such a serious nature that some of the ministerial papers have thought it absolutely necessary to enter into a grave and elaborate defence of the accused, whom they have very solemnly asserted to be as innocent of the alleged crimes as

"The tender lamb that never nipt the grass."

Our readers will be anxious to know the nature of these direful accusations, and although we tremble while we write, we feel it our duty to gratify their curiosity.

Be it therefore known that certain individuals of the present administration are charged with the foul offence of having given church and other preferments to men, who, though universally allowed to possess every necessary qualification, were yet notoriously ineligible, *because they had supported the political opinions and views of their patrons!!!* We will speak out; Lord Eldon is stated to have presented a living to a very worthy clergyman *who voted for him at the late Oxford election.* "Oh the offence *is foul.*" Hear it Heaven! avenge it hell!

The Morning Post, however, gravely denies the fact, and most insidiously endeavours to exculpate ministers from the *disgraceful* aspersion of having provided for any of their friends ! ! ! Now without pretending to determine whether the assertions of the *Morning Chronicle* or of the *Morning Post* are the more entitled to credit, we must declare our opinion that such practices are calculated to produce consequences which may prove extremely fatal to the hopes of the—OPPOSITION ; for when we reflect that reciprocity is the basis of all human transactions ; when we consider that neglect may weaken the energies (though it may not pervert the understanding or the heart) of the strongest advocate, it is evident that ministers by conferring favours on men who approve and support their government, instead of patronizing those who revile and oppose them, will never want a vigorous champion to combat and expose the machinations of their enemies.

The editor of the *Morning Chronicle* has certainly good cause to exclaim against practices, which *at the present moment*, may be so destructive to his interests ; his own *pure* patrons would scorn to be guilty of such conduct. Dugald Stewart had a place *created* for him, not because he had supported the Foxites and the Grenvillites, but because he was a mighty independent sort of an honest Scotsman : Dennis O'Bryan was not appointed to a lucrative sinecure on account of his exertions in their cause, but because he sold excellent *rhubarb* and *magnesia* : and Mr. PERRY, the immaculate proprietor of this very *Morning Chronicle*, was presented by Lord Grenville with a secretaryship worth considerably more than 1000l. per annum, *solely because he had little eyes and wore spectacles ! ! !*

We hope and trust that his majesty's ministers will pay all *necessary* attention to the *disinterested* remonstran-

ces of this Mr. Perry, and that they will manfully come forward and prove the falsehood of his allegations, by making it appear that they have conferred no preferment upon any man who was not devoted to the interests of the Roman Catholics and Lord Grenville!!!

HOT AND COLD WITH THE SAME BREATH.

"Such hath been the revolution of taste, that not a few works have been both *applauded* and *condemned* by *the same* persons: and this will be esteemed the less extraordinary, when it is considered how many, who pronounce on beauties or defects, decide *without any previous knowledge* of what they approve or censure, how many rely on the opinion of others, and how few are capable of *exercising any judgment of their own.*"

ISAAC REED.

SIR,

I HAVE always considered as *not the least entertaining* part of your amusing and instructive miscellany, *that*, in which, under the title of COMPARATIVE CRITICISM, you marshal "army against army," the discordant opinions of those sapient *doctors* who, under the title of *Reviewers, Critics, Mirror*-manufacturers, *Cabinet*-makers, and leaders of the *Beau Monde*, kindly condescend to set the *monthly fashions* in literature, erect themselves into arbiters of the public taste, and assist such ignorant beings as myself in forming a judgment of the various works

that "groan and sweat under the weary" press. In this department of your work, as in *Ovid*'s primitive chaos,

> *Frigida* cum *calidis* pugnant, humentia *siccis*,
> *Mollia* cum duris, sine pondere habentia *pondus*."

and *lukewarmness* or *bigotry*, *dullness* or *dryness*, predominates, according as one or other *practitioner* is called in.

That *doctors* should *differ*, considering their respective sects, and the variety of palates they have to prescribe for, is not to be wondered at; though from the *mawkish doses exhibited* by some of them, we can form no other than unfavourable *prognostics* of the constitution of their *patients*. It is likewise not impossible that, in the hurry of business, they may now and then make a mistake in a *prescription*, and counteract, by an unfortunate *quid pro quo*, the salutary effects of a former *medicine*. If I am not greatly in error, an instance or two of this kind, is already consigned to the ridicule of posterity in some of your pages. But some excuse may perhaps be suggested for this unlucky failure of memory, when it is considered that a month or two has elapsed between the two contradictions.

But what would you say, Sir, of a *doctor*, who *on the very same day*, to the very same patient, should prescribe *two recipes* DIAMETRICALLY OPPOSITE, and *that* so close upon the heels of each other, that before the former could be completely gulped down, the latter was to be administered? Yet this, Sir, has been done by a *diurnal practitioner*, who styles himself the BRITISH PRESS. I must confess he is not very *respectable*, but a *noted quack*, yet, as a new edition of the Pharmacopœia has been lately published, it is the duty of the *regulars* to expose *empiricism* and detect every *nostrum* that is not composed *secundum artem*. The ignorance and self-conceit of this *charlatan*

has been already more than once emblazoned in your publication: " sed stupet hic vitio et fibris increvit opimum pingue." " He is of so base a sense, I cannot in a week imagine what shall be done to him.—Here comes the very person of him; do, as you shall find your temper; but if you do not break him like a bisket, you're much to blame, Sir." (*King and no King.*)

" We are extremely sorry to observe that we do not recollect many drawing rooms so *thinly* attended, and the ladies so *ill dressed. Several* actually wore their *summer* gauze and nett dresses, which had a *miserable effect*, contrasted with a *few* elegant velvet dresses." *British Press*, Feb. 9th, 1810.

After the intervention of only two lines and a half, as if the editor were determined to insult his readers, the following paragraph occurs:

" The Persian Ambassador appeared much astonished at the elegant suite of rooms at St. James's Palace, and with a *numerous* assemblage of beautiful Englishwomen elegantly dressed as spectators." *British Press*, Feb. 9th, 1810.

Now, pray Sir, don't imagine, as perhaps at first you may, that this poor ideot has not contradicted himself; and may come off by saying that the *spectators* were elegantly dressed, but the *ladies who attended the drawing-room* were ill-dressed; for in the plenitude of his fatuity he has not left himself that starting-hole: since, in another part *of the same paper* he tells us,

" The ladies wore *mostly* the *same* dresses as on the *birth-day.*" *British Press*, Feb. 9th, 1810.

" Well, snarler," says the editor of the British Press, " and might they not still be ill-dressed, if so be as how they thought fit for to go for to wear *summer gauze and nett* on the birth day?" Not so fast, good *doctor;* do you forget

that on the 19th of January you told us that "the SPLENDOUR and POMP of the court attracted the attention of the spectators till near 5 o'clock;" and that you described upwards of fifty *ladies'* dresses, (no inconsiderable allotment for *one* paper) to which you tagged the epithets of *elegant* and much *admired*? Ah! *doctor, doctor!*

And now, Mr. Satirist, I think you will exclaim with King Lear, 'AYE and NO too is no good divinity.' I have heard *sobriquets* given to particular newspapers from some peculiar property which is eminently conspicuous in them; thus one has been denominated *the leaden* print, another *the chambermaid's gazette*; and I think we should not fail of displaying our critical sagacity, if we were to decorate the *British Press* with the title of *the* DRIVELLER'S *Diary.*

I am, Mr. Satirist,

Your humble servant,

NOMENCLATOR.

London, Feb. 10, 1810.

AN ELEGIACK ODE

TO COL. W—DLE ON HIS LATE DOWNFALL.

Aude aliquid brevibus Gyaris et carcere dignum
Si vis esse aliquis.——— JUVENAL

WITH blubber'd cheek and ferret eye,
With many a tear and many a sigh
The weeping Muse assumes the lyre,
Responsive groans each trembling wire,

As sad and slow she pours along
The mournful tide of elegiack song,
A requiem to departed fame
A fame which late so glorious shin'd,*
O Britons, blush ye not with shame
That to so bright a star ye were like puppies blind?

'Fallen, fallen from his high estate'
Ev'n mighty W—dle must submit to fate.
'Twas thus in Henry's days of yore
When famous full-blown Wolsey bore
His blushing honors thick about him,
That he was forc'd to do without 'em.
Folkstone, Burdett and Whitbread,—have not these
'A tear to grace thy obsequies?'
Ah no! like rats they quit thy falling house,
All all will leave thee—ev'n the *city mouse*,
Compound of impudence and quibbling
Who at the cheese in secret nibbling,
Against corruption ever squeaking, draws
From stupid ignorance applauding thunder,
With *wanton* eloquence exciting wonder,
Yet strives in vain to hide his greasy paws;
Ev'n he will leave thee with misfortune struggling,
Damn politicks awhile and *stick to smuggling*.
Was it for this thou shewdst thy honest face
And strove on FREDERICK to heap disgrace,
Whom Love enslav'd but fraud could never bend,
The WIDOW'S, ORPHAN'S, and the SOLDIER'S friend?
But here ev'n I, thy bard, the truth must speak,
Mortals are fallible, and nature weak;

* Shone or *shined*. *Johnson*.

The best at times in love's soft snares are caught,
Who can resist th' intoxicating draught?
Ev'n God-like David tempted was to sup,
And to the dregs he drain'd the dark Circean cup.
But he who acts the open manly part
Laments, and owns, the failings of his heart,
Forsaking Error's path which late he trod,
Submissive bows to kiss the chast'ning rod,
Opening his bosom to the eye of day
Retrieves his fault, and wipes the stain away.

Was it for this the Senate was deceived
With evidence *that not thyself believed,*
Thyself refusing, without hesitation
The *coin* thou basely palmed'st on the nation?

Was it for this Care's rankling dart
Thou plungedst to thy MONARCH's heart,
That best of hearts—that holy shrine
Where all the kingly virtues shine?
But boldly to the deed you, W—dle, prest
And struck a nation through your SOVEREIGN'S
breast.

But hark! what sounds discordant burst?
Sounds to reformers' ears accurst!
Hark! hark! from Britain's utmost shore,
To farthest Ind, is heard the roar.
Where e'er her commerce courts the gales,
Where e'er her meteor banners stream,
(Nor sets the circling sun on Britain's sails)
There there was heard the glad acclaim,
In strains of loyal melody,
Hymns of praise and songs of glee
Bursting from bosoms brave and free
To hail their SOVEREIGN'S JUBILEE.

The mighty shout, the empyreum rent,
Shook earth and reach'd the blest abode,
And on the breath of gratitude upsent
From MILLIONS reach'd the throne of God;
DISLOYALTY stood pale with fear
As from her palsied hand she dropp'd th' envenom'd spear.
Gaul's TYRANT heard; his vassal kings crouch'd near
As round his throne they trembling stood,
That throne by murder rais'd and cemented with blood.

Excuse me, W—dle, if the Muse
A tribute pays, she can't refuse.
To say the truth, thy daring bard
Has rode his Pegasus so hard,
Warm'd with the course the skittish tit
Runs restive now, and bites the bit;
But ev'n the devil must adore
Virtue, at times, and own her pow'r;
And can I help it, if, like Balaam's ass,
He saw and own'd an angel in the pass?
In vain I whip'd, in vain I spurr'd,
And his torn flanks in anger gor'd,
But whip, nor spur, could aught avail,
He heard that cursed shout and turn'd his tail.

And thou, my W—dle, thou wert doom'd to prove
Harsh grating on thine ear, a people's love.
Was not thy measure full? Could Fate ordain
Thou to the bitter dregs her cup should drain?
And could not Justice, blind and stern,
Thy matchless merit then discern?

But she to precedent such slave is,
Not e'en for thee, a *rara avis*,
Such as the world yet never saw,
Would she unbend the rigid rules of law.
Alas! unmov'd she saw thy second fall,
And heard thy groans resound thro' Rufus' hall,
While groaning barristers around
Laugh'd at thy griefs, and gloried at thy wound.

But truth once more compels th' unwilling Muse
To give that praise which fain she would refuse,
Compels to say (tho' praise save thine she grudges)
If Britain has a boast it is her JUDGES.
Her courts of law, a mighty bulwark, stand
A rock of adamant 'twixt sea and land,
On this side, bounds the stretch of kingly pow'r;
On that repels the factious surge's roar.
High on the top the seat of Justice stands,
A sacred fane, and rais'd by *George's hands,
There great she sits in independent pride,
And sternly turns and eyes on either side,
The land incroaching or the murmuring tide.

Alas! my W—dle, why then didst thou dare
Before offended Justice to appear?
Craving her favour only to abuse her,
And thou, the *culprit*, to become *accuser*;
Oh, fatal rashness, judgment's direst flaw.
The sacred balances were held by †Law,
Who, to a heart with every virtue fraught,
Knowledge, integrity, and depth of thought,

* It should never be forgotten that the judges were made independent of the crown during the present reign.

† Lord Ellenborough.

Adds skill the hidden secret to descry,
And clear the tangled skein of artful villainy.
Oh, fatal rashness! How coulds't dare again,
Forewarn'd by me, to trust twelve *honest men?*
A step, my W—dle, thou wilt ever rue,
Ah what had'st thou with *Honesty* to do!
But still the Muse, to comfort thee, engages,
Thy name shall raise the grin of future ages:
Let this console thee mid thy fortunes hard,
That I, the deathless poet, am thy bard
To hang thy hearse
With wreaths of never-fading verse;
Thy bard prophetic who can see
That mighty honours wait for thee.
Thou, thou shalt shine a brilliant star
In Jacobinic calendar,
Where rubric letters mark the line
That gives SAINT WARDLE's name to shine.——
And relicks have been dearly priz'd
Of those who have been canoniz'd;
Toes, noses, ears of holy sages,
In pickle have been kept for ages;
Inclos'd in golden shrines, and thereby
Preserv'd for devotees to swear by;
Thy relics I, well pleas'd, shall see
Thus honoured in a like degree;
See the REFORMIST, as he swears
With lips that murmur purpose fell
And imprecations drawn from hell,
Kiss martyr'd W—dle's *pickled ears.*

SHUTTING THE GALLERY;

Sheridan's Chicanery, Windham's Folly, Cobbett's Treachery, &c.

"Say shall we frown or laugh? Such deeds as these,
At once must shock the honest man and please."

ANON.

To Mr. Yorke, the man who in these days of cowardly conciliation, has had the courage to do his duty in defiance of popular clamour, are we indebted for a display of the most amusing chicanery and treachery that we have witnessed since the commencement of our labours.—His enforcing the standing order for excluding strangers from the House of Commons, having prevented garbled accounts of the evidence and *ex parte* comments thereon from being published, the patriots have become outrageous, and Mr. Sheridan, that cozener of popularity, on the sixth of February, brought forward a motion for a committee to take the subject into consideration: in the course of the debate Mr. Windham made use of some expressions which have drawn down upon his head the accumulated vengeance of the press, from the *Morning Post* down to the drivelling *Statesman*. No body can doubt *Mr. Sheridan's motives*: an application was about to be made to Parliament for a *third Theatre*, and as he has many *golden* prospects connected with the rebuilding of Drury Lane, which the success of this appeal would materially injure, the support of the press is to him, at this moment, particularly necessary. But what could induce Mr. Windham to abuse, indiscriminately, all those connected with the newspapers? We

have, generally speaking, no very high opinion of the honor or honesty of persons of this description, but have the pleasure of knowing that some of them possess both talents and integrity.

The profession of a newspaper reporter is no more to be indiscriminately stigmatised because it is disgraced by such miscreants as Peter Finnerty, the man of the *Statesman*, and some others whom we could name, than the profession of the law, because Hague has practised as an attorney, and Clifford officiated as a barrister.

Mr. Windham has, however, been furnished with some very satisfactory proofs that his accusations were not altogether unjust. The writers of *the Times*, endeavouring to vindicate their characters, have been guilty of the most unpardonable breach of confidence, and to prove their *honor* and *integrity*, have *betrayed the secrets* of those who, when in power, *trusted* and *assisted* them. But the most diabolical, though highly ridiculous, instance of baseness and treachery has been furnished by Mr. Windham's *ci-devant protege*, the man to whom he would formerly have voted a statue of gold, for his exertions *against* reformers. Cobbett's Register of February the 10th, 1810, should be framed, glazed, and hung up in the house of every public man, as a rare record of inconsistency, treachery, and ingratitude, and as a warning never to trust the wretch who has once *deserted his king and country.*

Before we relate facts which will stamp William Cobbett a monster of ingratitude; before we offer a single comment on his Political Register of February 10th, we must beg our readers carefully (and dispassionately if they can) to compare its contents with the following extracts from a former volume of the *same work, written by the same hand.*

That the *consistency* of this author's present and former doctrines and sentiments may be *manifest*, those of 1810 are printed in the left hand column, and those of 1803 opposite, in the right.

The *corresponding* passages are marked by *Italics* and CAPITAL LETTERS.

Political Register, February 10th, 1810.

SHUTTING THE GALLERY.

——" This is what I long ago suspected would be resorted to; and, when on the second day of the Session, MR. YORKE complained of the evil effects of the speeches, made in the House of Commons; of the sanction which they gave to persons out of doors to spread about sentiments, calculated " *to make us hate one another;*" when I heard this, I was pretty sure, that the *last* remedy, or the last *but one*, was about to be tried, in order to prevent us " from spreading about sentiments, calculated to make us *hate one another.*"——The motive for this measure is so clear; it is so evident to every man of common discernment: it so plainly speaks for itself, and is so universally understood, that I shall not waste

Political Registers of 1803.

SHUTTING THE GALLERY.

" The real fact is, that the house have now gotten into an *awkward predicament from having suffered their debates to be made public.* Every body feels how awkwardly situated the Privy Council, for instance, would be if their consultations were hawked about in the streets, or the public papers, and opinions therein given commented upon, replied to, argued, refuted, contradicted, &c. in every gazette in Europe, *the same reasoning applies to the consultations of parliament.* The houses have unwarily suffered a tribunal to erect itself over them, which though it begins to be troublesome, has as yet no authority, and to whose proceedings as they are able to do it, I THINK THEY WOULD BE WISE IF THEY PUT

Political Register, February 10th, 1810.

ene moment in remarking upon the measure itself. That measure has done more than the publishing of a year's debates. It is a trumpet-tongued fact; and it has already done its business. Only let us remember, *who* it was that brought forward the measure. Let us keep him in mind." p. 193.*

"The questions about the war are in fact questions about the putting out of Lord Hawkesbury and putting *Mr. Windham in his stead*, and these are questions in which NO MAN OF COMMON SENSE *can feel the smallest interest.*" p. 200

——"Mr. Windham *has never, upon any occasion*, that I have observed; and, I appeal to the reader, whether I may not say, that he never, upon any occasion, has expressed

Political Register, 1803

AN IMMEDIATE STOP!!!"

"ALL THE SOUND PART OF THE NATION *look to Mr. Windham* for the reasons whereon to form their opinions both of men and *measures*; he has been our polar star, shining while all other lights hid their heads; always in his place, and always luminous, constantly pointing to the cause of *safety* and *honour*." *Pol. Reg. June 4th*, 1803, p. 828.

"We do not say that Mr.

* It is very evident that the practice of shutting the gallery is here indirectly, if not directly, reprobated; and the *inuendo* that this step is the last or last but one, to *ruin the country*, is too plain to be misunderstood.—In another passage of this same Register, he says that the excluding strangers from the debate is of *infinitely greater consequence* than the conduct of the war. p. 201.

Political Register, February 10th, 1810.

the slightest degree of disapprobation of *any peculator*, great or small. Never; and, when the most corrupt practices havebeen brought forward, such as the selling and the buying of seats in the House of Commons, he has not been *amongst* the first, but the very first, the very foremost in the foremost rank, to apologize for, or to defend, such practices, and to attribute all complaint against them to popular clamour and seditious views." P. 202.

Mr. Windham is represented, in the speech above-inserted, to have said, that "the publishers of debates, made a *trade* of the thing,—that he did *not know* any of them, but that *he had heard*, that they were a sort of men, who would give into *corrupt* MISREPRESENTATIONS *of opposite sides.*" ——In the first

Political Register, 1803.

Windham is the *only* man capable of saving the country; but this we have no scruple to say, that if it be saved from the tremendous dangers that threaten it, that salvation must be wrought by an *adoption of the principles of Mr. Windham.** *Pol. Reg. Feb. 12th*, 1803, *p.* 190.

The sympathy between the boxes of the play-house and the gallery of the House of Commons produces partiality the *most glaring*, MISREPRESENTATION *the most shameful*, and *falsehood the most atrocious.* Every man opposed to you," (MR. SHERIDAN,) "is pretty sure to have his *expressions disfigured, his ar-*

* As Cobbett is now one of those very reformers who, as he *has repeatedly told us*, have no other object in view but to *oppress, insult, pillage* and *ruin* the country; his present enmity to this *guardian angel* of Great Britain is perfectly natural.

Political Register, February 10th, 1810.

place, this general, this sweeping assault, and that, too, in a place where he well knew that none of the assaulted parties could answer him without the certainty of being sent to Newgate, was any thing but manly.—— In the next place, the description *is not true*, but *as far from the truth as any thing well can be.*"

The gentlemen who take the debates in the gallery, are, and indeed, they *necessarily must be*, possessed of GREAT AND RARE TALENTS. The *education of most of them has been of the superior kind.* Many of them have been at College

Political Registers, 1803.

guments marred, his meaning perverted, and as far as lies with your friends(*the reporters*) his public *character destroyed!!!*"

* * * * * * * * * *

* * * * * * * * * *

" In one respect, indeed, it is their own fault: each individual has at all times the power of *clearing the gallery*, and it *must be confessed* that if a gentleman with a knowledge of the facts which I have here estatd *suffers himself to be misrepresented* as *to any debate*, in which he may be engaged against you, he has nobody but himself to thank for the MISREPRESENTATION ! ! !"

Vide Cobbett's Letter to Sheridan, on the *prostitution and venality* of Parliamentary Reporters. Pol. Reg. November 26th, 1803, p. 741—2 :

Whatever difference of opinion may prevail with regard to the practice which is *allowed* or *rather tolerated* of publishing the Parliamentary Debates, men of all parties must agree, that as long as the practice exists, it is very desirable, as

Political Register, Feb. 10*th*, 1810.

with the members whose speeches they are employed to report, and, I am assured that in some instances, those in the Gallery have received prizes, and actually beaten those upon the floor. p. 202.

Political Registers, 1803.

well for the honour of parliament as for the sake of truth, that the reports should display *some share of talents*, united with the greatest possible impartiality ; *that this is* NOT *the case few persons, it is presumed*, will be *earnestly disposed to deny*."

Pol. Reg. Nov. 19*th*, 1803.

"The gallery in consequence of your (*Mr. Sheridan's*) promised motion, was at an early hour, very full, principally however of persons *appertaining, in one way or other to the newspapers, a sort of company at no time very pleasant.* *

"A *reporter* who sat on my right hand, and whose *smell of spirituous liquors* made me keep aloof from him as much as possible, &c.*" Pol. Reg. Nov. 26th, 1803, p. 742–3.

He, Mr. Windham, said, that the debates were not permitted to be published till within these last thirty years, and that the

"Am I told that the parliament will maintain its respectability, as *it hitherto has done*, in spite of these *liberties of re-*

* We have it from undoubted authority that the *odoriferous* reporter here alluded to by Cobbett, was the identical *Peter Finnerty* whom he now praises to the skies.

Political Register, Feb. 10*th*, 1810.

state of the country had *not improved* during that time; a notorious and melancholy truth; *but then, he should have added that he himself had been a minister during no small part of that time*, p. 201.

Political Registers, 1803.

porters? my answer is that the parliament has never till within these *twenty years* had the trial." * * * * * * * * * * * It was not till the administration of Mr. Pitt that the doors of the houses of parliament were thrown open, without restraint, to *the compilers and venders of speeches.* I must see the constitution live another twenty years *in spite of the efforts of the press*, BEFORE I SHALL BE READY TO ALLOW THAT IT HAS NOT THEREBY BEEN IMPAIRED!!! the *truth is, that the publication of the debates, in the manner in which that publication is conducted, has an evident and powerful tendency, totally to* DESTROY *the liberty of speech, without which the parliament may as well not meet.*" Political Register, Nov. 26th, 1803, p. 744.

Englishmen, does not your indignation well nigh choak you at the perusal of these damning proofs of baseness and apostacy?—Is there a man worthy the name of Briton who, after having read them, will listen to the odious calumnies of their author. Shall we at *his request* regard *Mr. Yorke* with eyes of distrust and anger, because he has

enforced a regulation which this very reptile has proved necessary to secure the dearest immunities of our representatives, and which he has repeatedly urged them to enforce. He now, doubtless, wishes "*misrepresentations the most shameful, and falsehoods the most atrocious,*" to go forth to the world; because his present object, *according to his own definition of a parliamentary reformer's* views, is "to *involve his country in anarchy and bloodshed,*" that he may thereby "*pillage, insult, and oppress the people.*"—Vide Political Register, June 30th, 1802, p. 795.

It is not Mr. Yorke's intention to keep the public *ignorant* of what is passing in the House of Commons, he only wished to prevent "representation *the most shameful*" from being published by the tools of faction.

Is it fair, is it consonant to the humane principles of British jurisprudence that such *misrepresentations* should be dispersed far and wide, and *commented* upon to the prejudice of the accused *pending their trial?* How many thousands of falsehoods and *ex parte comments on those falsehoods* were printed during the investigation of the conduct of our sovereign's son?—It is true that the *minutes* were *subsequently* published by the House of Commons, but who that had read and been inflamed by the misrepresentations and comments of the newspapers would have either the industry or the inclination to examine the *authentic records.* We venture to assert that for every individual who has read these minutes, *thousands* have perused the *misrepresentations* of the *jacobin journals, registers,* and newspapers, and thousands have consequently been misled.

The *authentic* evidence relative to the enquiry how prosecuting, is, from time to time, published. The people are therefore *not* ignorant of what is passing in the House of Commons, and they ought to feel obliged to Mr. Yorke

for preventing their being deluded and misled. In our opinion Mr. Yorke has not gone *far enough*; it is surely a breach of privilege to garble and comment upon the *ex parte* evidence which is published by order of the House of Commons. This offence is daily committed, and it *ought to be suppressed!* When the *whole* evidence is fairly before the public, then, *and not till then*, let every one who pleases freely and boldly express his sentiments.

Let us now return to the filthy Political Register of the 10th inst. Mr. Windham, it seems, asserted in his speech on Mr. Sheridan's recent motion, that there were among the newspaper people *bankrupts*, &c. this Cobbett conceives to have been particularly levelled at his miserable tool Wright, and most unhappily for that poor wretch, has taken up the cudgels in his defence; but every blow which he aimed at Mr. Windham's head, has recoiled with redoubled force upon himself and the object whose supposed wrongs he meant to avenge. He tells us that Mr. Wright's *bankruptcy* was principally to be attributed to his connection with the writers of the celebrated *Anti-Jacobin*, which every body knows was one of the most lucrative works ever published;* most of the contributors to it wrote *gratuitously*, Mr. Wright stood not *one penny* of the risk, and, we believe, *received all the profits*. We shall therefore leave our readers to judge of the veracity of Cobbett's assertion.

In pages 203 and 204, he tells us that he was so perfectly convinced of Wright's *honourable* conduct that he made him editor of his Parliamentary Debates, and principal compiler of his Parliamentary History. Now, with-

* Cobbett has since, in his Register of Feb. 17th, inadvertently admitted that the circulation of this paper nearly reached *two thousand*. Few booksellers, we fancy, would object to such a *losing concern*.

out stopping to discuss how far it is honourable *in Cobbett* to impose upon the public by publishing *debates, histories,* and *state trials,* as *his own productions,* although he never sees a word of their contents till after they are printed,* we beg leave to remind him that when this Mr. Wright first became a bankrupt, he swore in the hearing of a most respectable person, now living, "that he (Wright) was a d——d s———l, and that if he could catch him *he would tear his heart out.*"

How rejoiced must the wretched victims of this man's bankruptcy be to hear that "he has recovered by his talents and industry what he before lost, and that he is in a fair way of passing the rest of his life in ease and respectability." (page 204. Pol. Reg. Feb. 10th) for of course if he is the *honourable character* Cobbett describes, he will immediately pay *all his creditors twenty shillings in the pound.*†

To prove Mr. Windham's *ingratitude* and Mr. Wright's integrity, Cobbett tells the world, that the former condescended to revise and correct his own speeches previously to their publication by the latter; that Mr. Hansard the printer charged 9l. 11s. 6d. for "corrections, revises, slips, &c. of Mr. Windham's speeches during the last sessions; and that Mr. Wright has sent Mr. Windham *proofs* and even *revises* down into Norfolk."—Pol. Reg. Feb. 10th, pages 205–6.

Now allowing all this to be true, we cannot imagine what *gratitude* can be due from Mr. Windham to Wright; if the latter and Cobbett were anxious honestly to fulfil their

* The fact is this, *Cobbett* has *sold* his name to Wright, and also makes the poor devil give him a large share of the profits of these deceptious publications.

† They have as yet received only 2s. 6d. in the pound.

pledge to the public of publishing "a correct account of the parliamentary debates,*" they were, on the contrary, under the greatest obligations to Mr. Windham *for his assistance*, and their thus betraying his confidence, must be regarded by every honest man as an act of the blackest *ingratitude*; but what will our readers think of the *Monster Cobbett*, when we inform them that he owes every thing which he now possesses to this identical Mr. Windham? When he returned in 1800, almost penny-less from America,† Mr. Windham rescued him from the jaws of famine, lent *him nearly three thousand pounds* out of the funds of a *charitable institution*,‡ and enabled him to establish a daily newspaper.§ When this speculation failed, Mr. Windham, still regarding him as the champion of loyalty, enabled him to establish this very *Political Register*, the pages of which he has now employed to betray and vilify his benefactor. Who will hereafter put confidence in such a monster! Cochrane, Folkstone, and Burdett, tremble while ye peruse these proofs of his apostacy, treachery, and ingratitude, for *ye* HAVE *trusted him*.

Just as we were about to send this article to press, we received the Political Register of February the 17th, in

* See Cobbett's Prospectus of his Parliamentary Debates.

† Because as he then pretended, "he felt an irresistible desire to communicate to his countrymen the *fruit of his experience*, and to shew them the injurious and degrading consequences of DISCONTENT, DISLOYALTY, and INNOVATION."

Cobbett's Prospectus to the Porcupine Newspaper.

‡ Query. Has this money been repaid?

§ We should have thought Cobbett's base sacrifice of the author of the letters signed JUVERNA, would have deterred every man of common sense from trusting him.

which he promised in the preceding number, p. 201, to give us some further observations upon the *public* part of Mr. Windham's speech, a promise however which he has not performed. We therefore imagine that Mr. Windham has *silenced* him either by a *bribe* or by a *threat* of exposing him and calling in the *monies* which he has advanced. In this last number we are presented with a string of ridiculous and disgusting falsehoods about the *Anti-jacobin newspaper*, which he now asserts to have been a most *stupid* and *libellous* production, which ought to have been prosecuted. That he had not, however, *always* the same opinion of the *Anti-jacobin writers*, our readers will plainly perceive by the following extract from his works:

"The *Anti-jacobin* is a work of *such distinguished merit* and *celebrity* that it would be great impertinence in me to attempt a defence of its reputation, &c. It was established for the express purpose of exposing the artifices and combating the violences of Jacobinism. It contains original criticism, it detects the misrepresentations and perversions of the jacobin reviews, and gives publicity to such articles in verse and prose as are peculiarly calculated to aid *the cause of sound morality*, true religion *and lawful government*. * * * * * * The *audacity* of accusing *the editors* of the *Anti-jacobin* of giving circulation to a LIBEL, surpasses even that of the sans-culottes."

Cobbett's Works, vol. 11. *p.* 91.

Need we say more about this man's baseness and apostacy?

Feb. 18*th*, 1810.

CHARACTERS FROM REAL LIFE.

No. I.

A METHODIST.

Evangelicus was the son of a barber at Llandillo, in Caermarthenshire, and at the age of seven years was sent to be educated at a day-school conducted by the mistress of the parish work-house. He had not long been placed at this respectable seminary before he became the delight and wonder of all the gossips of the neighbourhood. Even the sexton marvelled at his learning, and the curate honored him with his notice. The sum of eight shillings and eight pence *per annum* was however too enormous to be unnecessarily squandered by a humble *shaver for a penny* on the education of his son, and the next year saw this early phenomenon of learning and genius elevated on a taylor's shop-board in the vicinity of Durham. In this situation he might have still continued to mend the habits of his master's customers had not an unfortunate propensity to thieving at last subjected him to the necessity of seeking refuge on board a Newcastle collier; which soon after conveyed our new *cabin-boy* to London. Having contrived in the course of his voyage to secrete some valuable articles belonging to his captain, he escaped from the ship immediately on his arrival in the metropolis, and sought for concealment in the purlieus of St. Giles's. In this receptacle of filth and profligacy he passed the next three years of his life, sometimes supplying his necessities by theft, and sometimes depending for sub-

sistence on the benevolence or gratitude of his female favorites; who as they sometimes shared in the spoils of his dishonesty, had no objection to be the occasional alleviators of his distress. Having been detected, however, in attempting to cut the panes of a jeweller's window in Oxford street, he was subjected to the discipline of the horse-pond, and soon after found it advisable to retreat into the vicinity of Chatham, at which place he endeavoured to earn a precarious subsistence by filching pieces of old iron, and ends of cables from the dock-yards. In this destitute condition he attracted the notice of a travelling hosier who happened to alight at a public-house where our hero was accustomed to visit one of the scullions; and who finding that the boy was master of his alphabet, and was not deficient in sharpness or activity engaged him as a foot-boy, and sent him in the mail to Nottingham. Here he so far ingratiated himself into the favor of his mistress, that on the return of her husband she gained his permission to send him to a night-school. Experience had by this time taught him the usefulness of learning, and so unremitted was his application that in the course of two years he might have contended with Mr. Thelwall for the palm of rhetoric, and disputed with Mr. Kett on the theory of tides.

His chief employments were to clean his master's boots, and follow his mistress to church with her prayer-book and umbrella. From the first of these offices he was relieved for the greater part of the year, during which Mr. ---------- was employed in travelling the country for orders, and as he did not find it convenient to be at the expence of another horse for his servant, he thought it most advisable to leave him in the service of his wife. What may have occurred in the absence of this prudent pattern

of conjugal confidence, we shall leave to the imagination of the reader.

> ——"But that we are forbid,
> To tell the secrets of the *summer*-house
> We could a tale unfold! &c."

In the third year of his servitude, and the eighteenth of his age he received his dismissal. Accustomed for so long a period to ease and luxury and kindness, he was now too proud to beg, and too cowardly to steal. Had he been able indeed to pick a pocket, or forge a note without incurring the danger of detection, it may be doubted whether the conflict between conscience and temptation would have been long or indecisive; but he had lost the courage for adventurous depredation. His hardihood was softened into cunning, and his brutality refined into effeminate voluptuousness. Forlorn and destitute he at length arrived at the door of the Reverend Mr. Nameless, Mr. Nameless remembered our hero, and was well acquainted with his mistress. He knew that the reputation of gallantry was not absolutely necessary to the character of a dissenting clergyman, and he knew likewise that no evidence is more dangerous than that of a participator in wickedness. What other motives may have influenced his behaviour, or whether the conduct that he now pursued was consistent with the dictates of prudence, or a knowledge of human nature, it is not our business to enquire: it will be sufficient to relate that before his departure, Mr. Nameless presented him with a draft for fifteen pounds, and committed to his care the following introductory note:

"DEAR SIR,

"I know the bearer of this to be a very worthy, pious servant in Christ Jesus, and doubt not that the young shoot will flourish unto the glory of Jerusalem. Pray admit him. The time fleeth, the hour of preaching is at hand, and I must hasten to subcribe myself,

To the Reverend ———, trustee of the Evangelical Seminary at * * * * * * *.

Dear Brother,
Yours in the Lord,
JOSHUA NAMELESS."

The discipline of * * * * * * was not exactly suited to his temper or expectations: but the miseries of spare diet, and close confinement, were in some degree alleviated by the occasional receipt of a handsome present from his late mistress. As the period approached at which he was to be admitted on trial as a preacher, her epistles became more ardent and more flattering, till at length she made him a plain proposal of elopement, and enclosed a pair of ear-rings, and some other valuable articles, which immediately on his liberation from school he converted into money, and proceeded to the conference at Leeds, while his inamorata was planning the means of her escape.

At the conference he was received with marks of particular attention: Dr. C--e was above all delighted with the "rich crop of grace" that might be expected from the spiritual cultivation of this wonderful young man: he was immediately taken into the bosom of the society, and after canting and blaspheming till he had fatigued himself, and become the envy and astonishment of all his saintly rivals in hypocrisy, he returned on leave of absence to his *private* lodgings in the neighbourhood of

Carburton-street, where he had the pleasure of finding his inamorata, and completing his evangelical duties.

But he was no longer a novice in the mysteries of love. His sensual appetites were soon cloyed, and as he was equally unsusceptible of love and gratitude, and found that his finances would not long support the expence of an establishment, he thought it advisable to hasten his departure into the country, having previously intimated to the lady's parents at what place, and beneath whose protection their daughter might be found.

It may be necessary, however, to inform the reader that previous to his entrance at * * * * his reverend patron had thought it prudent that he should change his name from William N--- to Evangelicus, a measure which was readily assented to by the hosier's lady as equally convenient to herself and her spiritual comforter. Under the latter of these appellations, therefore, neither her husband, nor her family had any suspicion of the unlucky footboy who had so suddenly disappeared. Before their arrival in town our hero had absconded, and the secret of his name and situation remains unknown except to Mrs. ------, and the Rev. Mr. Nameless.

In his person he is tall and athletic, and his appearance and address are by no means characteristic of the rigid methodist. His hair is not lank, nor his countenance cadaverous, his dress is neither plain nor singular, and his discourse is both fluent and persuasive. But he is a perfect master of the cant of fanaticism, no man is more perfectly acquainted with the arts of *religious seduction*, or better versed in the modes of benevolent peculation. He frequently presides at the consultations of the class-leaders; he accompanies to the neighbouring

love-feasts the daughters of his friends, and of the married sisters he is the favourite confessor. With such propensities to wickedness, and means so extensive of accomplishing his designs, the influence of his ministry will be long lamented by the dupes of his cunning, and the victims of his lawless desires.

NAUTICAL PLAGIARISM.

"Ne gloriari libeat alienis bonis,
Suoque potuis habitu vitam degere,
Æsopus nobis hoc exemplum prodidit
Tumens inani Graculus superbia, &c."

PHED. FAB. III.

SIR,

You have doubtless often observed the advantages resulting from *bold assertion*; when an author steps forward and assures the world that he is the sole and original proprietor of *an idea*, it sometimes happens that *wise men* think it unnecessary to answer him, without reflecting that *fools* will believe him, unless contradicted. This carelessness has given stability to a number of vulgar errors, errors which I presume, it is part of your plan as a *Satirist*, to investigate and correct. In the case to which I now allude, it is more particularly pleasing to strip the *daw of his borrowed feathers*, as I observe that this vulgar error has even become one of the *watch-words* of the party; for at a mighty constitutional dinner at Glasgow for the celebration of Mr. Fox's birth-day, I find the following toast was given, "Clerk of Eldin, *the inventor of the naval manœuvre of breaking the line*, and may British science ever

guide British valour." Now, Sir, I have no objection to these Scotch or North British gentlemen drinking the *first* and *last* clauses of this nautical toast, until they are *half seas over*, at the same time I beg leave to deny the position that MR. CLERK *of Eldin* was the inventor of this nautical manœuvre! This I know will be considered, North of Tweed, as a kind of sacrilege, yet it is not the less correct. It would lead me far beyond your limits to follow Mr. Clerk through all the flimsy parts of his narrative; indeed, it is unnecessary for us to examine the extent of the nautical ideas that he could acquire by looking at the fishing smacks from the pier-end at Leith; from navigating his flotilla in his father's fish ponds, or from *fighting all the naval battles over again with a fleet which like the king of Brentford's army, he carried in his pocket!* I have no doubt whatever that Mr. Clerk made all his friends wonder where he learned so much, and I must allow him credit for the assiduity and mathematical precision with which he manœuvred his adversesquadrons *on paper*; but unfortunately Mr. C. like all other folks who acquire a smattering of any subject, by their own industry, imagined himself master of the business, and having told all his friends that *his* plans induced Rodney first to break the line, this was considered as another jewel in the crown of Scottish perspicacity. The Edinburgh Review too with a kind of national feeling supports the position, and boldly advances, that, "Mr. Clerk had discovered a system of French tactics, which during three successive wars had escaped the penetration, or at least eluded the skill of our naval commanders, and that the truth undoubtedly is, that the first idea of cutting the line originated with Mr. Clerk." There is an old observation of Dr. Johnson's that "truth is dear to a Scotchman, but that Scotland, &c.&c."—in this case, however, I believe that

the reviewers were *convinced* of the accuracy of their position. It may be urged by Mr. Clerk's friends, that his book was approved of by naval officers; that is very true; they were surprized that a landsman should have such mathematical ideas of the motions of a fleet; but as to the real information contained in his book, although it may be very explanatory to those landsmen who have patience to go through it, yet a smart lad after serving six months in the channel fleet, will have more real nautical knowledge, than he ever can acquire from these "Naval Tactics"; tis *there*, that paper and problems are useless—'tis *there* only that he can learn to be prepared for every variation of a changeable wind, and a boisterous ocean.

Mr. Clerk though anxious to prove by induction, how much Rodney was indebted to *him*, is careful not to assert it as a fact; he says "from the best authority, I have been informed" that Lord Rodney himself at all times acknowledged the communication; and having from the first approved of my system, declared even before he left London, that he would strictly adhere to it in fighting the enemy." He thinks proper however afterwards to deem it possible that Sir George might have adopted the manœuvre without his teaching, and he observes with apparent regret, that his Lordship never said a word about it in his dispatches! If however any of your readers will turn to page 293 of Mr. Cumberland's Memoirs, they will find an anecdote which clips the wings of Mr. Clerk's ambition. The Edinburgh reviewers indeed, lament "it as a sort of national reproach, that the author of this most magnificent invention——this great engine of national security and glory—should be left without any other reward than that satisfaction and consolation," &c. &c. Now sir, this "magnificent invention" consists in two points; the first, that of *attacking the enemy's rear when to windward*—

the second, that of *tacking when to leeward, and thus cutting through the enemy's line*; these Mr. Clerk claims as his *own* invention, but what will his advocates say, when I prove that the first is an old British manœuvre, and actually practised by Lord Torrington, in the action off Beachy-Head in 1690; and that the second had been performed indiscriminately both by English and Dutch, in the time of the *Commonwealth* and the succeeding reign. Mr. Clerk, indeed, says, that the only idea he could form of the battles of the English and Dutch, is that of numerous squadrons jumbled together in narrow seas, without a chance of manœuvring; but Sir, we are not to measure our nautical knowledge by the scale of his ignorance, if he really were ignorant of the fact; it is rather curious, however, that his two plates illustrative of these two manœuvres, and his whole plan of attack and defence connected with them, are little more then *fac similes* of two plates with the accompanying letter press contained in Pere Paul L' Hoste's work on naval tactics, *published at Paris* in 1697 ! ! !

The first point is clearly proved by the following quotation from " L'Art des Armées Navales," page 382.

S'EMPECHER D'ETRE DOUBLE.

Exemple.

" Tout le monde, n'a pas desaprouvé la maniere dont l'amiral Herber ranger son armee, quand il arriva sur les François dans le combat de Bevesier, l'an 1690. Il avoit quelques vaisseaux moins que nous: et il etoit resolu de faire ses plus grands efforts *contre notre arriere garde.* C'est pourquoi il ordonne a la premier division Holandoise de tomber sur notre second division, ensuite il ouvrit son armée au milieu, laissant un grand vuide par le travers de notre corps de bataille. Apres quoi aiant extremement serré ses Anglois, il les opposa a notre arriere garde — cette ordre rendit en effet notre premiere

devision presque inutile, parcequ' il lui fallut faire un fort longue bordee, pour revirer sur la tete des ennemis; et la vent aiant calme, elle ent peine de se trouver assez a temps pour partager la gloire de l'action."—The second point is explained in the tenth section.

"TRAVERSER L'ARMEE ENNEMIE."

" on trouve dans les relations des combats donnez dans La Manche entre les Anglois et les Holandois, que leurs armées se traversoient souvant; c'est a dire que l'armee C H D qui etoit sous le vent aiant un peú courее de l'avant reviroit par la contre marche, et coupoit l'armee A B au point E, et aiant revire une seconde fois au point C gagnoit le vent a l'ennemi."

L'Hoste then gives the modes of *performing* and of *preventing* these manœuvres, which any person by a slight reference may ascertain to be merely a duplicate of Mr. Clerk's work, page 123 *et seq.* In addition to this, our old seamen remember that in their youth, these manœuvres although in *disuse*, were not *forgotten*; I hope therefore that these boastings of Mr. Clerk's originality will never again be heard by, yours,

MISOKENOS.

INAUGURAL ODE,

As recited by the Bard, OWEN AP HOWELL, *at a grand Meeting of the Society in the Pandemonium-Hall at the Crown and Anchor, where he was unanimously chosen to fill the poetical Chair and honorably invested with the infernal insignia.*

OH for a hell-strung lyre,
A voice of thunder and a muse of fire,

But not Promethean fire deriv'd from heaven,
From hell, from hell must come the flame
That gilds the *patriot's* deathless name
And to my hand be DISCORD's trumpet given.

Hark from its rusty concave burst,
Anarchial thunders harsh, severe
To loyal bosoms, sounds accurst,
But music to the *patriot's* ear.
Well pleas'd let fools and ideots dwell
On the soft notes effeminate which swell
From Harmony's sweet-chorded shell:
We, while Malignity inspires,
Boast of more daring strains, and burn with fiercer fires.
Blood and anarchy eternal,
Are the joys of an infernal.

Sounds immortal greet my ear;
Ghosts of MARAT and ROBESPIERRE,
With demon's wing the midnight gale,
And grace our orgies with a glad "All hail!"
Unfurl your banners waving high,
And let them mark the bloody path we tread.
But stay—before our hosts no banners fly,
But in their stead
Behold a gory, grim, and grinning head,
Aloft advances
Upon the murd'rous point of bloody lances,
Torn from some monarch's reeking shoulders,
The awe and terror of beholders.
No, no, let British fools, to order slaves,
Boast where Religion's banner proudly waves,
And as the mingled crosses fly
The ensign hail of CHRISTIANITY;
A goddess nobler far, we worship, REASON,
While on her shrine we offer blood and treason.

Now as you hatred swear to kings
Your bard enraptur'd sweeps the strings,
Calls forth the pow'rs of the infernal lyre,
As to compatriots' praise he twangs the wire
From Pandemonium's roofs the strains rebound
While DISCORD blows and aids the deaf'ning sound.

Hail NORTHMORE! thee the Muse would woo
To join the Pandemonium crew,
Worthy thou the infernal band;
Son of Discontent and FOLLY
Nurs'd by brooding MELANCHOLY,
Join the dance, and hand in hand
Round the burning cauldron go,
Sulphurous flames arising blue,
Paint each cheek with livid hue,
In the potent charms we throw———
Trouble, trouble, toil and trouble,
Let the murkey mixture bubble,
Be each one prepared to fling
An offering to th' infernal king,
While we pray, O banish quiet
Give us anarchy and riot!
The offering Cobbet first is thine;
Quill of fretful Porcupine,
Heart of thine own Thomas Paine,
Stir the mixture round again,
Dagger dipt in Acheron,
Gouts of blood its point upon;
Writings next of wondrous power,
By TREACHERY at midnight hour
Purloin'd. The flames arise
Accepted is thy sacrifice.
Round and round the cauldron dance
With more offerings now advance.

B—t in the cauldron flings
Drops of blood from hearts of kings;
Lips of one who oft did vent
Mock purity in P————t;
Tongue that bubbled nonsense still
Teeth stolen from the Isleworth mill,
Fetters from a traitor see,
Sacred to hell and to liberty;
Lo! the bickering flames arise
Accepted is his sacrifice.

Round and round the cauldron dance,
With more offerings now advance.

Waithman, Waithman next supplies
Wrote in gall malignant lies,
And next he throws the caldron into
His own sweet phiz in mezzotinto;
Up to the brim the flames aspire
In effigy, receive the *Squire.**

Why, W——e, hesitating stand?
Trembles now thy daring hand
While in the cauldron dark you fling
Tears of an agonized king?
To the hell-broth, nothing loath,
Falsehoods give confirm'd on oath,
Brighter burn the Patriot fires
The blue sulphureous flame aspires.

Northmore next with sapient look,
In his hand he holds his book,
Into the vase it drops like lead——
The fire's extinct the flame is dead!

* Vide a hideous likeness of Robert Waithman, ESQUIRE.

Amid black smoke dread sounds arise
" Rejected is thy sacrifice,
Thy gift still grateful were to me,
High season'd with malignity,
But that thine anger harmless rages
Whilst folly, folly mars thy pages."
But hark, what sighs breath'd harsh and hard
Strike on the ear of your astonish'd bard?
Fell then the fabric dark in mischief plann'd?
Whence are those groans
And dismal moans
Like the deep wailings of a spirit damn'd?

From Wardle's musky breast they came
Lo! o'er his brazen cheek
The tears of anguish break,
He mourns a broken fortune and a ruin'd fame.
But rouse thee, Wardle, wake thy *patriot* flame
Laugh at the whistling of a name,
The bard foretells thy griefs are ended
And lo! thy broken fortune's mended;
Thy bold compeers, are generous and willing
And in thy begging box,
To raise thy fallen stocks,
Each charitably drops the tributary shilling.

Hark, hark again
A doleful strain!
'Tis Cobbett weeping o'er the urn of Paine:
Congenial soul! thy heart is mov'd to pity,
And fain the bard would join thy doleful ditty,
And wipe the scalding tears which pois'nous pace
Corrosive marking deep thine iron face;
But dry thy tears, that high priest of Reform
To thee resign'd, direct thou then the storm

Nor from the mighty task refrain
Till with the ruin'd world thou rais'st a tomb to Paine.

But here your bard would cease his song,
And rolls th' inquiring eye along,
And hopes the meed you'll not refuse
But crown the efforts of his Muse;
Tho' not the laurel or the bays
Or myrtle wreath your Poet prays,
But if the bardic honors you bestow
Let aconite and nightshade wreathe his brow.

A PATRIOT'S POCKET BOOK.

PASSING through Palace-yard on the 9th instant, immediately after the raggamuffins and pickpockets, who met to consider the propriety of a reform in parliament had dispersed, we picked up a black leather pocket-book, the outside of which was so abundantly plastered with grease and mashed potatoes that we were on the point of discarding it unopened, but reflecting that it might probably contain the *little all* of some miserable object, we resolved to examine its contents, hoping thereby to find out the owner, and be enabled to restore him his property; we now publish a list of the most remarkable memoranda and articles which we discovered in its pages and pockets, that he may, if he think it worth the trouble, call at our office and claim it.

"Mem. Arthur O'Connor expected to be in Flushing —smuggle myself over to Walcheren—may do him and

his master a service.—Mem. to change my name—*Pieter* will sound like a French one—D—n this squint of mine—may betray me—got safe on board—suspected by G—t—mistaken for a gentleman—good joke—sunk the taylor—talk'd politics—damned the *Satirist*—landed safely.—August 29th, Diddled the Widow Scaffer, of the Wine-house, Quay, Middleburgh, out of great part of her bill—the b–h cried, I laughed and ran off—sent dispatches to P.—ditto to B. through O'C.—those d–d ministers ordered me home.—Mem. to have Lord C. tried at the British forum—Gale Jones a good fellow; will take my part and give me half a guinea for speechifying—F. dunned me again for his share of the hush money—Must pay him or the fellow will squeak—honor of a reporter—can be proved by Cobbett, Cartwright, O'Connor, Dorien, Burdett, Buonaparte, and big-bellied Bess—Mem. to M. K. S. C. to B. and S. G. M." These capital letters and several mystical words which follow are apparently written in blood. In one of the pockets we found the following copy of a letter together with the answer, but as the envelop of the latter was missing we cannot even guess at the person to whom it was addressed.

"COPY OF MY LETTER TO MR. SOAMES.

"DEAR BILL,

"You have no doubt learnt from the advertisements and placards that there will be a meeting of our *friends* on Friday next in Palace yard, Westminster. As it is now more than a twelvemonth since I was so cruelly exposed by that cursed Satirist, I think I may venture once more to exhibit myself on a *scaffold*, (I mean the *hustings*) but as some of the prejudices which were excited against me may still exist among the "*well-dressed rabble*" who come merely to witness our proceedings, I am anxious to be *respectably*

supported. Now, my dear Bill, you must know, that Sherry will not attend to call me his honourable friend; and even our beloved Colonel has reasons for not openly patronizing me at this moment, you must therefore see the necessity of my intreating the attendance of yourself and your amiable fellow labourers. I am sure you have not forgotten how strenuously I maintained the superiority of your honour over that of *our accursed enemy*, and therefore shall rely upon your obliging me in return. Caleb Baldwin the jack-ass driver, Dean the sweep, Tom Hague, Jumping Joe, and several other respectable personages have already promised me their very friendly support. D——n me, but I'll make that fellow Windham feel our consequence! Doesn't his speech against newspaper reporters prove the necessity of a reform in parliament? I will tell the meeting that it does, I will challenge him to prove his charge of venality against myself and my friends, *for he knows nothing of the 50l. bribe I took in Dorien's crim. con. business*, and if those cursed ideots who were about to squeak because I wished to pocket the whole and diddle them out of their share, don't *cackle*, I don't think he ever will; besides, if he does, what's 50l. for keeping a crim. con. action out of *all* the newspapers? I shall also say a great deal about the *liberty of the press*, for it is a year since I prosecuted any body for a libel, and damme if I'll ever do it again while juries think my character worth no more than *a shilling*. I supposed you have seen that altho' P. requested a friend last year to assure the conductor of the Satirist that I had nothing to do with the Morning Chronicle, but as a reporter, he has permitted me to publish a glorious libel on Lord C—, which furnished fine food for our friends of *the Forum*. P—— is a d——d honest fellow, and only pretended to abuse me for fear that

d——d *Satirist* should fall foul of him, and you know few gentlemen like to have *all* their actions blazoned.

God bless you, my dear Bill, let me hear from you before the day, and believe me

Office, Strand, Your affectionate servant,
Wednesday night. PETER.

The letter which follows is evidently an answer to the above. To comprehend it thoroughly we were obliged frequently to consult *Grose*'s Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue: as our readers may also be ignorant of the cant language, we have subjoined, in the form of notes, that great lexicographer's explanations of the singular words and phrases which pervade this curious document.

PETER,

I receaved uren, and red it last nite at a full meating of buzmen (1) and priggers, (2) in the onest woman St. Giles's, and am sorry to inform ye that Kit the kiddy-nipper, (3) said as how he new you on your father's shop-bord, and that you be but a *queer* cull. (4) Robin the rum-pad (5) also said that ure crew had disgrased emselves ---that Gwillim the frater (6) had squeaked beef on his blowen (7) that Cobbett the rumbiter(8) wur about to blow the gab (9) on Windham the highflyer, (10) and I'll tell

(1) Pickpockets.

(2) Robbers in general.

(3) A taylor out of work, who robs his former companions.

(4) A bad one.

(5) A highwayman.

(6) A *vagabond* who solicits charitable *subscriptions* on *false pretences.*

(7) Betrayed his *woman.*

(8) Clever cheat.

(9) Tell all he knows of him.

(10) The Tory.

ye what Peter, I dozent like your refusing to tip your comrades their quota, and if thee had sarved me so, damme but I'd ha' milled ure swivel glazes (11). In short, you and ure gang be grown too queer for us; it isn't every cove whose neck has been hornamented with a Norway necklace (12) that desarves our support. No, no, there's honor among thieves, but split me if there's a scrap of it among all ure crew, from ure *upright man* (13) Burdett, down to *Peter the Wild Boy*; and when ure time be cumm'd I wishes ye may all breakfast with the *topping cove*, (14) on hearty choaks and caper sauce. So no more at present from

Friday morning. W. Soames.

CONFESSIONS OF A METHODIST.

No. VI.

I may truly say that the Lord "seldom sends me one guinea till that guinea is owing, or wanted immediately some other way: and the general method of his proceedings with me is, that when his hand has been for

(11) Knocked out your squinting eyes.

(12) A Pillory.

(13) An *upright man* is according to Grose the chief of a crew, he observes that "the vilest rogue in the pack is generally chosen to this post," perhaps, however, Mr. Soames may here mean it to be understood in its usual sense; our readers must decide this point.

(14) Jack Ketch.

some time closed till my debts are greatly increased, then the devil is let loose upon me, who is suffered, aye and set on, to bring them all to my view, one after another, even from a fifty pound debt down to a shilling one*." Not in truth that it much mattered to me, for I should as soon pay the one as the other; "for no creditor ever comes and asks me for one shilling, whether professor or hypocrite; they send in their bills, and hardly ever call again; they leave them till I send or call to pay them,†" which they know I never do till the *thirtieth* of February, unless I am forced to it, and so they do not think it worth while to lose their labour, by dancing attendance on me before that time comes.—It may be supposed therefore well enough that I never have dealings with the same person twice, so that I am in the books of many men, which I account fortunate, since it is a common saying when a man hath unluckily given offence to another, to observe, "hah! you are out of his books now." I should not so much complain of the Lord's dealings with me therefore, on this score, if it did not seem by the cross being constantly laid on my shoulders, that I was made a sort of a packhorse to bear all manner of burthens light or heavy. "Under this I have at times, fretted, groaned, prayed day and night, cried, pleaded, sued, petitioned and entreated; and, at other times, fretted, murmured, complained, rebelled, kicked up, hung back, run forward, and fell down in the furrow: like a bullock unaccustomed to the yoke. Then I have cursed like a trooper, thousands of times,‡" and wished myself at the devil, "but here I am still, and do not mean to go there sooner than I can help. I know that

* Bank of Faith, Part II. p. 82.

† Ibid. p. 85.

‡ Ibid. p. 83.

" the devil constantly waits upon such monuments of God's mercy as myself, to find out, by hearing their confessions and prayers, what it is that galls them most, and when he has learnt that, like a bloodhound after a wounded deer, or a bumbailiff, after a poor debtor he pursues as long as either life or property lasts. Yet I know that this is good for me :*" for it is well to have a friend at hand, if occasion should fall out to make use of him, and I trust that I have already shewn that upon many occasions the devil has helped me over the style. One time he put it into my thoughts to go a begging, under pretence of raising money to pay the expence of building my new chapel. I imparted my design to some of my *tried* friends, and " to begging, therefore, we went, and as the work of the chapel went on, so did our gains encrease. We found begging to be a delightful employ. Besides we sowed many spiritual things while we reaped carnal ; and the brethren and sisters were as happy to see us, as we were to rob them. After a few of these trading tours we came to a conclusion of the business ; and when we sat down under the hedge, and had put the money into our hats, and had counted it up, we found it amount to the total sum of seven hundred pounds.†" Yet so well had we managed our matters, that we were never in the least suspected.

A few other kind providences have just occurred to me, which I will set down while I think of them. When I had got up in the world, and had taken my present residence, I resolved to keep up my state, and procure all the comforts about me that I could. " There was a bit of waste ground lying near my garden, which I de-

* Bank of Faith, Part II. p. 85.

† Ibid. p. 37.

termined to enclose to make it more retired,"* and more convenient for the devotions of myself and the pious sisters who visited me. When I had contrived this matter I found that I should want trees to plant it with; this I mentioned to a dear friend, who immediately "wrote a letter to a noted nurseryman, ordering the different kinds, and told him they must be of the prime sorts, as they were for a person who was a judge of trees and of fruit; and that they were to be directed "FOR THE DOCTOR," &c. &c. Accordingly they were drawn and sent; and the nurseryman wrote a letter to my fair friend, informing her that he had executed my orders; and let the doctor be as good a judge as he might, he would be bold to affirm, that his trees would bear fruit that should exceed in flavour all the pills that ever that doctor had made up. But my friend denied it, and thought that she had gathered better fruit from the doctor's ministry than the doctor would ever gather from his trees; and which I believe to be true. This friend has supplied me with seeds and plants ever since I have had a garden, though she has never received one farthing for them; nor do I ever intend it.†" How else she has been satisfied, I shall not here set down; because that is a secret between me and her! and I am none of those babblers who divulge secrets, when nothing is to be got by it.

I just recollect two lucky windfalls, which I do not care to pass over, because they serve to make good the "wise man's proverb which saith that a faithful man shall abound with blessings; the latter is true in me, but I will not claim the former: for I am by no means faithful. I speak this not in mock modesty, for God

* Bank of Faith, p. 77.

† Ibid. p. 78.

knows it is truth.*" Now how this may tally with my former declarations I care not; where I speak of being faithful, I mean faithful unto myself; and since we are all creatures of the Lord, and the work of his hands, it behoveth us to take care that no one of these creatures do lack for aught that it is in our power to bestow, and therefore I do hold myself bound to take all care of myself, that I may not be found to neglect the Lord's work. But, to go on with what I had to say: I once found in one of my fields, which had a gate opening into the highway, "a fine cow, but I know not from whom she came†," nor did I ever trouble myself to enquire. I have always thought that to be curious overmuch in these matters betrays great folly. It is no business of mine to look after other people's goods. There is an old saying, that you should not look a gift-horse in the mouth: meaning that you should take what is given you without inquiry. And as I consider whatever comes within my reach to be the gift of the Lord, I ever keep this precept most religiously, "God's gifts are not to be parted with, but in case of necessity;‡" and therefore my only care was to see that the cow did not stray again; so I shut her up in a stall for about a fortnight, till I had got her hide to a colour that I liked, for when she came to me, she had some disagreeable marks about her, that did not please my fancy. And here again my old friend the rat-catcher's receipts were of great use to me: at the end of a fortnight the cow was in appearance quite another animal; so I turned her into my meadow, and she yielded me the first week above nine pounds of most excellent butter.

* Bank of Faith, p. 79.

† Ibid. p. 79.

‡ Ibid. p. 72.

Another time returning home in the morning, from a labour of love, "I saw seven fat sheep and a fat lamb in my field. I asked my man where they came from. He said he knew not. 'Last night, said he, a man brought them here, and I told him he had brought them to the wrong place, for I had bought none, and I was sure my master had bought none, and therefore I desired him to take them back again. The man said, here I will leave them, nor will I drive them any where else."—"And the man was right:*" but my man was wrong, and so I told him: but he replied that the man was so very drunk that he knew not what he was about, and he was afraid to take them in, for fear of getting into trouble. "Then I asked, how came you to take them in at last?" "Why," replied my man, "the drunken shepherd did say, 'I will be damned if I don't leave them here,' so lest I might prove the cause of the damnation of a poor sinful soul, I refused no longer, but took them in; and the shepherd went his way. I greatly applauded the charity of my man, and his kind care for the precious soul of the ungodly shepherd; and then I examined the mark of the sheep which I found to be luckily only a W; so I directly added an H, and a cross on the shoulders, my usual marks, and then turned them among the rest of my flock, where they throve and yielded me good profit. We heard, in the course of the day, that the shepherd was bewailing his loss with loud lamentation, and seeking his sheep far and near: but my house being lonely and it being dark when he came, no one had seen him bring them there, and he had not the least memory of the place from which he had strayed, while his drunkenness was upon him five or six miles.

* Bank of Faith, p. 87.

I could not restore them for the same reason that my servant resolved to keep them; for what are seven sheep and a lamb, however fat, when weighed in the scale against the soul of the shepherd? So I kept them till I sold them to the butcher. "The blessing of the Lord maketh rich, and he addeth no sorrow with it."

I have yet to speak of "my coach, which God sent me without cost, and along with it two horses without my purchasing them.* As soon as it came home, and the report of it was gone abroad, it was truly laughable to see the sorrow, the hard labour, and sore travail, that fell upon some poor souls on the account of it. Their envy almost slew the silly ones. Some came and walked at different times to and fro at the front of the house by the hour together to find out what it all proceeded from, which is a mystery they can never get at†;" for I never saw a Bow-street officer amongst them, and I am a little too deep for any body else. I am as a wonder unto many. I could only just hint to such people that there is a profitable "gap where I erected my watch-tower, and in which ward I have sometimes been whole nights, when other folks have been in bed and asleep. Sometimes there have been twenty or more of these well wishers about the tinker's state-coach, to examine matters, and look into things; and yet care had been taken to give them all the information that malice itself could expect; for the initials of my name, W. H. together with the initials of my state, S. S." ‡ (which are not meant for a silly collar of S. S. such as carnal knights do wear, nor for *Stupid Scoundrel* as some detractors read, nor *Sinner Saved*, as the

* Bank of Faith, Part II. p. 66.

† Ibid. p. 67.

‡ Ibid. p. 68.

vaunting coal-heaver* proclaims himself, but for something which I shall not here set down, but leave the ungodly to find out if they can,) "these initials, I say, were put upon every pannel of the coach, upon the pads of the harness, and upon the very winkers of the bridles. And all this was done to satisfy those, who were the principal mourners on this occasion, that the thing was real and not counterfeit; that it was not a hackney carriage, nor a glass coach; not borrowed, nor hired, nor a job; but the despised doctor's own carriage, which the king of kings had sent him without asking for, and ordered it of his own coachmaker, without the doctor's expectation of any such thing. And here I often thought of the sweet psalmist of Israel, when he and the four hundred troops that were with him, all of whom were persons in desperate circumstances, such as were in distress, those that were discontented, and such as were in debt, these only joining him, wandered in the wilderness, and in the woods, in caves, in rocks, and in strong holds, like Robin Hood and Little John, in the forest of Sherwood."† I have, indeed, often thought that there was a great resemblance between the son of Jesse and Little John, for if the one was a good archer, the other was as good a slinger. Thinking of my own condition very naturally brought all these thieves to my mind; and I think I may without vanity class myself among them. I will own that I was always fond of keeping good company.

There is one thing which has "often astonished me, and

* We cannot but consider the Confessionist as very ungrateful in this place to the coalheaver, to whom he appears to be so much indebted for many passages of his Confessions. *Note by Satirist.*

† Bank of Faith, Part II. p. 68.

I cannot to this day account for it; but so it is. If I have gone to the snuff-shop*" for an ounce of shag or short cut, or to the ginshop for a quartern of old Tom, " or any other shop, or even at the discharging of an hackney coach, if my gold has been light, or my silver bad, and I had no other, which generally was the case, they have immediately cried out, " O! never mind the brads!" and I have often replied, " Why, you don't know me." The answer always is, " Oh! yes, it is Billy Hoaxingdon; I know you well enough. And I am sure they know Mr. Hoaxingdon better than he does himself.†" But this is so very unaccountable that I do not attempt to account for it: I only repeat so it is.

" In all these things the Lord fulfilled the desires of my heart, though I could not muster up courage to pray for them.‡" I have one more reigning desire in my heart that has been there for many years, which has never yet been fully granted, though I really believe it will in God's own time and way ‖:" the sister is kind; but the Lord hath not yet taken Mary to himself; and there are laws,— I shall say no more, only " as the apostle says, all things are for the elect's sake. I really believe it has pleased the Lord to raise me up and send me forth not only into the ministry, but as a living witness of what he has done for me to encourage the faith of others. Nor have I a single doubt, but it is the will of God that I should publish these things. Of this I have had a most glaring proof but this week; for after I had begun this narrative, and wrote about two thirds of it, I got weary of the trouble of invention, and cold to the work, and laid it aside for two or three months.

* Bank of Faith, Part II. p. 85.

† Ibid.

‡ Ibid. p. 100.

‖ Ibid. p. 102.

But at the beginning of last week, being under my often infirmity, the gout in the pocket (I call it the gout; for when I have got a little money I am for gadding here and there into the country to visit the brethren" and treat the sisters and see how they do; but when my infirmity is upon me, I am confined to my work in town) being I say at this time afflicted with this disorder," and having promised a country jaunt to one of my dear daughters in love, I cast matters over in my mind, and said, what shall I do? The answer was, sit down and finish your confessions, and the Lord will bless the sale of it, and that will answer present demands. And, although every circumstance here related was entirely gone both from my mind and memory, having gone to bed with a determination to finish my work, I no no sooner awoke in the morning, but every circumstance that I have set down in this latter part, came into my mind, set in such order, that I had nothing to do but to sit down and write them off hand: and no sooner had I begun, than I found myself so delighted in the work, that my mouth has often been filled with laughter while I have been writing them."*

* * * * * * * * *

I have now, Mr. SATIRIST, transcribed the whole of the CONFESSIONS OF A METHODIST, as far as the writer had completed them: there were some loose hints and memorandums, indeed, but these would scarcely be fit for insertion in your publication. Should I, by any accident, procure the remainder of the CONFESSIONIST'S MS. you shall hear from me again.

MISOPHENAX.

* Bank of Faith, Part II. p. 92.

CIVIC INFALLIBILITY.

"Look ye, Gentlemen," cries Peter in a rage, "to convince you what blind, positive, ignorant, wilful puppies you are, I will use but this plain argument;——and G— confound you eternally, if you offer to believe otherwise!"

Peter's Infallibility. Vide Tale of a Tub, p. 109, *et seq.*

MR. SATIRIST,

It has been a favourite system of some philosophers that although particular countries may be more virtuous or more wicked at one era than at another, yet the sum total of good or of virtue in the world at large is the same in all ages. This position, if correct with respect to the whole, must also be true *in part*; of course where there is a deficiency of any virtue or of any moral feeling in any part of the world which has hitherto been remarkable for it, the accurate observer, if he chuses to look beyond his nose, will be sure of finding the expatriated fugitive in some hole or corner, where he would least have expected to meet with him. Now, Sir, there was a certain virtue, or power, or gift, or what not, long supposed to be peculiar to the city of Rome, or the wh— of Babylon, as honest John Bunyan would have called her without any regard to the delicacy of his auditors, a gift which made it impossible she could ever do wrong, and which Bellarmine, St. Victor, and other advocates of holy mother church, have called her *infallibility*. From the late changes, however, it is evident that this *gift* has departed from the sovereign pontiff, and must therefore be either

on its passage to some other more favoured mortal, or may probably have arrived at its destination, as the *same quantity of infallibility* must necessarily have existence, though perhaps in another place than where it was usually supposed to exist.

It may peradventure be lamented by some that his Holiness had not bestowed a small portion of it, previous to his loss, upon some of his friends in this country, for although a large quantity of it might be necessary for a *pope*, yet a small portion would have been of great use to a *chancellor*, and have saved him from the chagrin of disgusting all parties, whilst striving to conciliate them,—"Between two stools, a broad bottom, &c." You know the rest, Mr. Satirist.

But to return to our subject—those, Sir, who look for *infallibility* must no longer seek for it in the *Vatican*; I am happy however to find that it has got a lodging equally comfortable. Yes, Sir, in spite of the Berlin and Milan decrees, it has found its way to this happy country, and is now safe and snug in the *Guildhall of the City of London!* You may stare, Mr. Satirist, but I am serious! who could be otherwise indeed when they read the motion lately made and carried by Mr. Waithman, that "*in future the corporation of the City of London shall not* RECONSIDER *any petition, address, or other matter, on which they have once determined.*" Now, pray Sir, what but an innate consciousness of *infallibility* could have dictated or supported such a motion? That the infallibility of the Roman pontiff is removed to our *Guildhall*, there can therefore be no longer a doubt; the only question is, "in whom doth it reside?" and on this point I fear we shall have as great a variety of opinions as ever puzzled the doctors of mother church. Some of those *big wigs* asserted that it was in the pope only, some that it was in the conclave, or in both

together, or in neither, but in the whole body of the church. In like manner may the Morning Chronicle, the Statesman, the Independent Whig, assert it to be in the Lord Mayor, in the Court of Aldermen, in the Common Council, or in the great body of the livery! For my own part, I was at first tempted to consider it as existing in Mr. Waithman alone, and I was disposed to apply to him that passage in Bellarmine de Rom. Pontif.

"Pontifex est doctor et pastor totius Ecclesiæ ergo tota ecclesia illum audire et sequi tenetur; ergo si ille erret tota ecclesia errabit"—for if you will only change "Pontifex" to "Waithmannus" and Ecclesia to "Corporatio," you will find it perfectly applicable, inasmuch as whenever the one has bungled and blundered, the other has been sure to do the like.

"Ergo si ille errat tota corporatio errabit!"

To weak minds, this liability of error, may appear as rather incongruous to infallibility; but as popes have been obliged to revoke their infallible decrees, so on a late occasion have we seen this *unerring orator* obliged to unsay some of his speeches in the Civic Conclave; that however was before the passing of this memorable decree, which rivals those of the *Medes* and *Persians* of old.

I am, Sir, yours,

Feb. 17th, 1809. Judagator.

THE LITERARY FUND.

Mr. Satirist.

I am a very plain man, and do not aspire, in thus presenting myself to your notice, to enter the lists with the

gay combatants, who wield so dexterously in your cause the weapons of wit and humour; I would only make through you a few observations on a subject which at present interests me, but on which I do not profess to be so thoroughly informed, as to decide with confidence. If I have entirely misconceived the matter, I shall be most happy to be corrected.

I have from the time of its foundation regularly subscribed to the Literary Fund; understanding that it was established for the purpose of relieving the distress of the unfortunate professors of literature; whose fate I have ever considered entitled to the tenderest consideration, and in whose misfortunes I have always sympathized, when I could only pity, and had not the power to relieve. —It was with the greatest pleasure, therefore, that I contributed my support to an institution, which not only undertook to relieve the known distresses of literary persons, but generously professing to respect the delicate sensibility of genius, engaged to seek out and remove those embarrassments, which the blameless pride, inseparable from a mind of high refinement and cultivation, would strive to conceal. I have never inquired how far these promises have been made good, but have contemplated with much pleasure the flourishing state of the fund; and relying confidently on the honour and zeal of those, to whom its application has been entrusted, I had hoped that no instance of extraordinary literary distress would escape their attention.

It was with no small degree of wonder and regret, therefore, that I saw a few days ago, in the public prints, two appeals to the charity of the public in behalf of authors in extreme necessity, one of whom is stated to have maintained himself and family respectably for twenty years by his literary labours, and the

other for a period not much less: both referring to booksellers of eminence for an account of their literary merits and personal deserts. How then is the notorious existence of these two cases of distress to be reconciled with the professions of the managers of the Literary Fund? Even if they were not engaged to seek out literary unfortunates, is it not natural to suppose that before these authors could bring themselves to the humiliating condition of preferring this mendicant appeal to the public, they would apply to an institution founded for the express purpose of relieving their distress, and preserving their feelings from mortification? To imagine the contrary, is to believe that these men have no just claim on the consideration of the public as literary characters, (which would be a supposition as uncharitable to them as unjust to the respectable men to whom they refer,) or else that they have no sense of the degradation to which they have submitted, which would almost render them unworthy to be relieved. The character of the Literary Fund appears to me to be implicated in this question. If they have been applied to in the present instances, for assistance, has it been given? If it has not been given, for what reasons has it been withheld? If assistance has been afforded, would not the state of the Fund admit an allowance sufficiently ample to prevent these appeals to public charity? If not, to what other objects has the fund been applied? These are points on which I think some explanation due to the supporters of the Institution; for it would seem, that we must come to one or other of the following conclusions: either that the present claimants on the generosity of the public are unworthy relief; or that the managers of the Literary Fund neglect their duty; or that the Fund is inadequate to the purposes for which it is professedly instituted.

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.

Feb. 21, 1810.

THE CHAMBERLAIN's SPEECH TO COLONEL WARDLE,

On presenting him at Guildhall with the Freedom of the City in a Gold Box; done into Verse by OWEN AP HOWEL, *Esq. Bard to the Pandemonium Society, &c.*

GWILLIM Lloyd Wardle—hem—Esquire,
I give you joy—and by desire,
And in the name of my Lord May'r,
Waithman, and Mister Goodbehere,
And livery in common hall
Assembled, patriots one and all,
I now present and hope 'twill fit ye,
The freedom of our humbled city.

To you, the *Court, Sir, bids me say,
That having boldly dash'd away
Thro' mud and mire, thro' thick and thin,
Not heeding ministerial din;
Nor all those yelping curs that bark;
If patriot bold with lanthorn dark,
With iron crow and pick-lock keys,
And skill to open doors with ease,
Dares, with unshaken resolution,
Burglary on the constitution,
You, O most worthy of the name,
Not fearing infamy or shame,
Came boldly to the charge at once,
And struck the nation on the sconce,
Bribing his mistress, with black slander
To splash the army's chief commander,

* Court of common council.

Pursuing still with heart malign.
At length you made the chief resign,
For bravery's self could not refuse
To fly the filth of such *Yahoos.*
For which bright conduct, Sir, they deem
You worthy of their high esteem.

And as you left no mischief undone,
The freedom now of famous London,
With thanks sincere, I here present you,
And what perhaps will more content you,
And help to raise your fallen stocks,
I give you this fine golden box;
It's value, Sir, (how well it sounds)
It's value is *an hundred pounds!*
They humbly beg, and do believe it,
You'll condescend, Sir, to receive it,
A testimonial of the sense
They have of matchless impudence,
A virtue which is held most dear,
By Waithman and by Goodbehere.

And having now, great Mister Wardle,
Aside. [And zounds! I'd rather bear a fardel,
Having severely sweated for't]
Express'd th' opinion of the court,
There's nothing left but to express
My wishes for your happiness
And health; if health or rest
Can in your bosom be a guest,
Since some men have that plaguy thing,
A *conscience*, which is apt to sting,
And may as well hope rest with fleas,
As with a conscience ill at ease.

But you a *patriot* are, I hear,
And on that score have nought to fear;
Your patriot thinks all feeling nonsense,
Nor heeds it—if he has a conscience;
Will hug a hedge-hog to his heart,
Or *Porcupine*, nor feels the smart.

Now may you live, as well as we,
Some good from your dark deeds to see,
Yet good from evil springing out
Is what I'm much inclin'd to doubt,
And may mankind in general,
Both high and low, and great and small,
Learn from your tale that every dame
Who has not chastity or shame,
Wants every thing—wants truth and honour,
And no man should depend upon her;
Would hang a common man or his chief,
In short a ——— is full of mischief.

THE COLONEL'S REPLY.

High is the sense I entertain, Sir,
Of London's kindness, and my gain, Sir,
The freedom in esteem I hold,
But more I prize the box of gold,
And none less stupid than an ox
Will say I don't *deserve a box.*

How much I'm honoured by the gift,
To express I fain would make a shift,
But I, nor any else, I fancy,
In *what degree* I'm honour'd can say.

Strong were my nerves; unting'd my face
When I so daring in the race,
Through bribery's filthy ways press'd on
And hunted down my sovereign's son;
But now I feel all trepidation,
At those high marks of approbation,
My tongue's become a faltering varlet,
My sallow cheeks grow red as scarlet.

But London (blessings be upon her!)
Has giv'n me more substantial honour,
And sent her livery-men in flocks
To fill my humble *begging-box.*
'Tis their support that bids me rise
And boldly face my enemies,
For such an aid I humbly thank her,
And when we meet at Crown and Anchor,
In Whitbread's best I'll hob or nob all 'em
Who listen'd to my *date obolum.*

You look askance as tho' you'd say
My hands are not too clean to day,
Implying that it is not decent
Thus to receive the City's present.
But he who 'gainst corruption stands,
Has work enough to dirt his hands;
Yet will I drag her from her dark hole,
Tho' I myself am black as charcoal.

Now as to what you say of woman
The truth is doubted, Sir, by no man,
And yet a man who's not a fool
May find her a convenient tool.

The fairest character to daub with
Or execute a dirty job with;
But if in using her, as some say,
He is too bold or somewhat clumsy,
May wound himself, Sir, with a side-blow
And look as ruefully as I do.

Although the prating world says *non est*,
Yet I might deem the woman honest,
For when with her at the Martello
Towers, she called me saucy fellow,
And notwithstanding all my urging
Was just as coy as vestal virgin.
Plain as the *nose that's in my face*,
You clearly have made out the case,
And *juries* should be very loath
To credit such a one *on oath;*
But, Sir, no tongue than such a woman's,
Speaks truer to a House of Commons.

But henceforth, Mr. Chamberlain,
I ne'er will trust the sex again,
Not should I meet a maid as fair
As ever breath'd the Cambrian air,
Whom scarce twelve summer's suns had glow'd on,
And chaste as ice on top of Snowden;
For such I know may be beguiled,
And of their innocence despoiled.

Far from their ways henceforth I'll trudge on,
Nor prove again a silly gudgeon,
To bite, like fool, at woman's hook,
No, not to hang a r——l d——.

And now, grave Sir, as I conjecture,
I ought to thank you for your lecture;
'Tis right at times to be suspicious,
Lest virtue's meed should crown the vicious.

Further I'd say, it gives me pleasure,
To finger, Sir, the city's treasure,
Whilst Mister Smith, Sir, is Lord May'r,
To *patriots* and the livery dear.

To you now, Mister Chamberlain,
I would my grateful thoughts explain;
Thank you for having kindly flatter'd
A man with dirt so foully spatter'd.

SKETCH OF A FARCE.

FRIEND SAT.

If I and the other gentlemen of the society of which I have the distinction to be a member, did not entertain as high an opinion of your honor as we do of your abilities I should not apply to you on the present occasion; in which the interests of the drama and of literature in general are as intimately involved, as the silk and cotton which forms a patent stay-lace. Knowing, however, your wit to be as pointed and penetrating as the best Whitechapel sharp, and your judgment to be as clear as the finest India book muslin, I should have hesitated to take such a measure as the present, if I had not been encouraged by the most flattering approbation of every

intelligent member of the *Speculum Modorum*, the distinguished society to which, as I before intimated, I have the honour to belong. There were two or three, indeed, whose opinions were counter to the general voice, but their judgment I did not value a pin; for I know that the more perfect the work the more readily will envy discover defects in it, as the slightest blemish is soon seen in a delicate piece of satin.

You will permit me, then, to inform you that I have for some years past constantly attended the Theatres as soon as the shop is shut: you may have seen me come in at half price, I generally sit in the second tier of boxes on the right hand side of the house as near to the stage as I can get. I need not say how much the new plays and farces have tended to sharpen my wit, and enlarge the sphere of my sensibilities. But I may without vanity assert, as it is a fact universally admitted by all the fashionables who deal at our house, and therefore must be known to you if you are a married man, that I never serve a lady with an ounce of pins, that I do not sport two or three neat points on the occasion, nor measure a yard of ribbon without some appropriate and sentimental compliment. I know that in consequence I have obtained the appellation of the gallant haberdasher; and my principal is so sensible of my value, that in consideration of the number of fair customers who are attracted by me to his house, he has advanced my salary, and enabled me to support the character of a gentleman with a degree of elegance adapted to my wishes. But this is rather wandering from my purpose: and yet it may be necessary to shew that I am not without claims to your attention.

Having so long attended to the composition of modern dramas, I felt an ambition to become a dramatic author

myself; and I trust that I shall be found to be as competent to the task as any of the gentlemen employed for this purpose by either of the managers. As I determined to consider my subject thoroughly before I began to write, I took the trouble to go through all the books of tales for children, that I might get a simple fable: but here I found that the present dramatic writers had been before me, and had not left a single story to build a scene upon. So after a little consideration I hit upon an expedient, which I am sure you will approve, as it is palpably an improvement upon the present dramatic system, and will simplify the business of the stage wonderfully: I resolved to have no fable at all, but leave the *denouement* to chance and the actors. Then for incident, I thought of overturning tables and screens, hiding in closets and tubs, but all these seem worn out; and for what I have done in this way I refer you to my sketch.—Character nobody thinks of now a-days you know: these must be made to fit the actors; for how are they to play naturally any part that is not exactly their own real character? Some wits have carried this to a great nicety, and I could name one or two popular pieces, in which all the performers are called by their proper christian names; which it must be allowed is a neat invention enough to prevent those unlucky mistakes which sometimes occur: for by this means an actor, playing with his wife's sister whose name is Fanny, could not mistake her for his wife, whose name is Nancy.—I have not, however, adopted this plan entirely, as it would deprive me of one source of humour; I mean that which arises from the funny names given to characters. For I hold that there may be much laughable matter in a name; and have known some writers, and those of high repute, who have made the length of a German name the

whole point of a long comic song. I will own, however, that I never heard the song excite even the ghost of a laugh. For dialogue, of course, I never could be at a loss, when there are those inexhaustible mines of wit in existence, the jest books, and the booths in Bartholomew Fair; nor, though I make my farce musical, would there be any difficulty in getting my words adapted to a set of tunes that must please because they are old acquaintances; there is no scarcity of notes, you know, in this country friend Sat. And now, without more preface, I subjoin a sketch of my farce, which I flatter myself you will believe is as well executed as it is designed, and which therefore I trust you will allow the managers, consistently with their present practice, cannot but receive with the highest satisfaction, and produce with the greatest readiness. I submit it to your experienced judgment, and request your opinion whether any alteration may be necessary, or any improvement might be suggested: premising, however, for your direction, that I could not consent to any alteration of the general design, as that might destroy its unity; nor could I admit any change or variation of incident, as that might derange some well-studied piece of stage-effect. It must be equally evident to you, that any attempt to heighten or lower the tone of any one character, would destroy the spirit and harmony of the whole, and as the dialogue and songs would consist of nothing but what has already been often received on the stage with unbounded approbation and shouts of applause, these of course could not be improved. With these previous hints for directing your opinion, I shall be most happy to receive from you, whatever suggestions may occur to your enlightened taste and delicate perception.

I remain, yours, respectfully,

B. Bobbin, Sec. S. M.

Feb. 20th, 1810.

Any answer addressed to me at the *Speculum Modorum* Bond-street, will find me.

SKETCH OF A FARCE.

TITLE.

Dolly Dip; or the Count in the Fat.

CHARACTERS.

Dip
Count Balsomino
Quiz
Dip, jun.
Gage, an Exciseman
Mrs. Dip
Dolly
Fanny
Servants, &c.

Act I. Scene 1. Interior of a tallow chandler's melting shop. Vats of tallow. Furnaces. Moulds for candles distributed about the stage. Rods with cottons arranged round the wings. In the flat, a stair-case opening to the street.—Miss Dolly, an interesting girl, fashionably dressed in flame-coloured sarsnet, discovered stringing cottons on rods. After an appropriate sentiment respecting the genius of the inventor of candles, and an ingenious allusion to vestal flames, and the wise and foolish virgins, she speaks of the cotton plant, which naturally introduces the subject of the slave-trade, and a plaintive ballad about an African lover. As soon as her song is ended she says a few words about love, and sits down to stringing cottons again, when Count Balsomino tumbles down the staircase in the flat. Dolly starts at the noise, and is much alarmed at the appearance of the stranger, whose face is covered with blood, and both his eyes are black. He tells

her that he has just been attacked in the street by a bruizer who quarrelled with him because he did not like the cut of his coat. The Count and Dolly instantly conceive a most violent affection for each other. Duett, idea, the quickness with which a flame is excited by a *single spark.* The Count protests he cannot live out of her sight, and refuses to quit her. Dolly hears her father coming and grows alarmed. The count goes half way up the staircase, but returns again in great terror, and confesses that he is pursued by the bailiffs. Dolly hears her father at the door, and persuades the Count to get into a vat of cool tallow. The Count when he is in the vat, sings a tender air, drawing a parallel between the melting of love, and the melting of tallow. Just as he concludes, enter Dip and Quiz. Dip tells his daughter that she must no longer refuse his friend Quiz, he being resolved she shall marry him, and leaving them together to arrange matters, *exit. Mem.* All Dip's discourse is interlarded with phrases borrowed from his trade. Quiz feels very awkward on being left alone with his mistress, but recovering himself a little strives to amuse her with a comic song; in which he imitates a variety of animals and ventriloquizes, plays punch, &c. &c. Gathering courage, he strives to snatch a kiss, when he is suddenly terrified from his purpose by the Count speaking in a hollow tone from the vat, and exit. The Count now is just on the point of stepping out, when enter Dip, junior, whom he instantly perceives to be the bruizer, who had maimed him in the street; and he steps back again in alarm. Dip, junior, who talks slang, sends away Dolly, and then enter to him Fanny. Love Scene and Duett, at the conclusion of which enter Mrs. Dip in a great rage with her son for making love to Fanny, who is their servant; beats him and Fanny with the dipping rods, and ordering him to go to work, exit with Fanny

Enter then to Dip, junior, three or four workmen, who begin dipping candles, singing at the same time a glee alluding to their occupation. In the mean time, one of the workmen begins lighting the fire under the vatin which the Count is concealed, when Dolly rushes in, and screams, the characters form a groupe and the scene drops.

Act II. *Same scene continued.* Dolly discovered alone raking out the fire under the Count's vat; and congratulating herself on her ingenious device of driving away the workmen by telling them the exciseman was coming. Addresses the Count, but receives no answer, becomes alarmed. Enter Dip and Gage. Gage examines the Count's vat, finds him turned into a huge candle, and threatens to exchequer Dip, for working without informing him. Workmen enter, who lift the Count out upon the stage, entirely covered with tallow, so as to resemble a large candle, with his tail sticking out at top for a wick. Gage persists in his charge, and Dip in denying any knowledge of the circumstance. Gage sets fire to the tail; when Dolly interferes and confesses the truth. Gage now threatens to prosecute all the Dips for murder, and is going to bring a constable, when the flame of the tail having melted the tallow, the Count discovers himself, embraces Dolly and finds that Dip is the person to whom he is come from Russia with a cargo of tallow, and in search of a lost sister, whom he discovers in Fanny. Mrs. Dip and Fanny, and Dip, junior, entering at this juncture, an explanation takes place, the Count's black eyes are cured by being cased in tallow, he shakes hands with Dip junior, a double marriage between the four lovers is agreed upon, and the whole concludes with a finale and chorus of tallow chandlers.

SIR FRANCO's THREE WARNINGS.

Sir FRANK, you wander from your course again,
Indeed you must not talk in virtue's strain,
Confine your tongue to Cold Bath Fields and fetters,
And leave those greater matters to your betters:
Roar, roar away for liberty,
But talk not of *corruption's tree*,
" Its vigorous branches and its spreading root ;"*
Lest merry wag in parliament,
Should dare to be impertinent,
And point *you* out—*a sample of its fruit*;
For whilst *a mill* shall clack in Britain's isle,
Your boast of *purity* shall raise her smile.

And why of England's triple warnings talk,†
Yourself each salutary lesson scorning?
Still, still, in t——n's dangerous paths you walk,
Though *you* have *twice* received a *fearful warning*.
First; 'neath the hangman's axe O'Quigly bled,
Then Despard yielded up a traitor's head;
List to *these* warnings, for the *third* may be
Useful to OTHERS *only*—DEATH TO THEE!!!

CASSANDRA.

* See his Speech at the Westminster Meeting.
† Ibid.

GROSS PARTIALITY OF NEWSPAPER REPORTERS.

MR. SATIRIST,

As I recollect having read in your 15th Number, an account of two very flagrant instances of a reporter's *venality* and *dishonourable conduct*,* you will not, I am sure, refuse to insert this very brief epistle, although my sentiments with regard to the gentlemen who are in the habit of taking the parliamentary debates differ materially from those which have been so warmly expressed by the daily and weekly journalists.—I, Sir, have had the honor of a seat in the British Senate for these last twenty years, and have been as constant in my attendance as any independent member of the House of Commons. I was in my place on the 6th of February when Mr. Windham uttered his very imprudent and perhaps too general *philippic* against the gentlemen connected with the public prints: his observations were principally levelled at the *reporters*, whom he certainly accused of *partiality* and corrupt *misrepresentations*; and notwithstanding all which has been said and written upon the subject, I think no man will in future dispute the justice of the allegations; for these gentlemen have endeavoured to revenge themselves on Mr. Windham in a manner which must not only be considered unbecoming men of education and incompatible with their *public duty*, but which also most unequivocally proves that these charges of *partiality* and *misrepresentation* were not unfounded.

Since the 6th instant Mr. Windham has taken a very prominent part in *three* debates; his reply to Mr. Horner

* Peter Finnerty. See vol. 3. p. 504.

on the motion for committing Dean the Printer, in particular, was remarkably happy and unusually entertaining; and even I who heard it anticipated great pleasure from a perusal of the report of it in the newspapers of the following day: but what was my disappointment, and I will add my indignation, when I found no other notice taken of this very excellent and witty speech (which made poor Mr. Horner ashamed of his own comparative insignificance) than "Mr. Windham supported the motion of Mr. Yorke." Every other speech of Mr. Windham, since he offended the gentlemen reporters, has been treated with similar neglect.* Now, Sir, I should like to know if parliamentary debates are published in the newspapers to oblige the *speakers* or to *gratify the public?* If with the latter intention, is it not abominable that petty malice or mean revenge should deprive us of that gratification? There are doubtless many persons connected with the press who are in every respect worthy the characters of gentlemen and men of integrity, I trust these will exert themselves to remedy such disgraceful practices, practices which cannot fail to bring their profession into general contempt and obloquy.

I am, Sir, very respectfully, yours,

A County Member.

CURIOUS BILL.

The following is, positively, a literal copy of a bill delivered by a Devonshire shoe-maker to a gentleman of considerable property, who has the original framed and glazed.

* We are happy to find that *the State Chronicle*, a *new* work exclusively devoted to parliamentary debates, will not be guilty of this gross partiality. Satirist.

Esq. D——le, *to J. Wotton, Dr.*

1796.		L.	s.	d.
Dec. 4.	Clog'd up Miss - - -	0	0	10
	Mended up Miss - - -	0	0	2
	Heel tapt, bound up Madam -	0	0	11
1797.				
Jan. 7.	Toe-tapt Measter - - -	0	0	8
Feb. 20.	Turn'd up, clog'd up, mended the maid	0	1	6
	Heel-tapt Measter - -	0	0	3
	Lin'd, bound, and put a piece upon Madam, - - -	0	4	3
March 5.	Stitching Miss Kitty - -	0	0	3
16.	Soleing the maid - - -	0	0	8
April 4.	Tapping Madam - - -	0	0	6
13.	Putting a piece on Measter -	0	0	2
		0	10	2

Received the contents,

J. Wotton.

TO CORRESPONDENTS AND READERS.

Want of room obliges us to postpone till next month, a number of very interesting articles, among which are some entertaining *Anecdotes*, and excellent *Epigrams*, which we fully intended to have inserted in our present Number. The *White-washed Duchess* is too gross and ungentlemanly an attack to be admitted in its *present shape*. We will, if the author pleases, polish it a little, as we are well acquainted with the facts to which it alludes. —The *Widow's Cruise* is excellent, and will have a distinguished place in our next, it came too late for this month.—*Argus* is informed that we never interfere with the domestic arrangements of any persons—it is only when vices tend to corrupt and disgust by being obtruded upon the public notice that we feel ourselves justified in inflicting *personal* chastisement.

We return thanks for numerous other favours, which are under consideration.

Erratum, page 159, *line* 2, *for* W——y *read* W——e.

REVIEW OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

FIAT JUSTITIA!

Northmore's Washington, continued from No. XXVIII. p.98.

SINCE we reviewed the first six books of this extraordinary production our indignation against its author has considerably abated. Although Mr. Northmore's want of sense was sufficiently evident in every page of his *poem*, it was not till we arrived at the description of Satan's shield, in the 8th BOOK, that we were convinced of his absolute *insanity*. As we sincerely commiserate his mental infirmities, we wish his pestilent nonsense had only been recorded on the walls of a mad-house; but as Messrs. Longman, Hurst, and Rees have thought proper to publish it, in the form of a book, it is our duty to expose its follies and counteract its pernicious tendency.

It is now our task to examine the *four last* BOOKS, but before we proceed we must beg leave to revert to a passage in the *first*, which is irresistibly comical, and to which our attention has been called by the admirable critique on this work which appeared in the last number of the *Quarterly Review*. The reviewer, however, has concluded his extract at the word "*provisions*," and thereby been guilty of great injustice both towards the *poet* and the *honest* Americans. The lines to which we allude are these,

" Sometimes indeed
By their great leader's foresight they *regaled*
In huts of mud and logs, but even here
No respite could they find, for none would bring
Provisions or *supply* to needy men
Who paid in FORGED *paper!!!*"

Now every body must agree, that Washington's talent of "*regaling* his soldiers *without provisions*," was little more astonishing than the *hard-heartedness* of those who *cruelly* refused to take "*forged paper*," in payment for their goods "For the *evils* of forged paper," (says Mr. Northmore in a note,) "See *Ramsey* II. 132 ; Life of *W.* IV. 242, 255, 268, 270," and, he might have added, the NEWGATE CALENDAR, passim.

Book VII. opens with a pathetic account of the *distresses* of the American army,

" Which now on every side assailed HER *round*,"

in consequence, we presume, of the above unnatural antipathy to *forged paper*. Washington, who appears to love *praying* better than fighting, makes another appeal to "the Almighty being," who sends the *goddess* Liberty to console him with the important information that

" Britain's haughty flag
That rul'd despotic o'er that element
Which Heaven gave free to man" (and *fishes* he might have added) " thus making power
And right *synonymous*, has dared provoke
Russia's great Empress*, to defend the laws
Of nature and of nations : Neutral Powers
Have *guaranteed the rights of* GOD and man !!!"

This we confess is the first time we ever heard that

* That staunch friend of freedom *Catherine !!!*

the rights of GOD were *guaranteed* by the armed neutrality of old Catherine and her allies.

The French auxiliaries arrive, and Washington assures their Commander, Fayette, that the gratitude of the Americans

> "To mighty Louis passeth utterance."*

Lord Cornwallis soliloquizes, *speechifies*, and resolves to defend York-town. Washington addresses his troops and the book concludes with the following exquisite apostrophe to the memory of Colonel Scammel.

> "Nor thee, brave Scammel! must the Muse forget,
> Death saw thee with incautious step advance
> To trace the foe's proud works, and with sure aim
> Made *thy* frail weak *mortality* his OWN!!!"

By which it should seem that *Mr. Death* is no longer one of the *immortals.*

Book VIII. Liberty again appears to Washington and foretels *peace and happiness to all the world.*

She gives him an account of the wonderful services she has done him in secret. Such as turning aside bullets which would otherwise have destroyed him, &c. &c. and then shews him all the infernal host, and their leader, Satan, who appears "in thick *darkness* wrapt,"

> "Armed with his horrent shield,
> Whose broad circumference of horrors *glar'd*
> Like a nocturnal *meteor.*"

Hence it appears that nothing is impossible to the Devil, who is enveloped in *darkness* in the midst of *light.*

We now arrive at the description of Satan's indescriba-

* How admirably this gratitude was displayed in their subsequent conduct towards this same mighty *Louis* and his *murderers!*

ble shield, on the surface of which were depicted *sounds, motions, imprecations, thoughts*, devils, monsters, heathen gods, and sacred history. Eve and Themis, Adam and Jupiter, Mercury and Moloch, &c. &c. &c. all mixed together in intolerable *light* and impenetrable *darkness*.

Our readers will please to observe, that all the *images*, including those printed in *italics*, were PAINTED, ENGRAVED, or EMBOSSED upon this most wonderful buckler.

* "On its huge boss, a vast and solid rock,
Sat dreaded Demogorgon and around
Pursuit and Flight, and Fear, and Uproar wild,
And dire Confusion, *mix'd with fiends from Hell*,
Whose names the Muse disdains to bring to light,
Here too was laughing Sin, and stalking Death,
And Famine, grinding her insatiate teeth,
With meagre poverty, and brutish force,
Here Tumult BLAZ'D, and Slaughter, and *black Fate*
Prowling for blood of victims *newly slain*;
Here Discord, trampling on the human *mind*,
Urged men to war, while pallid DARKNESS, crown'd
With dust, and tears, and blood, inwrapt the whole.
And in the next vast circle rose to view,
The infernal host warring against the High'st,
Here flaming darts in countless multitudes
Vaulted all heaven with fier, and underneath
The bristling myriads, met in conflict dread.
Here shield with shield, helmet with helmet *clash'd*,
Here angel shock'd with angel, spear with spear,
And all was *clamour, discord, rage, and din*.
Not far from these *was seen* the host of hell
Training their devilish engines: here their chief
Scoffing with Belial *watched* the dire effect;

* This extract is rather long, but we could not discover one line of sense, or we would have omitted it.

When in an instant all the ethereal sky
Madden'd with fury, and the chained bolts
Mow'd down whole legions of the angelic host,
Foul rout ensued, and all heaven's *pavement flow'd*
With nectareous ichor, such as bleeds from gods.
And *next* appeared huge rocks, and woods, and hills
Encountering in mid sky; here Uproar rag'd
And dire Confusion, there the horrid Moloch,
Like a mad Thyad with *the god enwrapt*,
Rolling his slaughter-flashing eye-balls round,
Rav'd out his impious blasphemies, and *swore*
That heaven should go to wrack. And next to these
In separate divisions, blaz'd to view,
The ancient Cronus, imprecating curses
Against his rebel son, the thundering Jove,
Who hurl'd his parent with his Titans down
From highest heaven into the pitchy depth
Of Tartarus; where iron hinges grate
O'er brazen thresholds; there is *outer dark*,
And storm and tempest, and the realm of night,
Where Sleep and Death have fixed their drear abode,
As far 'neath hell, as hell's beneath the sky.
Here the gigantic sons of heaven and Earth,
Struggled for air, and sun, in *dreadful gloom;*
While sage *Prometheus*, with his mother Themis,
Stood counselling the great Saturnian Jove;
But soon repents his council; ingrate Jove,
Like human tyrants, now disdains his friend,
Kicks down the ladder whence he mounts aloft,
And laws and justice tramples 'neath his feet:
See now the benefactor of mankind,
Who taught them first to use their eyes, and ears,
Doom'd in his turn the tyrant's wrath to feel;
See where though chained to rugged Scythia's rocks,
He braves the thunderer's ire, and scornful *tells*

The cringing *Mercury*, that he dares his bolts;
"*He cannot kill me*," spoke the enlighten'd sage,
"*Prometheus is immortal.*" Scarce he *said*,
When trembling Earth, struck by the forked light,
Opened her yawning jaws, and *deep involved*,
The dauntless hero midst the sinking wreck.
Next unto *these* a *giant* brood was seen,
Threatening the heavens, and piling with vast toil,
The Alps on Appenines, and *up* both *up*-rolling
The raging Etna, and its sister fire,
With all their rocks, and woods and waves, and flames;
And in the next division *blaz'd* to sight
Or chieftain's eye, tho' purg'd of earthly dross,
Horrours which scarce the *Muse herself* could count,
Could plain distinguish, such, so great the blaze.
Here perjured gods were seen in dreary trance
Punish'd for breach of oath on sacred STYX:
Here too were kings, sunk in the lap of ease,
Sleeping profoundly, while their ministers
Removed far from danger and from toil,
Halloo the dogs of war, *and roar aloud,*
"*Havock, ye sons of earth, havock and blood,*"
Fools! not to know that havock, echo-like,
Returns upon its authors. There were kings,
Distrusting those, who most deserved trust,
Their genuine friends, their people's firmest hope,
And placing all their confidence in men,
Whom gaunt ambition, and the love of power,
Have taught so to contemn the people's love,
That surest prop of power, that they at last,
Unable to retrieve their countless faults,
Or save their country from impending fate,
Hail ruin as their good. *And near to these*
Were racks, and wheels, and superstitious fires,
Of heathen-imitating monks, and priests,
With human victims slain to *human* GODS.

Next Satan's own fell deeds in happy *Eden**.
Here lay the fiend close to the ear of Eve,
Whispering soft disobedience to the will
Of Adam, and her God: she with bold hand
Plucks the forbidden fruit, and eats thereof
With wanton eagerness, then gives the man,
Who thro' despair doth take; what could he else?
For what is man unblest by female charm?
A solitary nothing. *Now they joy*
In luscious wantonness, and guilt, and sin,
While Satan laughs askance. So story says,
Sung by th' immortal Milton, *Britain's eye.*
And next to these appear'd a dreadful sight,
A city plunder'd by the barbarous foe.
Here were the awful *temples of the gods,*
One horrid blaze of light: *the gods themselves,*
Deserting their abode, *thro' guilt of man.*
Here from the lofty roofs, and battlements,
Were frantic mothers with their infant hopes,
Plunging to death, to escape from servitude,
And what is worse than death. Here aged sires,
Whose hoary locks had mov'd the hearts of brutes,
E'en at the altar's vain security,
Transpierc'd by hostile steel, their headless trunks,
Thrown on their bleeding sons, while their own dogs,
Impious, were glutting in their master's blood.
Here *prayers*, and *oaths*, and *dreadful clash of arms,*
And hollow sound of hoofs, thick clogged with gore:
Here rape, and rapine, pillage, all *combin'd*
With horrid darkness, and the *gleams* of steel;
While lucid spectres glanc'd throughout the air,
And clamours, shrieks, and cries INVOLV'D *the whole.*
And in the last compartment blaz'd afar
Nature's vast, awful, universal wreck.
Here all the fissured earth and dreadful crash,
Disgorg'd from yawning craters sulphurous fire;

* Query. Mr. Northmore's ? *bride* he having recently married Miss *Eden.*

Here floating granites in the liquid mass
Roll'd horribly; there madden'd ocean heaves
His billowy vapours, and for mastery
Strives with his *sister* elemental fire,
Blotting the orb of day; while thro' the air
Heaven's wrathful trumpet up to judgment calls
The souls of men; here variegated Vice,
And Evil now confess'd their darkest deeds,
Quaking with horror; here pale Despotism,
With all its cringing minions trembling stood;
Waiting the awful sentence---"*Go, ye curs'd*
To everlasting fire; that instant hell
Opes its wide jaws, and all the infernal host
Greet the throng'd advocates of crime and sin.
SUCH WAS THE GORGON SHIELD OF HELL'S ARCH-FIEND!!!
And round the outer orb, thick *sulphurous flames*,
In curling billows roll'd, a sea of *fire*.
Satan amidst these (*blazing*) terrors deep *ingloom'd*,
Sat *like the shades of night*."

Pages 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201

Was ever such unintelligible jargon, such inveterate maniac nonsense as this before published? And yet the author of it is actually permitted to remain at large, and walks about the streets unattended by a keeper!!! Scarce was Washington, who of course was somewhat confounded such an *exhibition*, restored

"By his angelic guide to *reason's light*,
When grisly Terror *in the ribs of death*,
With teeth of *naked* steel *on his pale horse*,
Sat *grinning Slaughter*, in *his train* were seen,
Vultures and howling dogs, and ravening wolves." p. 201.

All of course included within *the ribs of death*. Washington beseeches the goddess Liberty to remove him from

from this "scene of woe;" but she tells him all will end well, and he exclaims,

> "I make no longer pause, but will obey
> The will of fate, and *crown the work divine.*"

Thus ends Book VIII.

Book IX. contains an account of the speeches of Washington, Lord Cornwallis, and Abercrombie, and a gross misrepresentation of the battle of York-Town. Here we are informed of another extraordinary human faculty almost as wonderful as Washington's talent of *feeding troops without provisions*, namely, that of *seeing* with *ears*,

> "At first his ear *perceives*,
> With *little observation*, &c." P. 208.

These supernatural endowments are however satisfactorily accounted for in Book X. in which we learn that Washington, whom we supposed to be a mere mortal, was in fact *Omnipotent*, nay that even the ALMIGHTY HIMSELF possessed *less* controul over earthly events than this American rebel!

> "And now the earth had gone
> *Against the will of Heaven* to eternal wrack
> *Had not Columbia's chieftain seen the storm!*" P. 224.

No wonder then that he should completely overthrow the hosts of the *Devil* and the king of England, which he is stated to have done most completely. Satan, however, proves a game warrior, for when all the common devils are dispersed, he whips into the body of a dead British officer, and resolves to fight in human shape. Michael, the

staunch friend of the Americans, soon discovers him, an

"*Smiles* within *his breast.*" (a new way of *smiling* by the bye) p. 233.

In short, Gabriel, Washington, and the Americans completely triumph over the English, and their faithful ally, *the Devil*, who at length

"Sped his flight
With murkly pinions thro' the seas of air,"

leaving his *car* and his high-flying coursers which brought him "at one bound" from Hell, a prize to the Americans. Gabriel flies after him UP to Hell, the gates of which he orders to be sealed, that his *Devilship* may never again visit earth; and Mr. Northmore gravely assures us that

"*Henceforth* the reign of *peace* throughout the world
Shines undisturbed, save by some senseless *few*!"

Convinced that nobody but a madman would write such execrable nonsense, blasphemy, and sedition as is contained in this little volume we shall abstain from inflicting on Mr. Northmore that exemplary punishment which we intended. The derangement and degradation of his intellects must be seriously deplored by his friends, and we wish not further to violate their feelings, but we conjure them, as they value his future welfare, to keep him from all communication with pens, ink, and paper, which may be effectually done by fitting him with a garment, commonly called a *straight waistcoat.*

An Appeal to his Majesty on the State of the Nation, &c. &c. By Thomas Hague, 1810.

ALTHOUGH a poor half-witted wretch, for some cause of which we are ignorant, may furnish this aban-

doned scribbler and his wife with board and beds without receiving any *pecuniary* satisfaction, he will of course expect that the objects of his charity and affection should be decently attired; indeed they must feel that neglect of dress and cleanliness would excite disgust, and as it is not probable that they would procure lodgings elsewhere, on *similar terms*, they are doubtless extremely anxious to obtain the means of pleasing the eye and gratifying the wishes of their protector. We therefore charitably suppose that this miserable libel has been published with the intention of raising a few shillings, to purchase soap, rouge, cosmetics, perfumes and raiment; we however solemnly protest, that in our opinion a *burglary* or a *highway robbery* would have been a more effective and *equally honorable* means of obtaining the required supply; but this author has only courage to commit petty larceny depredations on the public, and of all petty larceny offences that of endeavouring to procure money by falsely and maliciously scandalizing the private characters of illustrious individuals is certainly the most detestable. The public however are in little danger of being duped by this notorious offender whose character is now universally known---his present pamphlet is merely a hash of his former libellous falsehoods, which are too stale to gratify even the most depraved appetites; a few common-place moral sentiments are added by way of *garnish*, but these are only calculated to excite disgust, when they proceed from a wretch who notoriously exists by the *prostitution of his——pen!*

Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Victor Alfieri. Written by himself. Translated from the Italian, 2 vols. 8vo. Colburn, London. 1810.

Though it does not fall immediately within our province as Satirists, we cannot well pass unnoticed a work

in which such a man as Alfieri undertakes to pourtray his own character, and to detail the progress of his literary labours. Not that we, for our own parts, entertain a very high opinion of the genius of this literary enthusiast, estimating him only according to the rank he is entitled to hold in the republic of letters, but if we confine our view to the present state of Italian literature, we can find no name to rival that of Alfieri. The boldness with which this nobleman, brought up in all the listlessness of Italian effeminacy, and immersed till his seven and twentieth year in an unvarying round of indolence and dissipation, bursting the fetters of luxury, rushed on his literary career: the persevering labour with which he endeavoured to supply the defects of a neglected education, and the enterprizing spirit with which he quitted the dull and hacknied paths in which the writers of Italy had so long plodded, and opened for himself a new road to fame, these circumstances alone are sufficient to entitle him to consideration, and to mark him for no common character. We intend not, however, in this place, to enter into any critical examination of his works, which are very voluminous and are well known: we shall merely endeavour to present, in as small a compass as we can, a slight view of his character, as drawn by himself in these memoirs.

Alfieri sets out with frankly acknowledging, that among all the various motives which induced him to become his own biographer, the most powerful was self-love: and he adds, "in order to render this biographical sketch more accurate, and as impartial as any which could be written after my death, I, who was never known to forfeit my promise, here covenant with myself and my readers, to free myself, as much as it is in the

power of man to do, from the mist of passion and prejudice, in the delineation of my own character. I have entered into this engagement because on the most rigorous scrutiny of my own character, I have found, or believe I have found, the good preponderate over the evil." This sounds rather extraordinary, but when the writer is a little better known, it will be found that he does not hesitate to tell the truth: even when it is little to his credit: whether the reader will come to the same conclusion that he does, we do not undertake to say.

It was the author's intention to have divided his work into five epochs, corresponding with the five ages of man, infancy, adolescence, youth, manhood, and old age. The last, however, he did not live to finish. It appears that, at a very early period, he gave indications of that ardent character for which he was through life so remarkable.—Before he attained the age of seven he fell so deeply in love with some Carmelite novices, that he grew melancholy, and eat hemlock to poison himself! This is a little too Italian for English comprehension. The fear of shame seems to have had at all times a most powerful influence over him; and he relates with much simplicity some amusing instances of this kind, during the two first periods of his life. But whether it were owing to the general laxity of continental morals, or is to be charged solely to Alfieri's individual account, his amatory feelings, as he calls them, appear never to have been restrained by any considerations of honour or principle. He speaks of his adulteries with a coolness and indifference that is shockingly revolting to an English reader. In his code of morality, indeed, adultery does not appear even to be classed among venial *errors*: for whenever he mentions any circumstance respecting him-

self which he conceives liable to blame, he is never sparing of self-condemnation ; yet though he never seems to be attracted by any woman that is not married, and relates his amours with many that are, not one word escapes him that intimates the least consciousness on his part of the criminality of his conduct. He thus speaks of what he calls his first attachment, at a time when he is not quite seventeen.

" Having gone to spend a month in the country with two brothers, who were my particular friends and associates in my riding excursions, I for the first time felt, in the most unequivocal manner, the influence of the tender passion. I became smitten with their sister-in-law, the *wife* of their elder brother, a young, vivacious, and enchanting brunette. In consequence of this attachment I fell into a profound melancholy, became restless whether in her presence, or when absent from her, and so embarrassed as to prevent me uttering a single syllable, if I casually met her at a little distance from her brothers-in-law, who never quitted her. After our return from the country I spent whole days in the public walks, and in going from one street to another that I might have the pleasure of beholding her. In fine, I became a victim to all the feelings which Petrarch has so inimitably depicted in some of his pieces : feelings which few can comprehend, and which fewer still ever experience. This first attachment, which never produced any serious consequences, is not even now wholly extinguished in my mind. During unceasing travels for a succession of years, it has uniformly continued, without any act of volition or perception on my part, to haunt my imagination and to pursue my steps. It seemed like a voice crying from the inmost recesses of my heart —if thou provest thyself worthy, thou mayst render thyself acceptable in the sight of this female : and should circumstances change, thou mayst yet embody what has hitherto been only a shadow." Vol. I. p. 107.

The count who at a very early period seems to have entertained a most sovereign contempt for Piedmont, his native country, takes the first opportunity of leaving it, and passes several years in continued travel. He intrigues both in Holland and England, with married women of high rank, and speaks of his amour in England as being a matter of notoriety, and as having produced the divorce of the wife, who had also intrigued with her husband's groom. We are not so deeply read in the annals of crim. con. as to know the case to which the noble writer alludes, but he confesses, that he was much mortified to find himself the rival of the groom, though it should seem that he himself sought to rival the groom in his proper province. A principal motive for his visiting England, was to purchase horses, for at this time, his affections appear to have been nearly equally divided between them and married women; and his qualifications would have entitled him to rank as one of the chief ornaments of the Whip Club of our time.

"I determined," says he, "no longer to play the lord in the drawing-room, but the coachman at the gate. I acquitted myself in my new character of coachman with so much skill and address, that even in the collision of coach-poles, so common at Ranelagh and other places of public amusement, I generally came off with honour, and without my horses suffering the least injury."

Alfieri dates the commencement of his fourth epoch, manhood, from the period when he enlisted himself in the service of the muses, and seriously sat down with a resolution to become a man of letters. It would be tedious, and indeed impracticable in this place to follow him through all his details of the various studies in language and grammar, which he with unwearied industry pursued to fit him for the composition of his tragedies: neither would it an-

swer any good purpose, as we do not propose to notice the works themselves, to make mention of the order in which they were produced. For this we must refer the reader to the Memoirs, which at the same time that they will amuse by many entertaining anecdotes, will shew how much is to be effected by resolute perseverance.

Naturally of a most untractable spirit and hating, as he expresses himself, almost to madness, every species of restraint, which he denominates tyranny, that he might be able to pursue his literary career at perfect liberty he transferred all his property in Piedmont to his sister, reserving only to himself a small annuity; thus making himself at once a citizen of the world. When he was near fifty he began to study Greek, and, proud of having at length surmounted the difficulties which opposed his acquiring a knowledge of that language, he instituted an order of Homer, of which he enrolled himself a member. With an account of this order he terminates his Memoirs; and not long after its institution he died in his fifty-fifth year.

Alfieri had imbibed the spirit of the antient republics, and endeavoured by his example and by his writings to rouse his countrymen to a sense of their degraded situation. But though ardently desirous of beholding the revival of Italian liberty, he disdained all commerce with those abandoned men, who had prostituted the name of liberty to gratify their criminal ambition, and rendered it odious. He was the most determined enemy of the French revolutionaries, of whom he never speaks but in terms of the most indignant contempt and abhorrence. However we may admire him in this respect, and however we may praise his indefatigable ardour in the pursuit of literary fame, we cannot, upon the whole, love such a character as Alfieri. His temper

was capricious and untractable, and he affected too much the manners of a stoic to be amiable; while his vices, which seem to form part of his philosophy, demand our severest reprobation. His only excuse is, that, according to his own account, he appears to have been half a madman.

As to the translation, though it generally conveys pretty correctly the sense of the original, it is but very feebly executed. It reads like a translation, and is scarcely English. Those, however, who are interested in the Memoirs of Alfieri, as an Italian writing, will of course peruse them in the original; those who seek merely for amusement, may be contented with the translation.

THEATRES.

Cum tabulis animum censoris sumet honesti. Hor.

KING'S THEATRE.

The performances at the Circus, Astley's and Sadler's Wells have always been considered by us as below the dignity of criticism; for the same reason we have neglected to notice the insulting nonsense which has been produced, this season, by the managers of the OPERA HOUSE. It is however necessary that the public should be acquainted with the dirty intrigues and *mean evasions* of the gentleman who, *out of sight*, regulates the *mismanagement* of this Theatre. Mr. Taylor, like Mr. Sheridan, possesses considerable influence over the press, and this is the principal engine with which he at once cajoles the

public and revenges himself on those performers who do not chuse to submit to his impositions. It ought to be generally known that most of the paragraphs which appeared in the newspapers against Madame Catalani were either written by him or inserted at his instigation. When the public, disgusted with the screech-owl like shrieks of *Calderini* and the nondescript yells of Bianchi called aloud for the re-engagement of their favourite, their dissatisfaction was attributed by the daily prints to a wish for *novelty*, with which they, the *opera house scribblers*, declared would soon be gratified by the *splendid* new Opera of *Romeo et Giulietta* that was about to be produced; but not one syllable was said about the general call for *Catalani;* the public however wisely persisted, and Mr. Taylor has been obliged to engage this lady, a circumstance at which every admirer of superior talents must rejoice.

On Saturday, the 17th instant, a serious disturbance took place in the pit of this Theatre, in consequence of a French gentleman having been refused admittance although he both offered the Duke of Queensberry's ticket and *money*. Mr. Reid the deputy manager was called for, who came forward and stated that the gentleman was refused admittance at the instance of Mr. Taylor, for whom, he very properly observed, he did not feel himself authorized to make any apology: it was then demanded that Mr. Taylor should himself explain the business on the following Tuesday: on which evening a bill, written by Mr. Taylor, was distributed, which instead of being an apology, was in our opinion an *insult*. After stating Mr. T.'s claims upon public patronage, which by the bye *we* do not admit to be great, it went on to say that the managers had found it necessary to prevent *French valets*, &c. from intruding themselves into the pitt. Now what had this to do with the refusal to admit the French *gentleman* be-

fore mentioned?—He was well known to the door-keepers as a man of distinguished professional celebrity, he presented a *subscriber's ticket*, when that was refused he offered to *pay* for his admittance, and what right had the managers or the door-keepers to refuse him?—unless it was stipulated with the Duke of Queensberry when he purchased the ticket, that it should not be transferrable to foreigners, this refusal was absolutely robbing his Grace of part of those privileges for which he had most liberally paid: and he might, if he were so inclined, maintain an action against the managers for their unjustifiable conduct. Mr. T. towards the conclusion of his hand bill holds out a *threat*, that if the subscribers did not protect him in his endeavours to exclude *improper* persons from the pit they must take the consequences; intimating, at the same time, that they were particularly obliged to him for having prevented the admission of a certain *description of females*. This is really too much to be patiently borne, for it is notorious that ladies of this description are not only admitted every night into *the pit*, but that several of them have been allowed to exhibit themselves in *the boxes*: this *latter* insult to the subscribers it is certainly in Mr. Taylor's power to obviate, although we doubt if he can legally prevent the former, so long as the intruding *frail ones* demean themselves decently and peaceably. It is greatly to be lamented that the management of this theatre should be in the hands of a person who is obliged to be *invisible*: an audience may call for him, if they please, but Mr. Taylor is always returned "*non est inventus.*"

As we are now upon the subject of the *Opera House*, we shall condescend slightly to notice the insulting burlesque of our immortal bard which was produced on Tuesday the 20th February under the title of *Romeo et Giulietta*. If our readers are inclined to laugh at absurdity we advise them by

all means to attend the representation of this "*grand serious opera.*" Madame Collini plays Paris in a sort of *hermaphrodite dress*, and when she is run through the body, saves herself from tumbling on the ground, by tumbling *out of the door.*

The *lovely* Calderini is discovered not *in* the tomb, but *on* the tomb, of the Capulets, and it appears that her friends were in such a hurry to dispose of her *supposed* dead body that they forgot to undress her, for, instead of being enveloped in a shroud, she illumines the dismal vault with the blaze of her best *ball dress and jewels!!!* *Romeo* approaches the tomb, which being at least eight feet high, he finds considerable difficulty in kissing his beloved Juliet's hand, but having at length succeeded, he chaunts a stave or two, and kills himself; then Juliet wakes and, after divers awkward exertions, descends ready dressed from her marble bed, discovers the fatal catastrophe, howls a melancholy dirge, turns suddenly round, walks in a sort of quick march step towards the tomb, sticks herself either with a dagger or a penknife, very coolly lies down, grunts, and dies!!!

The unproductiveness of the dramatic field, of which we complained last month, it should seem was rather owing to its lying fallow for a season, than to absolute sterility. It has since produced a most plentiful crop; whether of weeds or flowers it is our business to enquire.

The LYCEUM, not indeed on account of its merits, but as it took the lead in the race of novelty, is entitled to our first consideration. We scarce know whether we are correct in denominating the play produced here, a novelty; though Sir James Burges only acknowledges himself indebted to Massinger's comedy of the City Madam, for the foundation of his play, entitled RICHES. To us it appears to be a kind of partial restoration, effected, if we may so express ourselves, by a species of dramatic

galvanism. Many of the features of Massinger's play are distorted, and many of the limbs put out of their natural order: what degree of improvement this may have communicated to its general appearance, or how far it may have adapted it to modern taste, we will not undertake to enquire. To do this would lead us into a disquisition on the genius and style of Massinger too diffuse for this place; and we are the more ready to decline the task, since we can refer our readers for much better information on the subject than we are capable of giving, to Mr. Gifford's valuable edition of this author. Sir James has published his play, and the public can therefore judge between him and Massinger. That he has published it, we are glad; because it is only from a perusal of the piece, and not from the manner in which it is performed, that its merits can be fairly appreciated.

Mrs. Edwin, indeed, is some counterpoise to the wretched acting of the other performers; and but for her vivacity we have little doubt but the play had sunk on the very first night of its representation. We have before seen Mrs. Edwin attempt to personate women of fashion, and her affectation has disgusted us; we have seen her attempt the country hoyden, and have seen nothing but coarse vulgarity in the place of rustic simplicity; but here she had to represent a termagant, vulgar citizen's wife affecting fashionable manners, and the very qualities which rendered her unfit for the representation of the other characters to which we have alluded, peculiarly adapted her for the representation of this. Mrs. Edwin scolds with great spirit; and she gave great animation and effect to the character. Nothing, in fact, but her vivacity could have kept the sluggish current of the scene in motion. Some persons have faith in the good or ill-fortune of names: perhaps this may have had some influence in

the choice of the name of this play. It is a thrifty maxim that *riches* beget *riches*; we are afraid the managers of the LYCEUM have had no reason to believe in the truth of the adage.

But let us turn from this make-shift theatre, to the magnificence of Covent Garden. Here, if splendour of decoration, if picturesque and grand and appropriate scenery were all that the judgment required in dramatic representation, here we might be satisfied with the spectacle of THE FREE KNIGHTS. But it has been imagined by some, that a plot composed of natural incidents, characters that have, as their name implies, some individual character, and dialogue in which there is some mixture either of pathos, nature, humour, wit, or common sense, are necessary to the formation of a play. They who will take the trouble to analyze this production of Mr. Reynolds, and discover any one of these constituent parts, we will confess to be greater proficients than ourselves in the art of critical chemistry.

If we may judge from the machine itself, it should seem that Mr. Reynolds had been employed to contrive something, that should set all hands to work at once. So we have tragic actors, and farce-actors, and singers and dancers, and pantomimists, all jumbled together in the strangest confusion: a most unaccountable medley of electors Palatine, Barons, free Knights, Crusaders and upright piano-fortes; twadling old butlers, marriages by special licence in ladies chambers, horns, monks, abbots, falconers, chains, and banners, a banner with a dagger, and an author with an eye in a cloud, which might almost furnish LISTON with a hint for his favourite exclamation, 'it's all my eye.' The period, at which the action of the piece is supposed to take place, is that of the crusades; but Mr. Reynolds has two plots, one serious and the other meant for

comic; which he has kept as distinct and unconnected as possible; with the view no doubt that if his comedy made people sleep, he might without inconvenience turn his serious part into melodrame, or if his serious scenes excited merriment, he might as easily turn his comic plot into a farce. In this expectation, however, he has unfortunately failed: the public has yawned as much at his wit, as it has smiled at his stilted sublimity. Suppose we give a sketch of this spectacle.

Act I. scene 1. A spacious cavern, remains of a sulphur-mine, brazen door, &c. Mr. Atkins, a free knight, discovered. Knocking and trumpets, enter Mr. Claremont, a prisoner, blindfolded; he curtsies about the stage; tells the terrors of the Secret Tribunal very kindly to the free knights, who of course knew nothing of the matter before, is led out, and there, thanks to Mr. Reynolds, is an end of him. Music, rattling of chains, enter Mr. Egerton, prince Palatine, and Mr. King, his friend, a free knight. Prince talks aside of his secret guilt, trumpets again, out dashes Mr. Charles Kemble, Ravensburg, in a kind of a fright, swears he will have no concern with the Free Knights, for they had marked his breast with blood so he is sure they are bloody fellows: when lo, from the four corners of the stage, out pop four knights in complete mail with helmets closed and a dagger each, with which they would uncivilly stick Mr. C. Kemble, only he had just altered his mind, and consented to be one of them: and so there is the procession of the knights, with the dagger, banner, eye-banner, &c. and the scene closes.

Scene II. Mrs. Davenport, Countess Roland, very angry with her niece Ulrice, Mrs. Dickons, because she has no inclination to Mr. C. Kemble, who is a lord, but would rather marry her cousin Christopher, a peasant; Mrs. Davenport having been housekeeper to a German

baron, who had married her. Enter Mr. Blanchard, the father of Mr. C. Kemble, in great glee because the prince is coming to witness his son's nuptials with Ulrice. Enter Prince and procession. Mrs. Dickons sings a bravura. Enter Mrs. H. Johnston, Agnes; does not say a word. Mr. Egerton, the Prince, makes a grand start, cries "ha! that form! these eyes!—(exit Agnes,) the dread vision past, we are ourselves again!"—Music.—Exeunt all but Mr. Blanchard and Mr. Simmonds—let the audience know that Mr. C. Kemble is much fonder of Mrs. H. Johnstone than he is of Mrs. Dickons, then off goes Mr. Blanchard, and enter Mr. Fawcett, (Christopher) runs against little Simmonds, calls him "a little twadling old butler," declares himself the nephew of Mrs. Davenport, sings a song and exit.

Scene 3. Love scene between Mr. C. Kemble, and Mrs. H. Johnstone, who brings a letter from Ulrice, desiring him to marry Agnes.—Thus letting the audience know, which they certainly never could otherwise have guessed, that a Franconian peasant in the time of the crusades could write a letter, when lords could not tell their ABC. Enter to them Mr. Egerton, and Mr. Blanchard with attendants. As soon as they are seated enter the Misses Adams, who hop and skip most awkwardly for about a minute, when, [we now copy Mr. Reynolds's own directions for the business of the scene] "in the midst of the dance a loud knocking is heard, accompanied by trumpets without. All shew alarm except the prince, who expresses secret satisfaction. Music changes. Folding doors are thrown open, and discover a black banner, on which is written in golden letters, "Agnes Lindorf, appear before the Free Knights!" Agnes stands motionless with terror, then runs wildly about, appealing to the different characters. The prince menaces. All point to the

banner, turn away and exeunt, except Ravensburg, who is following when Agnes clings to him and detains him. Re-enter Prince, parts them. Agnes eagerly regards Ravensburg, who shews extreme agitation. Trumpets, Agnes takes Ravensburg's hand. Embraces him—Music. Ravensburg would detain Agnes. The prince prevents him. A Free Knight appears on the Terrace. Agnes, all animation; points to the Free Knight—also blesses Ravensburg; is partly persuaded, and partly forced off by the prince Palatine." And so ends the first act. We find that it would carry us beyond our limits to go through the remaining two in the same way. It is enough to add that Agnes flies from the cells of the secret tribunal, for sanctuary to the abbey of Corbey, where she is found by the abbot to be rightful heiress to the crown which the prince has usurped, and so she is married to Ravensburg. Ulrica is united to Christopher, and the wicked prince is unwillingly suffered to live.

Nothing but the admirable acting of YOUNG could have given importance to the vapid bombast of Mr. Reynolds: his personation of the abbot was alike dignified and impassioned. Nor is the author less indebted to the talents which Mrs. H. Johnston displayed as the representative of the persecuted Agnes; her manner was tender, natural, and interesting in a very eminent degree. The part which Mr. C. Kemble sustained is infinitely beneath his genius. As for the comic parts, we know no term we could apply to them, which would express sufficiently their utter want of all merit. To what state must the invention of that writer be reduced, who is obliged to have recourse to the poor expedient of calling two characters by the names of Roland and Oliver, that he may have an opportunity of sporting the very witty retort of there's a Roland for your Oliver. What must we

think of his wit who considers it so good a joke to call a man a twadling old Butler, that he repeats it half a dozen times! When we heard the duett between Mrs. Dickons and Fawcet, in which the one is supposed to teach a girl to sing, and the other to teach a boy to read, and when we heard such childish trash, as

> Now, Boy, your B, A, Ba,
> Now, Girl, your sol fa.

We really could not help thinking that the writer had better confine his studies to the horn book, and never again presume to disgrace a British stage by his own contemptible puerilities. But the fate of the free Knights, which is already decided, will warn the managers, we should trust against Mr. Reynolds's future abortions.

We cannot but notice with indignation the insult which the managers continue to offer to the judgment of the town, in sending on Miss Bristow, the Columbine, to libel the genius of Shakespear, by her personation of the character of Cordelia. If they persist to do this, we must beg them for the sake of consistency, to cast the house pantaloon in the part of Lear, Bologna in the Bastard, and assign the character of Edgar to Grimaldi.

As the impartial Satirist spares not the castigating rod, neither will he withhold that due praise which ought always to be the meed of merit, it is with pleasure, therefore, that we stop the press to notice the production of a new farce on Monday night last. If every dramatic writer who tries to "*hit or miss*," were to be as ably seconded by the performers, as the author of this piece, he might indeed be almost certain of success, but it is not always that *Mathews* has, as last night, an opportunity of getting the *whip-hand* of the public favour. To detail the plot of

a farce, would be as futile as dissecting a butterfly; it may naturally be expected that we should have an old man with a handsome daughter, a maiden aunt whose ideas are more juvenile than her years, a lover, a rival, and an Irishman; but the novelties of the evening were a lover who, deprived of his paternal fortune, turns news-editor, and a city attorney who leaves off quill-driving for coach-driving, and to shew himself "prime," pretends to be "bang up" to every thing. Some *moral* observations are slily brought forward against those *phaetonic* youths, who, emulous of Olympic fame, are to be seen driving *through every thing*, in the affected garb of his Majesty's mail-drivers; but those heroes of the box stop not for a *moral* any more than for an *old woman*; had they, however, seen themselves thus reflected by the whimsically appropriate costume and manners of Mathews, they might perhaps have felt that *large buttons* and a *nosegay* were not quite the thing. The bustle of the piece is well kept up, and some equivoque is introduced not unhappily; but the cross-readings, though never *dramatized* before, do not possess sufficient novelty; a good "*hit*," however, was made by the news editor, when asked for a proof of the "reward of vice," promising that as soon as there was a proof, the Devil should carry it to the author. De Camp, as young Jumble, displayed much versatility of talent in personating his various disguises; and the good humour of the house was so prevalent that all the performers went through their parts with considerable spirit. Some of the songs, particularly Mathews's mail coach song, possess merit in their composition, but the music, with the exception of the overture, was execrable; there is a monotony in the airs of most of our modern pieces, which must always destroy the effect of the poetry; and that music can have

little intrinsic worth, which leaves not the faintest trace upon the memory. In short, with the exception of a few hisses at the encoring of a song, there was not the slightest mark of disapprobation shewn during the whole performance.

Feb. 27th, 1810.

COMPARATIVE CRITICISM.

Non nostrum TANTAS *componere lites!*—VIRGIL.

Who shall decide when DOCTORS *disagree?*—POPE.

1. Kathleen, a Ballad; by John Edwards, Esq.

"This poem, though not always correct or dignified, yet *has merit.*"—Literary Panorama.

"This is an *interesting* Irish ballad."—British Critic.

"This *simple* and *interesting* ballad is dedicated to Marchioness Townshend. The ballad is founded on the following popular story.—Mr. Edwards has *made good use* of his materials, out of which he has formed a *very pleasing* ballad."—Antijacobin Review.

"—This story is dull enough, but it is short; while the poem itself is both *dull* and long."—Monthly Review.

"Thirty-five stanzas remarkable *only* for their *violation* of *all accent* and *quantity*."—Annual Review.

"Such is the substance of this *miserable ditty*."—Critical Review.

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2. A more extended Discussion in Favour of Liberty of Conscience recommended, by the Reverend Christopher Wyvill.

"This *respectable* and *well-informed friend of liberty*, being dissatisfied with the partial efforts which have been made, or are now making, to relieve this and that sect from the pressure of civil disabilities on account of religion, with a *noble liberality* of mind proposes to extend the discussion," &c. "Mr. Wyvill's remarks are so *sage* and *temperate*, that they *must* afford *general satisfaction*."—Monthly Review.

"Mr. Wyvill, in the present publication, is anxious to establish that unbounded liberty of conscience which *accords with* the most elaborate *deductions of reason*, and the most sublime *precepts of revelation*."—Critical Review.

"Mr. Christopher Wyvell has been *bawling* for reform for the last twenty years of his life, which would have been *better employed* in instructing his flock in their religious duties. When he asserts that the papists do not enjoy full and complete liberty of conscience, he asserts what he must *know* to be a *gross falsehood*, and *reviles his country* and her *laws*. This hoary and *wholesale reformer* seems to have studied the scriptures with very little effect; and if his system of liberality were once adopted, the 'age of reason' would speedily follow, to the *destruction of all religion whatever*."—Antijacobin Review.

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3. Memoirs of Sir Thomas More, &c.; by Arthur Cayley the Younger, Esq.

"The biography of that great and virtuous character, Sir Thomas More, is *creditably* executed by Mr. Cayley."—Critical Review (Appendix).

"By means of selections from More's letters and other prose writings, and of a great number of anecdotes *agreeably told*, together with *very characteristic* and *curious* pieces of verse, Mr. Cayley has certainly given a *striking* exhibition of this memorable person."—Eclectic Review.

"Mr. Cayley has not indeed had the fortune of discovering any new documents of importance: but he has made a diligent use of those which were previously known; and collected the information which they supply, into an *agreeable* and *interesting* narrative."—Annual Review.

"We conceive Mr. Cayley to have *failed completely* in what was chiefly to be looked for; a luminous disposition of the various materials before him, so as to produce a *pleasing* and instructive narration. We have *seldom* seen a *duller* book on a more interesting subject. We have avoided following, step by step, this *loose* and *clumsy* narrative of Mr. Cayley."—Edinburgh Review.

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4. The Crusaders, or the Minstrels of Acre.

"Here is a poem of *considerable merit*,"&c. "This passage is so *spirited* and *excellent*, &c." "The *talents* of this writer are such as ought not to rust in idleness. He displays *spirit*, *animation*, *feeling*, and on some occasions *taste*."—Annual Review.

"That this poem is an original and *fine composition*, and that the *effect* of it in many parts is *very striking*, cannot, we think, be denied. We have no doubt that it proceeds from some *well-skilled* and *well-practised* hand. It contains on the whole so *much fine writing*, that though the author chooses to be unknown, we are convinced he is not obscure."—British Critic.

"A *less interesting* production than this, it has *not* been very often our misfortune to encounter. There is *hardly any kind of beauty* which it contains, and *hardly any kind of fault* in which it *does not abound*. It is our earnest wish that every

poem which is written upon the false principles shewn by Mr. Scott, will contain as *little merit* as this *rhapsody* of the Crusaders; and then we may hope that the style will soon go out of fashion."—Beau Monde.

"In this poem there is *not a single line* that rises *above mediocrity*."—Critical Review (Appendix).

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5. Serious Attention to Personal Holiness, a Sermon; by the Reverend Thomas Robinson, A.M.

"From a most appropriate text, Mr. Robinson has deduced a variety of *most useful*, *impressive*, and *important lessons*, on the duties of a christian minister. With *truly christian* zeal, temper, modesty, and firmness, he points out the path which his brethren have to pursue," &c. "A certain popular preacher would do well to study every line and every sentence of this *admirable* discourse."—Antijacobin Review.

"On this simple and natural plan, the author raises a *very comprehensive* and *impressive* sermon, *every sentence* of which *deserves the attention* of every minister in the established church. Its doctrine is strictly that of the articles: its *spirit* is *purely* that of *genuine evangelical* religion.—Mr. Robinson's signal success has been owing partly perhaps, to *more than common ministerial talents* and personal worth."—Eclectic Review.

"Mr. Robinson is, no doubt, a pious, well-meaning man; but he *needs instruction* upon the *first principles* of the *gospel*, and is *extremely deficient in christian charity*."—Annual Review.

W. Flint, Printer, Old Bailey, London.

THE SATIRIST,

OR,

MONTHLY METEOR.

APRIL 1, 1810.

THE VISIONS OF OWEN AP HOWELL.

A Hudibrastic, Owenastic, Tragicomical Poem, most humbly dedicated to the People of England.

"Veluti in speculum."

"Ye horrid visions crowd not on my soul,
Ages of glory, spare my aching sight."

ARGUMENT.

Owen, after retiring from the inaugural meeting at the Crown and Anchor, falleth asleep and seeth a vision, in which the Devil presenteth him with a miraculous pair of spectacles, through which he taketh a peep into the UTOPIA of the REFORMISTS. Giveth an account of what he heard and saw in their NATIONAL CONVENTION. The speeches of W——TH—— N, C—B—T, &c. The Bard maketh a digression in praise of Dame Nature, and treateth of the obliquity of the eyes, commonly called *squinting*, with its usefulness in some cases. The speeches of Peter F——y,

W—sh—t, Gale Jones, and Caleb Baldwin the Jack ass driver. He seeth the Arts and Sciences leave the nation: his pathetic lamentation over them. He visiteth the House of Lords. His lamentation there. The Bard's second vision, he taketh a peep into the book of Fate, and seeth the future greatness and glory of his country, at which in the gladness of his heart he breaketh his magic glasses.

WITH *patriotic* orgies fir'd,
I, Pandemonium's bard, retir'd
And sought my chamber next the sky;
(A poet always lodges high,
For *attics* have been deem'd most fit
T' inspire his lays with *attic* wit)
My rush-light blink'd within the socket,
For candles suit not poet's pocket,
And as at length the bickering flame
Expir'd in stink, like Wardle's fame,
Sighing, I laid my weary head
Upon my humble, tatter'd bed.

Soon sleep came on,—I can't tell how,—
Whether the night-shade on my brow
Occasioned my prophetic rest,
Or heavy fumes of *Whitbread's best*:
But so it was—and visions bright
Flitted before Ap-Howell's sight.

Methought, in midnight darkness shrouded,
We *patriots* round the cauldron crouded,
And threw in many a powerful spell
To raise the mighty Prince of Hell;

When fog, and smoke, and rich perfume
Of brimstone rose, and fill'd the room ;
And straightway from the cauldron torrid
Up rose a demon, black and horrid,
Just such an instrument of evil,
Malignant, melancholy Devil,
As lately Northmore's bosom fir'd,
And *patriotic* lays inspired ;
Or such as Aladin's rare lamp
Obey'd, and rose his soul to damp.
The *patriots* round his highness press'd,
But favour'd Howell he address'd :
" Thou tuneful bard of bards," he cried,
And blew the sulphurous flames aside,
" Behold I to thy hand present
A wond'rous, hell-fram'd instrument,
Form'd on the ridge of nose to ride,
And when it doth thy nose bestride,
By turning this side next thine eyes,
Thou straight shalt see such visions rise
As fain would PATRIOTS *bring to pass* ;
This having done, then turn the glass,
And truer visions shall succeed
As by unerring fate's decreed,"
I took the wond'rous gift with pleasure,
And to my bosom hugg'd the treasure.

But now dame Night, her sooty hue
Had wash'd away in Morning's dew ;
Who, like a rosy maid, 'gan peep
Thro' window small, and broke my sleep ;
When in my grasp I smil'd to see
The Devil's welcome gift to me :

Up from my truckle then I rose,
And with it saddled straight my nose.
And lo, I saw—what to behold
Chill'd my scar'd heart with icy cold,
Which *patriot* fervor scarce could thaw:
List—and I'll tell you *what* I saw.
I saw that fabric, work of sages,
The admiration of past ages,
The boasted BRITISH CONSTITUTION,
In the sad state of dissolution;
The PILLARS THREE, on which it stood,
Were fallen down and smear'd with blood;
The venerable fragments round
In recent ruin strew'd the ground,
Midst which was BRITAIN'S GENIUS seen,
No longer now she mov'd a queen,
Tears stain'd her cheek, in grief she spread
The sacred ashes o'er her head:
Near her a venerable Band
The *real* Patriots of the land
Stood mute, fix'd statues of despair
And o'er their country dropt the tear:
GRENVILLE, and WINDHAM, on whose tongue
Romans* and whigs attentive hung,
YORKE, CANNING, LIVERPOOL, and he
Who praise must even draw from me,
He who ne'er stoop'd to action sinister,
SYDMOUTH the well intention'd minister.

The shifting scene now brought to view
St. Stephen's cramm'd with members new;
My eye straight sought the Speaker's chair
'Oh what a falling off was there!'

* Roman Catholics.

E'en I your bard was mov'd to pity:
The prating CRISPIN* of the city
Fill'd the once venerated seat
Where late an ABBOT rul'd debate.
The treasury bench with upstart prigs
Was stock'd, in greasy caps or wigs,
Butchers and glaziers, tinkers, taylors,
Brewers, tobacconists, and jailors.
I turn'd and view'd the other side,
Sad remnants there of Britain's pride
Shorn of their beams; which once did blaze
Her ornaments in better days;
Stars in her once bright hemisphere
I now beheld in mute despair:
Whilst uproar wild my ears astounded
Noise and "confusion worse confounded."
"Where is B—D—T," at length I cried,
"Once the reformer's boast and pride?—
Where is B—D—T?" I scarce had said
When flitted by a gory head.
I, o'er the passing vision sigh'd,
And to myself in secret cried,
"How truly speaks that sacred book
In which REFORMERS seldom look;
For others thou didst dig a pit,
And lo, thou'st fallen into it!
He who the axe shall lift on high,
As surely by the axe shall die!"
But now in noisy fierce debate
Began the business of the state.
Amid the hubbub, hurly-burly,
W—TH—N arose with visage surly;

* M-ll-r,—the *eloquent cobler.*

To *concert pitch* he screw'd his face up,
And then to speak he rose in place up.

" You, citizen, the speaker there,
I call for order on the chair;
What is this clamour all about?
Exert your pow'r and still the rout,
Tis strange that I cannot be heard
Once to all orators preferr'd,
I, who was call'd the CITY BULLY,
Greater than KICKERO or TULLY,
And nam'd, for my conception's vastiness,
The common council-men's DAMN-NASTINESS.*

" I have important things to mention,
And lay before this sage convention,
Call'd as I am by public voice
And by this wise assembly's choice
To fill the place of Secretary
It now becomes me to be wary,
Lest the ground under us be rotten
And we should lose what we have gotten;
For *former times* the public sighs
And views our acts with jealous eyes;
It thirsts for order once again;
A fever rages in each vein;
Now I assert, and ever shall
What's good for body-natural
For body-politic is good,
'Tis therefore fit,—*to let it blood.*

" I move, Sir, that without delay,
If possible this very day,

* We presume the learned member here meant *Demosthenes.*

Fit guillotines may be erected
(The measure should not be neglected
Our late got consequence to guard)
On Tower hill and Palace-yard:
Let but their necks the axe fall glib on
And snip off heads like *yards of ribbon,*
In blood let EXECUTION riot,
And soon all scoundrels will be quiet."

He ceas'd, each red cap waved to chear him,
And the house echoed "Hear him, hear him!"

When C——t rose, "I like the notion
And rise to second W—th——n's motion
And as I hold the nation's sword,*
I'd in amendment add a word,
The guillotine I own supplies
The sharpest of all remedies.
But yet (I hope I'm understood)
Another way of letting blood
Presents itself, and I would rather
Sweep off an hecatomb together.
Let TERROR for awhile bear sway,
TERROR'S *the order of the day!*

"Now you all know our Gallic neighbours
Have practis'd oft such useful labours.
By *fusilades* and *deportation,*
Have wisely silenc'd half their nation;
Call out then, Sirs, the *nation's guard,*
Let leaky transports be prepar'd,

* Secretary at War.

And take my word tho' e'er so sick,
'Twill save the body-politic;
And *change of air* and *leaden pills*
Will cure her soon of all her ills."
Now shouts arise of "*Vive la nation,*"
The motion's pass'd by *acclamation.*

Your bard's not tied down to a tittle,
And therefore would digress a little;
A senate, if you'll take his word,
Is very like an harpsichord,
Where every jack must rise from breech
Ere he can utter forth a speech;
It therefore is the speaker's place,
To keep an eye on every face;
To call on him who first shall bob up,
And to his notice thrust his nob up,
Therefore in chair they placed CRISPIN,
Whose eye was sharp as *awl* or *his pin.*
And since we talk of eyes I'd show
What bounties from dame Nature flow,
How she supplies, nor e'er neglects
Sure remedies for all defects.

View * "villain spider in his den,"
You see his eyes, some eight or ten,
Rang'd on his back, because, no doubt,
He cannot turn his head about.

Now round the house an eye did man turn,
'Twas here and there like *jack-a-lanthorn*;

* Thompson.

Nor can you charge the man with *inerty**
Who caught the glance of P—r F——y;
For nature when she form'd this man
Departed from her usual plan,
Wisely foreseeing that friend Peter
Would prove a *patriotic meteor*,
And that he would be plac'd on high,
On stage 'yclep'd a pillory;
And that he might as well be blind,
Standing with noddle thus confin'd,
Unless she varied from her plan,
And made the eyes to suit the man;
Therefore she gave this man nefarious
A pair of optics *ubiquarious*,*
And fix'd them so within his sconce
To turn ten thousand ways at once,
Like horses to a coach she fix'd them,
And also plac'd a pole betwixt them;
Yet each refus'd to own a brother,
One look'd to right, to left the other.
But CRISPIN caught oblique his glances,
As to the chair he made advances;
In accents than a screech-owl's sweeter
Call'd for a speech from *squinting Peter.*

" Citizen speaker, It were madder
Than bedlamites to leave the ladder
By which we climb'd into our places,
For it may hap, as oft the case is,

* The Bard humbly hopes, as he confesses his crime in two instances, that he shall be pardoned for *coining*.

That others may climb up as well
And hurl us down as low as hell.
I therefore if this house approve it
Would make a motion to remove it,
To kick it down.—Can we do less?
What I allude to is the PRESS.
I know, (and C—b—t so do you)
I know, Sir, what the Press can do.
The PRESS is a convenient tool
'Twill make a wise man or a fool,
'Twill free the People, or 'twill bind them,
Their eyes 'twill open, or 'twill blind them;
This engine, Sir, of Revolution
Pull'd down the BRITISH CONSTITUTION.
Destroy it or we'll feel its power,
Let it not stand another hour
To be our infamy's recorder,
Restore the crown to"—("order! order!")

* * * * * * *
* * * * * * *

Now W—sh—t rose, and looking big,
Thrice hemm'd aloud, and shook his wig,
When titillating clouds arose
Offensive to both eyes and nose;
The senators were set a sneezing,
Perhaps his speeches were not pleasing,
And they to drown a dull oration
Commenc'd a general sternutation.
At length was still'd the noisy rout
And '*order*' silenc'd every snout,
When thus began the MAN OF SNUFF,
" Sir, when I rise 'tis odd enough

(I, who you know am one of those
Who lead the nation *by the nose*)
That every one begins a noise
In hopes to drown my patriot voice;
But, Sir, I'd have it known, I will
To morrow, Sir, bring in a bill
Founded in justice, Sir, and reason
To make it felony and treason
With sneeze, or *noise uncouth*, to break in
On any senator when speaking.
For whilst of me they make a joke
My speech evaporates in smoke
By which a very wise oration
Is wholly lost, Sir, to the nation."

Then Jones arose, Sir, at *a pinch*
" I ne'er before knew W—sh—t flinch,
I own I'm pleas'd to see the prig fail,
His *short cut's* better than his *pigtail.*
But to be serious, I would mention,
Something most worthy of attention;
You know Religion is abolish'd,
Her fanes and temples all demolish'd;
Then what, sage sirs, have we to do
With Bishops and their preaching crew
And whilst we worship only REASON
Against her statutes 'tis high treason:
Why should we feed those lazy drones
In prison to repose their bones,
When they may serving be the nation
By working in their old vocation?
I'd give employment still to these—
They still may *mend the people's ways*

And link'd in pairs 'neath patriot goads
Let Priests and Bishops mend the roads; [*A laugh*]
Not only those of mother church
But those who left her in the lurch,
Your Swedenborgeans, Baptists, Arians,
Friends, Methodists, and Presbyterians;
All who set up for Gospel teachers,--
To dig and delve send all the Preachers."

But now I, Howel, caught the eye
Of Crispin as he sat on high;
He said, " he thought it very hard
That I, great PANDEMONIUM'S BARD,
Should stand, and therefore thought it fitting
To vote *the honors of the sitting*."

But now a member rose—his name
Your bard heard not—unknown to fame,
Begg'd the petition might be heard
By certain artists, late preferr'd;
Who, in the lobby anxious waited,
And mov'd, that they be call'd and seated;
But scarcely were the artists call'd in,
When up jump'd *Mister Caleb Baldwin*.*

" Zounds, Sir, why sure we have enough
Of paintings, images, and stuff;
And, Sir, I *says* we *wants* no more
Inventions of the scarlet whore;

* A celebrated patriot, bruiser, and jack-ass driver, and a particular friend of Colonel Wardle's.

Must we maintain to paint and carve
A set of rogues? No, let them starve!
We *wants* no men in that there line
But such as knows to paint a sign;
The only paintings I admire
Is Whitbread's, Meux, and Co.'s intire,
Rich compounds, Dady's cordial gin;
These pictures, speak and cry "come in."
Such works I own are *wastly* clever,
And by them I will stand for ever,
That is as long as I can stand;
But banish, banish from the land,
All popish painters and their paints;
We want not heroes, gods, or saints."

He ceas'd, loud peals of acclamation
Burst from the Vandals of the nation,
With grief and indignation fir'd,
The drooping artists now retir'd;
Their destination—would I knew it;
The wish scarce form'd my glasses shew it—
I saw these sons of sorrow mourn
O'er Reynolds', Barry's, Hoppner's urn;
I saw them wind along the Strand,
A pallid melancholy band;
I saw them turn a weeping eye,
Take a last look, and heave a sigh,
Then slowly mount the vessel's side,
That swiftly cut the yielding tide,
To bear them to some distant shore,
Whilst I with tears their loss deplore.
Adieu, my friends—Adieu, I cried,
Adieu, the echoing shores replied.

Adieu, ye hapless sons of art,
Dear, ever dear, to OWEN's heart:
Ye fly—the Muses in your train,
Then why should HOWELL here remain?
His harp all silent and unstrung,
Shall o'er his country's urn be hung.
Farewell, I sigh'd, my tuneful shell,
Friend of my early youth, farewell!
I oft have prov'd and bless'd thy power,
Sweet soother of life's painful hour.
To change the scene, I turned towards
What once was call'd the House of Lords,
And as around my eyes I ranged
Heart-chilled I cried, "Alas, how changed!
Records of Britain's glory fall
In tatter'd fragments from the wall,
And spiders' loathsome web supplies
The fall of gilded tapestries;
Those seats, which thro' successive ages
Were graced with patriotic sages
Lie scatter'd ruins on the floor,
And CHATHAMS, BURLEIGHS boast no more.
Have all these bled by knaves or cowards,
With BEDFORDS, CAVENDISHES, HOWARDS,
BENTINCK and SOMERSET and PERCY,
Bloodhounds accurs'd could none find mercy?

Where, where are gone the princely race,
That once adorn'd this sacred place?
Where's the lov'd race of B——k flown?
A demon pointed to the T---ne:
I look'd, a sable pall conceal'd
A deed which must not be reveal'd.

Resolving now, for consolation,
To try the second operation,
I turn'd the wondrous glass to see,
Not what *reformers wish to be*
My country's future fate, but what
Ages to come *will be* her lot.
And lo, I saw, what cheer'd my heart——
But must I all I saw impart?
And may the Bard, who dar'd to look,
To eyes profane, display the book?
Yet hopes he need not say too many
Procul estote O profani!
O HOWELL, few would grieve to see,
The last fair vision shewn to thee.

I saw a KING of BRUNSWICK's line
On BRITAIN's throne resplendent shine,
Beneath whose foot in fetters bound
Faction and Discord bit the ground;
I saw the nobles of the land
Around their Monarch smiling stand
I saw that monarch pleas'd that he
Reign'd o'er a people brave and free.
That people loyal in his cause
Revere Religion and the laws,
I saw the ARTS caress'd again
With all the MUSES in their train;
Sudden I snatch'd once more my lyre,
And thrill'd to ecstasy each wire.
From my nose-ridge my glasses fell
Broke—and vanish'd into Hell.

THE INSPIRATION OFFICE.

Non enim Cicero ea solum, quæ vivo se acciderunt, *futura præ-dixit*, sed etiam quæ nunc usu veniunt, *cecinit ut vates*. C. Nepos in vitâ Attici.

Sir,

I take in most of the periodical publications, not *merely* for the sake of the advertisements which are stitched up with them, though I must confess that the greatest part of my monthly amusement is not unfrequently derived from *these*. This month has been particularly productive of this sort of *sport*; for, exclusive of Mr. Wilson's *manifesto* in behalf of the *stereotype* mode of printing, in which it is good humouredly insinuated, that a man is a fool if he does not buy a *stereotype* edition, and a knave if he should happen to dislike it or speak against it, of *the Rev. Dr.* Adam Clarke's proposals for an Edition of the Bible with *evangelical* comments, in which, with that modesty so peculiar to himself, he *barely hints* at his knowledge of the *oriental* tongues; of the facetious Mr. Bish's *didactic poetry*, inculcating the *duties* of purchasing a *lottery ticket*, and of the kind cautions of Branscomb on the same subject, warning us not to trust any of his servants whom he has turned away for misdemeanors; to say nothing of these, though these might be *brought to bag* if a man were a keen *sportsman*, I think I have *flushed* still nobler *game*, "O! the blood more stirs to rouse a *lion* than to start a *hare*!" In *dragging the* cover on the first day of last month I *put up* a *Prospectus* of a new publication, with which the world is promised to be blessed, called *the Edinburgh Annual Register*.

This *prospectus*, Mr. Satirist, is bedecked with all that *verbiage* that seems to characterize the generality of the literary productions of our brethren on the north of the Tweed, ever since the days of Robertson. It should seem that the race of authors of the Scottish *New Academy*, proceeding on the strength of the aphorism *omne ignotum pro magnifico*, conceive it adviseable to envelope the smallest portion of meaning in the greatest quantity of words; just as, the more nauseous a pill is, the thicker is the gold leaf wrapped about it. In the present case, however, they *fob* us off with *tinsel*. Or perhaps they rely on the *musical ears* of their readers, and argue with respect to them as *Lucretius* did with respect to the followers of Heraclitus.

> "Omnia enim stolidei magis admirantur, amantque
> *Invorseis* quæ sub *verbeis* latitantia cernunt;
> Veraque constituent, quæ *belle tangere possunt*
> *Aureis et lepido quæ sunt fucata sonore.*"—I. 643.

After wading through many "long passages that lead to nothing", and making my way through a labyrinth of almost interminable periods, of which I could comprehend no more than that they were *lepido fucata sonore*, or as Ben Jonson says that they "cried TINK *in the close* diversely," I arrived at one, the truth of which, like an axiom in Euclid, called for instant unhesitating avowal. Indeed it is so self-evident, that I was rather in doubt whether *le jeu valoit la chandelle* to print it. In speaking of "the perils that environ" the compiler of history, the author of this *mellifluous diatribe* veritably observes

"Even while he writes, the passing hour may **give the lie* to

* This by the bye, would be rather uncivil in the *lady*, and incline me to trace her genealogy to one of the *poisardes de la halle*, instead of ranking her among the

ἠδυπρόσωποι
Ὦραι θυγατέρες Θέμιδος καὶ Ζηνὸς ἄνακτος. Orpheus.

his theory ere it is dry upon the paper; and, should he venture at *prophecy*, he WILL DO WELL PREVIOUSLY TO INSURE THE GIFT OF INSPIRATION!!!" *Prospectus*, p. 3.

"He were an iron-hearted fellow, in my judgment, that would not credit *this*." But how ill-natured is it, Sir, of this *eighth* sage, after having thus benevolently cautioned the writer of history, as to the implements which *he will do well* to provide, not to inform him where he may lay in his stock. "Wherefore are these things *hid?*" as *Sir Toby* says: "wherefore have these *gifts* a curtain before them?" Or are we to suppose that, by crossing the breed, *second sight* is now as common in Scotland as *haggis and singed heads*; and that *insurance offices* for *inspiration* are as regularly opened in Edinburgh, as *Cattle* and *light and heat* offices in London? I am rather tempted to think that the *projectors* of the Edinburgh Annual Register know *where* to apply, but do not chuse to inform the world, as *they* intend to *monopolize* the article, or at least not to advertise *where it may be had genuine*, till they have either *taken out a patent*, or got *a charter* for their *Insurance company*.

I am almost sorry, Sir, that I have met with the above lucid sentence, as it has a little damped my ardour to peruse the proposed work. For, as the *projectors* do not tell us that they actually HAVE *insured the gift of inspiration*, it is most probable that, after the lapse of a tedious *year*, instead of those *bold forebodings* and *infallible prophecies* with which we are astounded by their literary compeers, who have only a quarter of the time to provide them in, we are in the Edinburgh Annual Register, to have nothing but a dull recital of bare matters of fact, and to be kept as much in the dark with regard to futurity as Horace wished Leuconoë to be; since they only tell us what the *doer* of their

historical article *would do well to* provide, but say not a word whether he is furnished with *the needful* or not. "Rabbit it!" cried Sancho, "I would not give a doit to be told of the *past*; for who knows that better than myself, and *to pay for being informed of what I know, would be downright folly.*"

But is it indeed necessary for a man of "clear nostril," keen penetration, well read in history, and acquainted with the recesses of the human heart, and the motives that generally influence the passions of mankind, to *open a policy* at the *Inspiration Insurance office*, in order to trace causes to their ultimate effects, and to foretel the future result of present movements? I should think that, whether we recur to the volume of ancient history, or consult only our own experience of the last twenty momentous years, we may conclude that it is not quite so necessary, as these *northern lights* would seem to insinuate. The motto which I have affixed to this letter, and which offered itself so *pat* for my purpose, as I was hearing my little boy Cassibelan say his lesson in Cornelius Nepos, bears ample testimony to Cicero's powers of *vaticination*, though Middleton has made no mention of his having *effected an insurance*; and though I do not believe that Burke was actually *inspired*, yet he clearly *foretold* the prominent features of the French Revolution: and the military depotism under which that nation now groans, is the strongest proof possible of his *prophetic* faculty. But perhaps *policies* were distributed *gratis* a few years back to the whole nation: for was there a man, who, when he perceived the ignorance, the vacillation, the imbecillity of "All the Talents" did not *prophecy* that they would soon be *ousted*? I cannot conceive it indispensably requisite to pay a *premium* to enable me to predict that *Mister* Cobbett will rival Peter Finnerty in his most *exalted* honors, as fully as he now does in impudence and scurrility: or that Colonel Wardle

will soon be as easily seen through, as *orator* Waithman's huckaback.

From these hints, Sir, the authors of the Edinburgh Annual Register will perhaps be inclined to save *expence* to themselves, and at the same time to furnish more *amusement* to their readers.

I am, Mr. Satirist,

Your obedient humble servant.

London, March 13th, 1810. TIRESIAS.

PROPHETIC SKETCHES

FROM SHAKESPEARE.

It has ever been considered as one of the great excellencies of Shakespeare, that he drew his characters with so masterly a hand and with such inimitable fidelity that the eye of the most common observer instantly recognized the intended portrait: but it should seem that he not only possessed the power of delineating the characters of his contemporaries, and such as had existed before his time, but, gifted with a kind of prophetic inspiration, could see into the deep profound of futurity, and discover the features of persons yet unborn. Among the ancients the union of the poetic and prophetic characters were considered to be so intimate that they had but one name for both; and in the instance of Shakespeare, the justice of this notion appears to be fully established. The few following specimens, selected from numerous examples to be found in his works, will serve to shew how

well he was acquainted with some of the most notorious personages of our time. His sketches are such striking likenesses, or have allusion to such minute and particular circumstances, that they seem rather to be drawn from a living and present model, than from a vision of the mind's eye: a thing only to be accounted for on the presumption of some such spirit of inspiration. At least no other way of solving the mystery presents itself to us; and therefore in support of our opinion we submit the few subjoined specimens to our readers, leaving the question to their decision.

Lord G—y.

That surly spirit, melancholy,
Has baked thy blood, and made it heavy-thick.

K. John.

Lord E—e.

I was once as virtuously given as a gentleman need be. Went to a b— house not above once in a quarter of an hour. *Henry IV.* Part 1.

Mr. W–lb—e.

An honest willing fellow as ever shall come into the HOUSE. His worst fault is, he is given to prayer.

Merry Wives.

His champions are the prophets and apostles;
His weapons, holy saws of sacred writ. *Henry VI.*

Col. W—e.

Who thinks he hath done well in the people's eyes,
Hearing applause and universal shout,
Giddy in spirit, gazing still in doubt,
Whether those peals of praise be his or not.

Merch. of Venice.

F—nn—ty.

If I become not a *cart* as well as another man, a plague on my bringing up. *Henry IV.* Part 1.

Tom H—e.

Hang him poor cuckoldly knave; yet I wrong him to call him *poor*; they say the wittolly knave hath masses of money, for the which his wife seems to be well favoured. *Merry Wives.*

For a fifteen-pence he will sell the fee-simple of his salvation. *All's Well.*

He that temper'd thee,
Hath got a voice in hell for excellence;
He might return to vasty Tartar back,
And tell the legions I could never win
A soul so easy as that ENGLISHMAN'S!* *Henry V.*

Sir Richard P——.

Earth yield me roots. *Timon of Athens.*

A certain knight that swore "by *his honour*" they were good pancakes, and swore by *his honour* the mustard was nought: Now, I'll stand to it, the pancakes were nought, and the mustard was good; and yet was not the knight forsworn. *As you like it.*

Knighthoods, honours borne
As I wear mine, are titles but of scorn. *Cymbeline.*

W—thm—n.

What's the matter,
That in the several places of the city
You cry against the noble senate, who,

* The title assumed by this fellow as a signature to his infamous pamphlets.

Under the gods, keep you in awe? Else
You would feed on one another: what is't you seek?

Coriolanus.

Oh! he's as tedious
As a tired horse, or as a railing wife;
Worse than a smoaky house. I had rather live
With cheese and garlic in a windmill far,
Than feed on cates, and have him talk to me
In any summer-house in Christendom!

Henry IV. Part 1.

Mr. F–ll–r.

Thou art so fat-witted with drinking old sack, and unbuttoning thee after supper, and *sleeping upon benches* in the afternoon, that thou hast forgotten to demand that truly which thou would'st truly know. *Ibid.*

If I do not wonder how thou darest venture to be drunk, not being a tall fellow, trust me not!

Winter's Tale.

Mr. W—dh–m.

The world's large tongue
Proclaims you for a man replete with mocks,
Full of comparisons, and wounding flouts;
Which you on all estates will execute
That lie within the mercy of your wit.

Love's Labour Lost.

Gen. Wh——ke.

I have led my troops where they have been peppered.

Henry IV.

Sir W. C—rt–s.

Methinks I have no more wit than a Christian, or an ordinary man has: but I am a great eater of beef, and I believe that does harm to my wit. *Twelfth Night.*

Dr. R–nn–l.*

He has been at a great feast of languages, and stolen the scraps. O! he has lived long on the alms-basket of words. *Love's Labour Lost.*

M—k L—W—S.

A p— of such antic lisping, affected fantasies; these new tuners of accents! Why, is not this a lamentable thing, that we should be thus tormented with these strange flies, these fashion-mongers—these *pardonez moys?* *Rom. and Jul.*

You'll be so lean, the blasts of January will blow you through and through. *Winter's Tale.*

It is certain I am loved of all ladies. *Much Ado.*

Mrs. P—nt–n.

So mourn'd the dame of Ephesus her love.
K. Rich. III.

I spy entertainment in her. She gives the leer of invitation. *Merry Wives.*

Mrs. L–ved–n.

Under your patience
'Tis thought you have a goodly gift in horning:
Jove shield your husband from his hounds to-day;
'Tis pity they should take him for a stag.
Titus Andron.

Or to be naked with her friend in bed,
An hour or more, not meaning any harm.† *Othello.*

* The reputed author of the notes of *The Pursuits of Literature.*

† See evidence for crim. con. L-v-d-n v. P-rk-r.

Mrs. M. A. C——e.

I desire all men's love,
Dukes, earls, lords, gentlemen, indeed of all.
K. Rich. II.

Let not the Heavens hear these tell-tale women. *Ibid.*

Captain T———.

Captain! art thou not ashamed to be called *Captain!* If Captains were of my mind, they would truncheon you out of taking their names upon you, before you have earned them. You a Captain: you slave! for what? for tearing a poor w——e's ruff in a b——dy house. *Hen. IV. Part II.*

Col. F——h.

I have misused the king's press most damnably.
Hen. IV. Part I.

Colonel Th-rnt-n.

I charge thee, huntsman, tender well my hounds: saw'st thou not, boy, how Glider made it good at the hedge-corner, at the coldest scent? I would not lose the dog for twenty pounds. *Taming the Shrew.*

Mr. W————d.

I am but a plain brewer, ye know: Will lusty cavaliering gentlemen come at my calling? "I have ten thousand pounds to spend, it was got with water and malt, and it shall fly with fire and gunpowder."
Sir John Oldcastle.

Mr. S—d–n.

There is a fellow somewhat near the door, he should be a brazier by his face, for o'my conscience twenty of the dog-days now reign in his nose. *Hen. VIII.*

Thou art wise, and thou knowest well enough that this is no time to lend money upon bare friendship without security. *Tim. of Athens.*

After he scores he never pays the score,
He never pays after debts, take it before. *All's Well.*

W-lt-r S—-t.

I'll rhyme you so eight years together, dinners and suppers, and sleeping hours excepted; it is the right butter-woman's rate to market; this is the very false gallop of verses; why do you infect yourself with them? *As you like it.*

Sir R. K. P–rt-r.

I know you are now, Sir, a gentleman born, aye, and have been so any time these four hours. *Winter's Tale.*

I would I had bestowed that time in the *tongues*, that I have in fencing, dancing, and *bear*-baiting! O had I but *followed the* ARTS! *Twelfth Night.*

To be well favoured is the gift of fortune, but to *write* and read comes by nature. *Much ado.*

Lord D——y.

Heaven made him, and therefore let him pass for a man. *Merchant of Venice.*

Ell—st—n.

The best actor in the world, either for tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral comical, historical pastoral, or scene individable! *Hamlet.*

Lady A————h.

Rebellious heat,
If thou can'st mutiny in a matron's bones,
To flaming youth let virtue be as wax,
And melt in her own fire. *Hamlet.*

Oh! she did so course my exteriors with such a greedy intention, that the appetite of her eye did seem to scorch like a burning glass. *Merry Wives.*

M. of A—b—n.

Go to! here's a simple line of life. Here's a small trifle of wives. *Merchant of Venice.*

I cannot tell
What heaven has given him; let some graver eye
Pierce into that; but I can see his pride
Peep through each part of him. *Hen. VIII.*

Mr. R---ve, Composer of Overtures, &c.

I have a reasonable good ear in music,
Let us have the tongs and the bones. *All's well.*

M. of L-------e.

He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber.

Lord C------n.

He swore he would never marry, and yet now in despite of his heart, he eats without grudging. *Much Ado.*

I was driven on by the flesh; and he must needs go that the devil drives. I have been, madam, a wicked creature, as you and all flesh and blood are: and indeed I did marry that I might repent. *All's Well.*

Sir John C---r.

Devise wit! write pen! for I am for whole volumes in *folio.** *Love's Labour Lost.*

* This is the reading of the old *folio* copies. Mr. Stevens ingeniously suggests that the reading would be amended, by substituting in this place *Quarto*. Note by Malone.

Mrs. M————s.

There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip;
Nay her foot speaks; her wanton spirits look out
At every joint and motion of her body.

Troilus and Cressida.

Capt. M-ll-sh.

Between two horses which doth bear him best,
Between two girls, which hath the merriest eye,
He hath perchance some shallow spirit of judgment.

Hen. VI.

I do know kinsmen of mine that have
By this so sickened their estates, that never
They shall abound as formerly. *Hen. VIII.*

Little M---re.

I can speak English, Lord, as well as you,
For I was train'd up in the English court;
Where being young, I framed to the harp
Many an English ditty, lovely well,
And gave the tongue a helpful ornament.

Hen. IV. Part I.

Captain M————,

Come sing me a b----y song to make me merry. *Ibid.*

Mr. Professor D——y.

Bring him out, that is but woman's son,
Can trace me in the tedious ways of art
Or hold me pace in deep experiments.

Henry IV. Part I.

Duke of Q————.

When he was naked, he was for all the world like a

forked radish, with a head fantastically carved upon it with a knife: he was so forlorn, that his dimensions to any thick sight were invisible: the genius of famine! and letcherous as a monkey. *Hen. IV. Part II.*

This is the monstrosity in love, lady, that the will is infinite, and the execution confined; that the desire is boundless, and the act a slave to limit. *Troilus and Cressida.*

C–bb—tt.

Turn and turn again,
Thy friendship makes us fresh. *Hen. VI.*

Thy curlish spirit
Govern'd a wolf; for thy desires
Are wolfish, bloody, starved and ravenous!
Merchant of Venice.

I am very proud, revengeful, ambitious, with more offences at my back than I have thoughts to put them in, imagination to give them shape, or time to act them in. What should such a fellow as I do crawling between earth and heaven! *Hamlet.*

C–bb–-t and F-nn---y.

I would thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought. *Hen. IV. Part I.*

The P——l——t.

You are disputing of your generals.
One would have lingering war with little cost;
Another would fly swift, but wanteth wings;
A third man thinks, without expence at all,
By guileful fair words peace may be obtained.
Hen. IV. Part I.

The new French Empress.

You have beguiled me with a counterfeit
Resembling majesty, which touched and tried
Proves valueless. *K. John.*

NEGLECTED NECROLOGY.

In this age of greatness, when every one swells himself to the very circumference of his *circle*, and even attempts to puff himself beyond it, in order to force into the sphere of attraction of the other circumvolving votaries of fame and fashion, it is incumbent on periodical journalists, not indeed "to catch the living manners as they rise," but by a well-timed biography to rescue from oblivion, those who would otherwise sink and be forgotten! The simplest attempts at mortuary fame, are to be found in the obituary corner of some morning paper, where any ambitious genius who wishes to be chronicled to posterity as an *Esquire* may have it done for half-a guinea. Should he, however, unsatisfied with posthumous splendour, long for some slight participation of it himself whilst in this world, he may then for an additional sum, exhibit his phiz in the front of some magazine,—a phiz, which though evidently copied from the Saracen's Head upon Snow hill, will be described by the accurate biographer as a striking likeness. We have had a recent exam-

ple of this, in which two thirds of the biography are actually taken up with an apology for its introduction, and the remaining *morceau* informs us that the gentleman was *born, educated, married*, lived at *Bath*, and now lives in *London*. A sum total which we hope may serve as an example to future picturesque biographers, and engrafters of their own history on the lives of others, to the great waste and consumption of time, paper, and patience. Indeed when a man by his death sets all the *devils* in London at work, we are almost tempted to wish that his biographer was engaged with *devils in another place.*

In proceeding to the consideration of our present subject, however, we ought to apologize to Sir Richard for thus forestalling or attempting to monopolize the life of one who will doubtless form a prominent article in his next volume of *Public* Characters; for none of those *apotheosised* in the Bridge-Street Temple of Fame, could have been a more *public* character than himself.

Our present hero is well known to have made some noise in the world, though he did not rise so high in it as some of his cotemporaries; the first arose from his profession in early life, that of crying muffins--the second proceeded from his dying a natural death; yet such was his modest humility, that we have never heard of his repining at this want of exaltation. Doubtless he remembered the old *saw*, "the highest climbers have the greatest face," nor have we ever heard that he regretted even those minor modes of exaltation, which some folks who look at things askance, and see differently from the rest of the world, consider as the proudest occurrence in their lives; some indeed have the good luck to be framed and glazed in effigy, but it falls to the lot of few, to be framed at full length in

propria persona, and to be exhibited as a living specimen of the *arts*.

It is not in the records of past ages, that we shall seek for the pedigree of the subject of our present biography, we despise that species of adventitious fame; besides in this particular case, we fear it would be useless. Let antiquaries turn over their mouldy volumes, knowing not for what they seek; it is not for us to imitate them, by turning over the leaves of parish registers, seeking for that which we cannot find,—it is enough for us to inform our readers, as we can without fear of contradiction, that Sir Harry Dimsdale was *born*——but when, or where are considerations beneath a biographer of genius, though such subjects have been of essential use to some of our cotemporaries. It is believed, indeed, that the place and time of his birth have been kept secret, for very particular reasons; a circumstance which has given rise to much disputation and research. Seven cities contended for the birth of Homer; we have reason to believe that as many parishes contended for not being the birth place of our hero. The topographical mistakes of his mother who was taken ill coming from an assembly, and who was in such spirits, as not to remember exactly on which side of the street it happened, were the cause of much uncertainty; nor was she more accurate in ascertaining the exact nomenclature of his father, who is supposed either to have gone abroad, or to have been employed in government service at home; at least he was something in that line. " 'Tis a wise child"—the proverb says, and Sir Harry, who unlike the *Roscii* and musical cognoscenti of the present day, was not remarkable for any precocity of genius, thought no more of finding this out, than of disco-

vering the longitude; nay in later life, he has been heard with great modesty to disclaim any pretensions to *high birth*, which many of his friends could boast of—"Why d'ye see"—said the knight, "where's the difference of being born in a garret or a cellar,—here's I, as boasts nothing, yet how many of your great men, earls, aye and barrow knights, have taken I by the hand, and driven I in tandem to my *Borough!*"

We have not sufficient materials to detail the plan of his education; that we must leave at present for his life in quarto with plates, though we know not exactly who will write it,——he never was at *Eartham*,——but we have reason to believe that he learnt with great facility *all he was taught*. His first outset in public life, was with a basket something larger than himself, containing certain articles which he was instructed to call muffins; and though he did not make the grand tour, nor visit Italy in the course of his profession, yet there is no doubt that his professional rambles extended considerably beyond the limits of his native parish, or *parishes*; for if we are to believe all that has been written on this subject, he must have been born in half a dozen.

Some people in their progress through life, have gone rapidly forwards, others more unfortunate have gone backwards, but Sir Harry, disdaining to follow the beaten track is confidently said to have gone *side ways*. In this lateral motion he might have proceeded unnoticed and unknown had not death given the Chiltern hundreds to the late Sir Jeffery Dunstan, when Sir Harry was put in nomination for the ancient borough of Garrat, and like Sir Francis was brought in free of expence. If we were writing the Life of John of Gaunt, or of Romney, and had nothing to say about either, this would be a glorious opportunity to

prate about the freedom of election and even to copy from some neglected author, an essay on the British Constitution; we are sorry however to say, that the spirit of the constitution was infringed at this memorable election, by the interference of the peerage, as the Earl of B——e was particularly active during the election, and not only overturned the rights of Garret, by the infringement of the treating act, but even overturned several of the ancient dames who were proceeding to the hustings with more in their heads than he was aware of. As Sir Harry, like other great patriots, abstained from entering the house, fully believing that his exertions were of no avail, we are unable to say which side he would have taken; he was however a member of the *Wig Club*, an article in which he dealt largely; we have reason to believe indeed that he was a lover of the *old wigs*, as the *new ones* are constructed on principles he did not approve of---the new ones he thought by flying off at the sides, were rather too favourable to *auricular confession*, a thing which the old ones were peculiarly formed to guard against.

As we profess only to write the *life* of this renowned knight, it is unnecessary to say any thing about his *death*, which we leave for his brother knights to present to the world, fully convinced that the procession at his funeral, will make as good a subject for a plate in a monthly magazine, as the coronation of the emperor citizen Ali Buonaparte.

ANNALS OF QUACKERY.

No. II.

We are happy to find that the Strictures on Quackery, contained in our 29th Number, have excited considerable attention among those who are best able to counteract its progress and to restrain its impositions. To trace the origin, and to detail the life of every individual who has proclaimed himself the proprietor of a nostrum, would require a more intimate acquaintance with the outcasts of the medical profession than we are inclined to cultivate, and if we were only to communicate a small proportion of those facts which have incidentally fallen under our personal observation, our readers would distrust their credibility, and the objects of our exposure might argue from the *enormity* of the crimes with which they were charged, against the *possibility of their commission.*

We shall refrain, therefore, from any observations on the character and history of many celebrated quacks till we are able to substantiate our accusations by indisputable evidence, and shall proceed at present to such proofs of their cunning and avarice as are within the reach of popular examination. A plain calculation of their profits will be the best criterion by which to judge of their "*philanthropy*" and "*disinterestedness,*" and that the following estimates, and the recipes on which they are

founded are correct, our readers may easily determine for themselves.

There is no man more expert in the kindred arts of puffing and money-getting than Mr. Robert Dickenson, of No. 55, Long Acre. This gallant and amiable gentleman has long been the pretended proprietor of a nostrum for "improving and beautifying" the complexion. His claim, however, has been stoutly contested by a Mrs. Vincent, who combats the authority of a carbuncled priest, by the introduction of a pale-faced peer! Their literary warfare appears to have been for a time interrupted by the appearance of a third competitor, named Macdonald, who has established his warehouse at No. 53, within two doors of his late master, and sells his improvement of the lotion at an abatement of 12 per cent. That he is able to do this without deserving any encomium on his spirit or generosity, may be guessed from the following calculation;

1½ ounce of bitter almonds	1½d.
15 grains of corrosive sublimate, less than	½
One quart of water	0
Bottle	3
Cost of a quart	5
Price of do. (without stamp)	7 6
Profit	7 1

or Seventeen hundred per cent.!

Many of the other cosmetics are nearly as profitable as this. Those which appear under the name of milks and creams, are mere alkaline emulsions, or combinations of rose, or any other water, oil of almonds, and some essential oil, of which the odour approaches nearest to that of

the flower from which the cosmetic is named, made by the intervention of salt of tartar.

Tooth powders forms another great article of quackish speculation. The greater number are compounded of chalk, rose pink, and orris-root; others of cream of tartar and Peruvian bark. The box generally is of more value than the powder. A box of prepared charcoal costs the druggist (including trouble, &c.) about one halfpenny, and sells with a threepenny stamp for two shillings and nine pence.

Dr. Solomon's Balm of Gilead, which is very little more than a stimulating tincture and brandy, (though the doctor assures us that it is composed of Jerusalem balm and virgin gold!) may probably cost, including the bottle, &c. about fifteen pence, and is sold for nine shillings and sixpence, exclusive of the stamp.

Lignum's lotion is a solution of sal-ammoniac in water, and costs three pence half-penny a quart inclusive of the bottle. This quantity is sold for five shillings without the stamp.

Barclay's Ointment for the Caledonian Cremona, which sells for two shillings and sixpence a box, exclusive of the stamp, is common hellebore ointment, scented with essence of lemon, and the same quantity may be purchased at the shops, under its original name, for less than four pence.

Several other ointments, for the same inconvenience, are only the common unguents of the shop, disguised by a new name, and cost the vendors only a few pence a box.

The advertisements of the remedies just alluded to exhibit a curious instance of the artifices to which the whole tribe have recourse. A cure is promised *after* two hours application, and the purchaser does not find till he opens the seal that *after* may include any length of

time, and that though *friction* may only be necessary for two hours, *patience* may be required for a much longer period.

From this list, which we shall afterwards extend by some curious formulæ, the reader will be in some measure enabled to appreciate the value of those professions of honesty, disinterestedness, and benevolence, on which the fraternity rest their claims to indulgence or approbation. Some of the articles, however, for which we have now communicated the recipes, have at least the negative merit of being perfectly harmless. This is more than can be admitted of the majority of quack medicines, and in our next Number we shall examine into the composition of those nostrums which are deleterious in their operation and consequences. Gowland's lotion is the only one of the preceding list that is not innocent: from every external application of mercury some danger should be dreaded, and a physician of great respectability assures us that he knew an instance of frenzy being the immediate consequence of a recourse to Gowland's lotion. That this unfortunate result may have proceeded from the patient's own imprudence, or inattention to the directions, is one of the strongest arguments against the encouragement of quackery. A physician may order what dose he pleases of a powerful but dangerous medicine to be sent by the apothecary at proper intervals, or he may personally caution the patient or his attendants against its imprudent augmentation or repetition. But the proprietor of a quack medicine will be afraid to *caution*, lest he should excite *alarm*, and as the vulgar have no idea that a small dose of an efficacious remedy can be as useful as a large one, or that medicines can do harm, the unhappy purchasers of such nostrums, too often fall untimely sacrifices to their own ignorance and impatience.

ANCIENT AND MODERN KNIGHTS.

Illustrative of the Marvellous and Surprizing.

The world has been compared to an ass in a mill, always going round and round, until it becomes blinded by its own motion, and thus performing day after day, the same monotonous evolutions. The old scholiasts tell us that *generals* always include *particulars*, and the mathematicians have demonstrated to us an hundred times, that the less cannot contain the greater, but that the greater always contains the less: on the same principle, we may safely conclude that the simile so *roundly* applied to the world at large, may with great propriety be often considered as extending to individuals, whose roundabout motions and incessant braying, proclaim the aptness of the comparison in all its parts. Lest *we* however should be suspected of being but too well qualified for joining in these circumgyrations, we shall proceed *straight forward* to observe that all the customs, whims, follies, caprices, &c. of the world when in its infancy, have still been preserved through the lapse of ages, and put on nearly the same appearance at the present day. Of the ordinances of our ancestors, none have been preserved in a more uninterrupted series of descent, than that of *knighthood*, and though some sceptical observers may presume to assert that the difference is great between our modern knights, and those of ancient times, yet there is no doubt that the various parallels may be produced ad infinitum, and that the feats and achievements of modern Sir Richards and Sir Jonathans, are to the full as wonderful and as illustrative of the marvellous, as any of the knights of the round table.

As to our city knights in particular, it will not be denied, that in general their feats at the *table,* whether round, square, or horse-shoe, cannot be surpassed by those of King Arthur's days, who were celebrated merely for their skill in carving, and in helping others, whilst ours at that table where *Gog and Magog* preside, give ample proof how well qualified they are to help themselves. *Sir Palmeryn* of Englonde, that true admirer of St. George, that renowned carver of peacocks, and that glory of the ladies, established his fame, by cutting up that fowl of brilliant plumage, so as to serve a convivial party of three hundred knights and dames, to give to each an equal portion, and to have regulated his distribution of the various parts in such exact assimilation with their various degrees of rank, that *all were satisfied!* Now, look at a modern knight at a civic feast, (where plumed dames and their spouses are arranged in silent expectation) whose good fortune has placed him, not in front of a peacock, but snugly entrenched behind the pleasing fumes of a smoking tureen of turtle soup. With well-timed circumspection, he fills his own plate first, and then with spoon in one hand, and ladle in the other, he fills the plates of his neighbours whilst emptying his own; a two-handed feat, unequalled by Guy of Warwick, or by any of the "Gestes of Syr Fulco Guarine."

If we turn from this general rivalship, to individual parallels, how striking is the similarity. We need not travel many *miles* beyond Hoxton, to find Sir Jonathan the Mad Knight, or the *Orlando Furioso* of modern chivalry, when so many shrunk from the office of first hangman to the first city in the world, did not he nobly stand forward to serve the office? when so many refused to encounter this dread adventure, *along with him,* did he not still nobly persevere, whilst the fiery dragons the

supporters of the bloody cross, were draining the pockets of his fellow-citizens, until many were *fined* before one could be *found*, that dared to take a *chance* in this adventure; nay, did he not with matchless boldness, *take himself into custody* at the earnest solicitation of John Doe and Richard Roe, Esquires, who were *bound* to follow him through the *various courts*, where his fortune led him, until he passed the enchanted labyrinth of that fell giant *Habeas Corpus*?

Who will doubt the resemblance, when we advert to the doughty Sir Richard? Lo! he passes *in review*; though not a boaster, yet is he a man of many words, nay more of *letters*, a qualification which few of the knights of antiquity could boast. If they have been held in durance vile by wicked necromancers, has not he also had his turn in the incarcerations of an enchanted castle? has he not also boldly shewn himself in the *hour of trial*? 'Tis true that a keeper of banyan days, cannot be expected to be a carver of peacocks, yet may he possess many other knightly qualities; and though perhaps not very expert at the cutting up of others, yet we all know that he has been very well cut up himself.

If Don Quixote is famous for his adventure with the *millers*, has not the *Knight of Brentford* an equal claim to celebrity, for his adventure with the millers of Isleworth? the Cervantic knight got a tumble in his adventure, and every body remembers that the Brentford knight did the same. Who remembers not the adventure of the Spanish cavalier when he consulted the Brazen head at Barcelona: and do we not all know that *our* Sir Francis consults the *Brazen Head* at Wimbledon? Did not Don Quixote go a tilting with Sampson the Batchelor, and did not Sir Francis atchieve the same ad-

venture, with *Paul* the *Tailor*? If knights of old attacked enchanted castles, in hopes of liberating the mourning captives, has not this modern knight, on principles to the full as visionary, attacked the Giant *Aris* in his strong holds of Cold-Bath-fields?

In short there is not an adventure, however wild or ridiculous, of ancient chivalry, that may not find its counterpart in the annals of our modern knights. Go on then, ye doughty champions of modern virtue! *emulate* the examples of your ancient predecessors, but be careful not to *imitate* too closely the romantic darings of your more modern friends, some of whom from an extravagant fondness for the marvellous have already *taken their full swing!*

THE METHODIST MOUNTEBANK.

SAINT SATIRIST,

KNOWING the love you bear towards the dear people, and how it comforteth your bowels to hear *good things* of the godly ones, I have taken counsel with my heart to report to you, that which an aged man, who was unto me as the father of my father, did see with his own eyes, and hear with his own ears, in the days of his youth. And I speak these things, that sinful mockers, who are inclosed in their own fat, whose heart is fat even as brawn, may not imagine a foolish thing, saying, "Behold the ministers of the saints are not now as the ministers of the saints of old, when they instructed the virgin in the way

that she should go, and filled the widow with good things." Now let them be confounded that speak thus despitefully, let them cover themselves with their own confusion as with a cloak; let their shame come into their bowels like water, and like oil into their bones, for they have spoken with false tongues. They who preside over the nurseries of the babes of grace, have ever been the same; they are not corrupted in their generation, neither have they known change. But to my story: which I will endeavour to repeat in the words of my venerable friend, as nearly as my treacherous memory will permit.

About ninety years ago there appeared in a city of the west a stranger of a very sedate and sober aspect, who gave it out that he retired thither from the fatigues of a public post of eminence. Being, however, a man who knew as much of religion as of business, he was anxious to make some outward profession of it, and accordingly frequented every sabbath the assemblies of the elect in a very regular and godly manner: not those idolatrous assemblies where they worship the Lord with paintings, with lute and harp, strings and pipe, and the noise of many instruments; but those godly meetings of the pious, those sweet body bands, where saintly brethren and sisters do join together in holy love, and melting with tender adoration pour out their souls in fervent desires, and in strains of no human harmony; though some have compared it to caterwauling. When he had attended his devotions at this place long enough to be considered a member of their communion, and had given sufficient proof of the strength of his inward man by the loudness of his voice in hymning, he resolved to display his parts to the dear people, and to convince them that he was properly fitted to become their pastor. Accordingly one

day, in the absence of the regular minister, whom he had taken care to overpower with the spirit, he entered boldly into the vessel set in the midst for the pouring forth of instruction, and letting out a text, as it were a vent-peg from a barrel, ran on with as great spirit and fluency as if he had been full of new wine.

His moving eloquence, and the graces of his person, so alarmed the eyes and ears of his auditory, that for nearly two hours after he had concluded the brethren continued to chaunt his praise, and the sisters to sigh forth their admiration. By universal acclamation he was immediately elected minister of the meeting, the whole city resounded with the fame of the new apostle, and the blaze of his glory consumed the preachers of the steeple-houses even as chaff. Upon this great success, the devout stranger professed to resign his worldly post of eminence, for the love of the Lord and his dear people, and fixing his residence in the city, increased mightily in good things; for the widow was not sparing to him of her cruse, nor the damsel of the work of her hands, and the married women kept ever for him the firstling of their flocks. For in truth he had much happiness in visiting the sisterhood, and by the virtue of his prayers, as the sweet psalmist of Israel sings, "he made the barren woman to keep house; and to be a joyful mother of children."

When he had continued this course about a twelvemonth with great satisfaction to himself and his flock, chance brought a mountebank to the city. Some men have strange antipathies, thus there are persons who cannot endure a cat or a pig; others are strangely affected by the droning of a bagpipe, or the smell of cheese: some can never help running away at the sight of a bailiff, and others feel an ominous crick of the neck, whenever they behold a

hangman; now it happened that our minister had an insuperable objection to profane his pious eyes by the sight of a mountebank. The very thought disordered him instantly, and he shut himself up in his house alone with his handmaid. The next day, however, being the sabbath, the dear people, knowing nothing of their pastor's antipathy to a mountebank, went to the house of prayer with hearts prepared to melt, and sat a long time with their eyes turned up expecting to behold the head of their minister peep above the tub. At length some more impatient than the rest, wondering what might be the matter, got up and looked into the vessel of instruction, which, to their amazement and discomfort, they found empty. He who dealt in the bread of life had bilked his customers, and they were hungry, and there was none to feed them. Upon this a great tumult ensued in the meeting, all wondering what had become of their pastor, who had never disappointed them before. At length word was brought that he was ill, and their wonder was changed into sorrow. After putting up a short prayer of not more than an hour and a half's length for his recovery, they dispersed to their several homes, the pious sisters thinking within themselves what cordials to take to their sick friend.

A few days after this, being falsely informed that the mountebank had quitted the city, our minister ventured out, when suddenly turning the corner of a street, he unluckily encountered the very object of his antipathy: Merry Andrew mounted on his stage, was in the midst of his grimace and drollery, when seeing the pastor so snugly apparelled, and observing his solemn aspect he stopped short in the middle of his harangue, and enquired who he was. "Who is it?" cried a sour musty looking old woman with a snuffy nose, and turning piously upwards the

whites, or rather the orange of her eyes, " Who is it? why who should it be, but the dear man, our minister?" Upon hearing this, Merry Andrew could hardly keep his legs for laughing, but at length recovering himself, he cried out, " What my old friend Sam Swipes turned methodist parson at last?" The minister endeavouring to sneak away, upon finding himself thus detected, Andrew called out, " what Sam, doesn't know a body? I warrant ye now he is tumbled into some good warm thing, and has plenty of pudding to fill his belly. One of the godly, eh! Hah, there's nothing like a love-feast for one of Sam's cut. I remember the time when Sam appeared as much a high churchman as I do now; and though he would'nt be in my sinful coat now for the world, it would'nt be the first time he has been by more than a hundred." The doctor, who was then upon the stage, resolving to unmask the saint, confirmed the discovery and assertion of Andrew, by assuring the company that the reverend pastor had served him formerly for about five years, and had gone through with great credit and applause all the offices of tumbler, merry andrew, and toad-eater.

The indignation of the assembly was greatly excited by this account, which the sanctified pastor did not attempt even to deny. It was debated whether they should toss him in a blanket, and bestow on him the honours of the pump or horsepond. Perceiving his danger, he contrived by a dexterous summerset over the heads of three or four, to escape from the hands of those who held him, and took to his heels. The mob pursued him to the walls of the city, but by his skill in his former profession, he completely eluded them in the end, and was never seen in the place afterwards.

The impudence of this mountebank was extraordinary

enough, but the obstinate infatuation of his flock was still more astonishing; who persisted that this story of their pastor was only a piece of ungodly scandal put into the merry andrew's mouth by some of the wicked, to rob them of the finest man that ever preached in their meeting.

Thy friend,

NO MATTER WHO.

PROJECTORS.

No. III.

CONVINCED, as we were, of the fatal consequences which must attend the rash credulity with which the public received and encouraged the numerous delusive projects lately set on foot by needy and unprincipled speculators, we felt it to be our duty not only to give the alarm on the occasion, but to unmask the projectors, to lay bare their plots, their intrigues, their secret practices, and shew our countrymen what kind of men they were by whom they suffered themselves to be duped. In this undertaking we had to encounter many difficulties and much virulent opposition. But our indolence was no more alarmed by the obstacles we had to surmount, than our apprehensions were excited by the clamorous threats of our opponents.

Without an appearance of candour and sincerity no

projector could succeed; if he could not invent some plausible pretext to cover his real design, he would not be fit for his trade. In the vanity of mankind he has a very decided advantage over any one who attempts to expose his deceit. No man listens readily to him who would convince him that he has been duped: he lends a much more willing ear to the sophistry which confirms him in his error, and is easily led to suspect those who would undeceive him, of envying his good fortune. This we have experienced in the progress of our attack on projects and projectors: and we were aware that to produce conviction, it would be necessary to bring forward authentic documents of the unprincipled conduct which he had undertaken to expose. To do this, however, it will be readily conceived, was no easy matter. They whose object it is to deceive, have generally art enough to evade the common means of detection. Such evidence, however, we procured and published; and yet such is the force of credulity, that it was our fate not only to be disbelieved, but to be assailed at public meetings with the most virulent abuse even by those whom we had sought to serve. Conscious of the rectitude of our motives, and the truth of our assertions, we felt no resentment on this account; but continued steadily to pursue the task which we had undertaken. Our labours have not been in vain. The evidence which we adduced respecting the conduct of the projector of the Hope Insurance Company, rendered an investigation absolutely necessary: and the consequence has been the establishment of the truth of our allegations in every particular, and the dismission of the projector, W. R. H. Brown, *Esquire.* He may call it a resignation, if he please; but it was a resignation enforced by the unanimous indignation of a meeting of more

than 600 proprietors. We care little about the name by which an act that benefits the public is called: not indeed that the disgrace of this man, nor the concerns of the Hope Insurance Company, could be of public importance, except as they may afford an example to other projectors, and a warning to those who are inclined to encourage their speculations.

Of this Squire Brown we should have known nothing but for his various projects, and it is on account of these only that he has become the object of our animadversion. In other places we have stated at length our opinion respecting the mode by which his plans and those of his brother projectors were to be successfully combated: and to our former papers* on this subject we can now satisfactorily refer, confirmed as our opinion is by the successful result of the measures which we adopted. We might now, therefore, wash our hands of this man, if he were not concerned in other speculations. On this head we have to offer a few observations.

It will no doubt be thought not a little remarkable, and is certainly not very creditable to the sense of the present times, that this Brown borrowed the plan of his first and most successful speculation from a paper published at the commencement of the last century, in ridicule of the numerous projects to which the fatal South Sea bubble gave rise. Yet we trust that this will appear to be the fact from the following extract made from a Collection of Letters selected from Mist's Journal.

"Whereas within this twelve-month last past, there have been erected several royal societies for a general consumption of

* See Vol. V. Cattle Insurance, Bubbles, Projectors, Reply to W. R. H. Brown, *Esquire*.

fish, and other honourable societies for a plentiful provision of salt to pickle the same; and very lately another for a general collection of eggs, and churning of May butter, to render the aforesaid fish more agreeable: and whereas in all probability, the several undertakings will be a great invitation to foreigners, but particularly the Dutch, to come over to us, and partake of the last mentioned manufacture, whereby the number of inhabitants in and about the city of London will be very much increased; and whereas the aforesaid entertainment is allowed on all hands to be deficient, unless it is accompanied with a plentiful profusion of good liquor, to make the same swim a third time:—It is therefore proposed, and a subscription will very shortly be laid open accordingly, to raise a fund or *Joint Stock* of 10,000,000*l.* for *erecting a* GENERAL BREW-HOUSE in the centre of the city of London, for the more commodious and ready supply of the inhabitants, with the best strong Beer, Ale, and other Malt Liquors, at more reasonable rates than can at present be afforded. And the Projector hereof considering the general drought there must necessarily follow such a general destruction of salt-fish, and what a probability there is of our citizens shops being turned into tap-houses, unless timely prevented; and considering what a scandal such a metamorphosis would be to the metropolis of Great Britain, further proposes, that pipes shall be laid under ground, for the private conveyance of any liquor into such persons cellars as shall be willing to agree for the same, in the same manner as the said inhabitants are now supplied with Thames and New River water, each housekeeper paying so much per quarter, as shall be mutually agreed on between them and this intended society, who shall sit every Wednesday and Friday, from nine in the forenoon till one, to treat with their customers—And to make this undertaking still more useful, it is proposed to erect a *commodious* STILL-HOUSE *adjoining to the said brewhouse*, to supply the ladies closets in the same private manner, with rum, ratafia, usquebaugh, and right Nantz; and for the convenience of the inferior sort to

lay a particular pipe for the conveyance of right Hollands gin, or English juniper, at very reasonable rates, &c. &c.

Mist's Misc. Letters, Vol. 1. p. 213.

In a subsequent letter the author of this burlesque project states that his scheme had been generally ridiculed, and adds in an affected strain of despondency;

"I am mortified to the last degree, insomuch, that though I had thought of being a great man, and made, at least *Secretary to my own Brewhouse*, a clerkship in any hedge-house that retails nothing but rot-gut small beer, will be esteemed a preferment: if therefore you can recommend me to any place whatever, where I may eat and drink like a Christian, you will save his majesty a loyal subject, by preventing him from hanging or starving. To add to my misfortunes, a young gentleman has threatened me hard for stealing his project, and says he has lost 500l. a year by my tacking so many conundrums to the tail on't which has given the world an ill conceit of what he swears, *had he the management on't*, would be of *general advantage*." *Ibid.* p. 229.

Now this Brown absolutely has established a Joint-stock Brewery, and has since set on foot a distillery close to it. It is unnecessary to pursue the parallel, or to shew what advantage he has made of the hint for the omission of the more striking absurdities of the scheme. Every one must perceive that he so lightly, and, as it appears, so justly appreciated the intellect of those with whom he had to deal, that he did not hesitate seriously to propose a project, which was considered as something even too absurd for public credulity, during a period when the whole nation was infatuated by a spirit of speculation.

The absurdities of this man's plan for the *insurance of the lives of cattle* we have already exposed; and at present we are not inclined to say more about him; let him cease to be a projector and we shall cease to remember that such a man is in existence. But at a time when every day produces some new scheme to entrap the sanguine and unwary, we think it expedient to supply from the Encyclopædia Londinensis the definition of a BUBBLE, which may serve as a test by which the value of any new project may be tried.

The term *bubble* has been emphatically applied to various projects for raising money, or establishing a capital to carry on some scheme of imaginary profit; such as embanking and recovering land overflowed by the sea; digging and working mines; *plans of insurance;* schemes for exploring and seizing uninhabited countries; or for setting on foot any new kind of traffic or manufactory. Proposals were made out, stating the great advantages to be derived, and inviting persons to become adventurers therein. The sums necessary to manage the affair were to be subscribed, and apportioned *into dividends* or *shares* and *made transferable.*

Among projects of this description we find classed by the same writers a plan for *insuring ships* and *merchandise,* entered into by three hundred merchants and gentlemen who proposed to raise a capital of two millions, and we learn that notwithstanding an act passed strictly prohibiting all such schemes for raising money, they continued to increase in the face of all authority. The consequences were most fatal: the bubbles burst, and the ruin was wide and dreadful. Let us then (and we trust our representatives in parliament will do the same) shut our ears against the flatteries of the gas-light projectors: these latter speculators promise mountains of gold to their subscribers: we trust that few will be blinded by their smoke. If

their present application to parliament for liberty to carry their scheme into execution should prove successful, we should hope that the interests of the public at large, as well as of the individuals concerned will be taken into consideration. If the streets can be lit cheaply with gas, let the public have the advantage of the discovery, which does not belong to the projectors: for surely we shall never run the risk of crippling the South Sea and Greenland trade, those hardy nurseries of our seamen, by depriving them of a principal market, for the mere purpose of putting money into the pockets of a few adventurers. This would indeed be strange policy. We contend that if the Gas Light Company are permitted to turn lamp-lighters, they should only be allowed a very trifling compensation beyond the actual expence of their machinery, and then we are at a loss to comprehend the sources from whence are to arise those streams of gold which they promise to their subscribers.

We fear that we are fast approaching to that state of infatuation which prevailed during the fatal year of the South Sea bubble. At that time every day produced some new project, which was pompously announced in the public prints, at the same time that a place was appointed for receiving subscriptions. On some a shilling, on others sixpence per cent. was received as a first subscription, and printed receipts were given for these, signed frequently by persons utterly unknown. Any daring speculator had only to hire a room near the stock exchange, and open a subscription, look for any scheme however visionary, and in a few hours he would obtain subscribers for one or two millions of imaginary stock. Many indeed of these subscribers never believed the projects which they supported feasible; it was enough for them to know

that as soon as the subscriptions were reported to be full the shares would bear a premium, when they could dispose of them to others more credulous than themselves. In this iniquitous traffic all ranks were concerned, avarice prevailing over all considerations of dignity or justice. Nobles left the gaming-table to meet their brokers at coffee-houses and taverns; and women of fashion made use of the houses of their French milliners no longer for the purposes of gallantry, but of stock-jobbing. A ridiculous instance of the eagerness with which these bubbles were caught at by the public is still on record. Subscription books being opened at some coffee-house near the Exchange, for a project that promised incalculable advantages to the subscribers, the house was in a short time so thronged that there was no coming near the door. A barber at the next house observing with what eagerness the crowd pressed for admission, proposed to let them in through his shop a back way, paying down a shilling a man entrance. This proposal was readily acceded to; in they went; but they were then as far from the books as before. So that what with the want of air, the heat of the season, and the unwholesome vapour, occasioned by so large a crowd, the disappointed subscribers found themselves under the necessity of paying the honest barber sixpence a piece to let them out again.

Let us remember these things, and profit by the example they afford us.

PUNCH IN A PUCKER.

Have you heard, friend Satirist, of the bustle among the show-men? and yet to put the question to you is almost to libel your senses by insinuation, for the whole

tribe of puppets and puppet-makers are in arms, and as loud in defence of their rights against an apprehended invasion, as the most determined fish-woman of ancient Rome, that ever bellowed out "*pro aris et focis.*" You must have heard too that the cause of all this ferment and alarm, is an application that has lately been made to the magistrates for leave to erect a new booth, for the exhibition of shows, and such other entertainments as are customary at fairs. But though the origin and subject of the present commotion may be known to you, you may not have attended to the particulars of the dispute, which are extremely amusing.

It seems that a party of good honest citizens, who are fond of a puppet-show when it is conducted as it ought to be, have agreed together to raise a sum of money sufficient to build a booth and defray the expences incident to such a concern; but as they could not carry their design into execution without first obtaining the consent of the magistrates, they made application for such permission, stating generally the grounds upon which they sought the indulgence, and which might influence the magistrates in granting it. That the public have reason to approve and encourage the undertaking must be notorious to all who have been in the habit of frequenting Bartholomew fair of late years. They must have perceived how utterly devoid of all merit the shows now exhibited are, which are made up of nothing but stale ribaldry and low buffoonery, and present no sort of attraction but the fine dresses of the puppets, and the gaudy glare of gilt machinery: and even these have of late been scarcely perceptible in consequence of the preposterous enlargement of the booths. The wit of PUNCH is entirely evaporated, and as for JOAN she is only fit for Billingsgate. Such a

state was the natural consequence of the absurd system so long acted on by the puppet-masters of employing only a set of bungling fellows to furnish their shews that knew nothing of the business. Every man that had the least taste for wit or humour must fall asleep, or go away in disgust. And then the company which is admitted, and the conduct that is allowed, is such as no decent woman or modest man can endure: not to mention their drinking gin, eating black-puddings and onions, and smoaking, which certainly are not agreeable in any polite assembly. Now all these objections the worthy subscribers for the new booth undertake to obviate: for they will produce no shows but such as are entertaining, and at the same time modest; unbiassed by prejudices or partialities, they will employ only workmen of genius, wherever they are to be found; they will construct their booth in such form and size that every one may see and hear; and they will take care to exclude all improper company from mixing with the decent part of the audience. On all these accounts it was natural for the public to be pleased with the proposal of the subscribers, and to wish them success in their application; but more particularly so at the present time, when the two principal booths have been destroyed by fire, and there is no chance of one of them ever being rebuilt, for nobody will trust the old show-man, that had the management of it, with a single shilling to set him up again. So that in fact, there is now but one booth, where the public can go to see a show, for we can scarcely reckon the organ-grinders' stall, and his dull puppets as any thing, and we must put up with whatever trumpery they choose to present to us. All these arguments the subscribers might with great truth and justice have advanced in support of their application, but with most singu-

lar moderation, and without the least reference either to the negligence, the perverseness, or the misfortunes of the established showmen, they merely suggested that another booth, in addition to those already allowed, appeared to be necessary for the accommodation of the public, in consequence of the increased size and population of the metropolis; of which a most striking and apposite proof was afforded in the necessity for enlarging the scene in question, Smithfield-market. More beef could not be wanting if there were not more mouths to fill; and if there were more mouths, there were more persons to go to shows. Nothing could be more evident.

This general view of the merits and circumstances of the case will serve to render the alarm and remonstrances of the show-men, Merry Andrews, Punch, organ-grinders, and the rest of the train of St. Bartholemew's, intelligible. No sooner did they know that the petition of the subscribers was presented, than they all came flocking to the magistrate's house, making as great a hubbub and outcry as Gale Jones's sans-culottes, when in lofty debate on the despotism of the pillory. The magistrate could no more comprehend the meaning of their clamour, than he could have done the gabble of the builders of Babel: and by the advice of his clerk, therefore, he ordered all the parties to appear before him, when they were better prepared to make the cause of their dispute intelligible to him; and the better to effect this, he advised the contending parties to employ somebody to speak for them, who might be able to explain their several pretensions.

The day of hearing being arrived, the spokesman for the subscribers, in a plain modest manner stated the grounds upon which they made their application. He adverted to the fondness of all nations for puppet-shows; and their

beneficial effects in keeping up the spirits of a people and enlightening them by example; and proceeded to observe upon the apparent necessity of an additional booth to accommodate the increased population of the metropolis, and the consequently increased number of those who frequented puppet-shows, submitting that what might be room for two hundred persons, would not be room for three hundred. He next hinted that it was desirable a booth should be so constructed that the audience might see and hear the performance; and to this subject his clients meant particularly to attend. He understood that it was intended to be argued that the present magistrates had no power to grant permission for the erection of another booth; for that some magistrate about a hundred and fifty years ago had promised to a couple of buffoons who were his pot-companions, an eternal monopoly of booths, because one swallowed six yards of black-pudding at a gulp, and the other eat up the fire that broiled them: and it was under this patent that the two principal showmen claimed an exclusive right of exhibiting puppet-shows. But he contended that it was absurd to suppose that any former magistrate could by his act controul the power of the amusements of his successors *ad infinitum*; and at all events, he submitted, that to entitle the present claimants to this prescription, they ought to exhibit to the court the same qualifications as the original patentees. He would willingly on the part of his clients send for six yards of black-pudding, if his claimants would undertake to eat them.

Upon this the advocate of the showmen rose under evident embarrassment. He observed that he had received his instructions only about a month, and was therefore ill prepared to answer the elaborate arguments of his learned friend. He was not however prepared to agree with him

that all nations had been fond of puppet-shows; because he was not assured that there were not some nations that had never seen a puppet, in which case he submitted that they could not be fond of them, since fondness for any thing necessarily presupposed a knowledge of it. Neither was he prepared to allow that shows always kept up the spirit of a people, because he was instructed to say that they were sometimes of a grave and serious nature, which he should contend could by no means tend to elevate the spirits. Neither was he prepared to agree with his learned friend in his statement of the increase of population; and if it were increased it did not, he submitted, necessarily follow that the number of puppet-show-goers was therefore greater. He had reason, indeed, to believe that the number was rather decreased. The manners of the people changed: they went now rather to methodist meetings than to shows, and he believed were better amused. But admitting for the sake of argument, that his learned friend's statements were correct, admitting that the number of persons frequenting shows were increased in the proportion of one in three, he was not prepared to admit his conclusion that what might be room for two hundred persons could not be room for three hundred. It was a question which required mature deliberation, and at present he was not prepared to answer it. Neither was he prepared to say whether it were, or it were not necessary that those who went to a show should be able to see or hear all that passed; much might pass that was neither fit to be seen nor heard. He never went to shows himself; but he suggested this might be the case. As to the origin of the patent of his clients on which his learned friend had attempted to throw so much ridicule, though he was not prepared to meet all his objections, he submitted that to

eat six yards of black pudding at one gulp and the coals that broiled them, was no ordinary qualification: and though he was not prepared to accept the challenge of his learned friend on the part of his clients, yet if the present claimants were prepared to give the same proof of their qualifications, as had been given by the original patentees, he should no longer object to their claims. But he must beg the court to grant him further time to prepare his answer, suggesting only in the words of a proverb, which to him appeared peculiarly applicable to the present question, that "the proof of the pudding is in the eating."

Further time was accordingly granted; and at the next hearing of the cause, the showmen appeared in great strength. They had now got another spokesman, who was as ready to speak of every thing, whether he understood it or not, as the other had been to doubt of what was plain to every body. He opened the business in a splendid exordium in which he pointed out the great advantages of monopolies, which by preventing all rivalry, extinguished that spirit of contention which might lead to a breach of the peace, a thing particularly to be guarded against in a public fair. All property, he contended, would be insecure, if the mounds and bulwarks of patents, were thus to be broken down. But the several petitions of his worthy clients would set the merits of the case in the fairest light. He then proceeded to read the petition of OLD HARRY and BLACK JACK, which after setting forth their various claims on the public, went on to state, that their old booth having been burnt down, they had erected at a very great expence so fine a new one, that the like had never been seen; and as the public would not let them raise the price of admission, they now exhibited

shows at a very great loss to themselves, as a committee of gentlemen had certified: but as they bore this trouble and loss out of pure respect to the public, they trusted the public would not receive their humble services so ill as to desert them: because though it was proved that they would be gainers if their booth was quite shut up, it was their ambition to amuse the public, even though it were ruin to themselves. "How noble, how disinterested is this!" exclaimed the advocate, "and shall such men as these be curtailed of their rights to be placed on a level with purse-proud adventurers? But let us look at the other petitions," continued he, "the first which I must notice is that of a man, whom you all must know, and knowing must admire: a man of such infinite wit and humour, that I may truly say Smithfield never saw such a merry-andrew before, and when fate shall take him from us, will never look upon his like again; a man alike the ornament of the stage and of the debating society, a man of such extensive credit that his name stands fairly entered in the books of half the city; I scarce need add to this description the name of RED-NOSED DICK." The learned advocate then read the petition, which stated that the booth of the petitioner had been destroyed by fire, and the property of all that were concerned therein lost. That as unfortunately he had never been able to pay them any part of their share of the profits of the booth while it was standing, they were unwilling to come forward again to enable him to rebuild it. That, however, by a most *promising* scheme, which he could have suggested, he might have been able to have procured the means from such as were inclined to sink their money in such an undertaking, but the present claimants had forestalled the market,

their plan offering to common apprehension more certain and immediate profit than his, the advantages of which it required great speculative acuteness to discover. To grant the permission, which the present claimants asked, would be not only to involve him and all concerned with him in ruin, but would put the claimants on a better footing than he or his brother patentees had been, since they would set off with money in their pockets; instead of having interest to pay for a borrowed principal they would have a principal of their own, whereas it was well known that he had never had the least principle in all his life. "What then," exclaimed the eloquent advocate of the show-man, "are the prospects of such a man as Red-nosed Dick to be thus blighted in the bud? are his tried deserts to be placed on a level with those of his claimants? Think in his fate how many innocent victims are involved. Think of his amiable son, Slippery Tom, who promised, had fate permitted, to tread in the steps of his illustrious father; or think, rather of his lovely wife, now, alas! approaching near to a state of *viduity*: shall neither wit nor the tears of beauty, nor pity for the invalid, prevail? Shall not the hundreds whohave been ruined by their connectionwithRed-nosed Dick have a chance allowed them of recovering their losses, and of shifting their misfortunes from their own shoulders onthose whomay want to purchase experience? Their condition cannot be made worse; but if there were one chance in a million, which I will contend there is, nay, will venture to assert there are two chances in a million that their condition might be bettered, they ought not to be excluded from it. Red-nosed Dick has done great things for himself without any money of his own; who could say what he would do for other people? But if

the age were grown so iron-hearted, there are others who have superior pretensions to the present claimants. I hold in my hand," continued the learned advocate, " the petition of SAM THE PAINTER, a man who, I may say, has a kind of *hereditary* right to be a manager of a puppet-show; for his father first made the world acquainted with the powers of the Jew's harp, and thereby improved and dignified the national music; yet SAM is at present nothing but an organ-grinder; though it is true he had, by an invention of his own, contrived to make a few puppets dance upon the top of his organ. I have another petition from CORPORAL HARRY, who has long had a little kind of pic nic shew for the genteeler sort of company, to whom he has always given satisfaction. Now I submit that both these petitioners have a superior claim to the subscribers. Then I have petitions from COLY THE DROLL, and his partners, the MORRIS-DANCER, and the FLEECY HOSIERY BARON, who complain that the rights of their summer-booth would be infringed by the grant now claimed. And last of all, here is the petition of ELBOW-SHAKE OVER THE WATER, the most accomplished punchinello that ever Smithfield could boast; for under the character of Punch he will assume all the first parts of tragedy, comedy, farce, opera, and pantomime, and make nothing of them; a man who can whistle the character of Macbeth as well as he can play it. Such a man, I contend," said the learned advocate, " is a man of no common pretensions; and his petition goes to say that no one can be entitled to such an indulgence as that claimed by the subscribers, except those who are conversant with the management of puppet-shows; and if such an indulgence were thought advisable, he submits that his pretensions are entitled to the first consideration. In the mean time

he states that his interests, and those of his neighbour, ROUGH-RIDING PHIL, would be most materially affected by the grant proposed. Surely then we should pause before we venture to endanger such important interests as these. Can we shut our ears to the cries of justice, shall we shut our eyes on the tears of the widow and orphan ?" The learned spokesman for the show-men concluded in a most brilliant and pathetic peroration, which drew tears from every old apple-woman in court.

As soon as he had finished his oration, ROUGH-RIDING PHIL, a large portly-bellied man, who had evinced great signs of impatience ever since his name had been mentioned, arose, and declared that he had given no man leave to make use of his name ; that as for him, he had no objection to the application of the subscribers. It would not make him poorer, because other people got money. For his part, he had been twice burnt out, but had got forward again without raising his price of admission. He was not like a dog in a manger that could not eat himself and would not let any body else eat. A nod was as good as a wink to a blind horse ; and they that the cap fitted might wear it.

Upon this RED-NOSED DICK rose in great indignation, which, however, presently abated. He merely requested further time to amend his petition, and so the affair rests at present. When it is decided you may hear further from

Your friend,

March 20th, 1810. SCARAMOUCH.

STATE OF PARTIES.

EDINBURGH REVIEW.

"So far from being a country, the measure of whose sufferings is full, and to which every change must be gain, we conceive it to be obvious, on a very slight consideration, that we have attained a greater portion of happiness, and civil liberty, than have ever before been enjoyed by any other nation, and that the frame and administration of our polity is, with all its defects, the most perfect and beneficial of any that men have yet invented, and reduced to practice. We have perfect liberty of person, and security of property, we have an administration of law, both civil and criminal, that is not only impartial but unsuspected—we have freedom of speech and of publication, beyond what any other people ever experienced.—We have wealth and police and morality superior to any other country; and we have no privileged orders possessing a monopoly of the honors and dignities of the state.—*These advantages we have attained under our present system of government, and under it, there does not seem to be any reason to doubt that they may be preserved to us unimpaired !!!*" * * * * * * "*What shall we think of the patriotism or wisdom of those, who, in spite of all this, maintain that the country is in a deplorable state and ripening rapidly for destruction.*"

Edinburgh Review, No. 20, p. 406.

A variety of circumstances have tended to increase the circulation of *the Edinburgh Review* beyond that of any cotemporary publication, if we except those compilations of ignorance and blasphemy the Methodist Maga-

zines: it is not our present intention to enquire whether this extensive circulation ought to be attributed to the superior talents of those by whom it is conducted, or to the national prejudice of their countrymen in favour of those productions which are brought forth, if *not conceived*, on the northern side of the Tweed: for if it be true that the influence which a work of this description has upon the public mind is in proportion to the number of its readers; and if we prove that, in this particular instance, that influence is of a pernicious tendency, it is very immaterial whether the poison be administered by a lettered knave, or a mischievous idiot, or whether the majority of those who imbibe it be Scots or Englishmen; —these have now but one political existence, and they must stand or fall together. We are neither insensible of the burthens which our country is constrained to endure, nor "inattentive to the *signs of the times*," which appear to forebode afflictions far more grievous; but we must reprobate the conduct of those, who, instead of endeavouring to reconcile us to inevitable evils and to point out probable means of averting those afflictions with which we are threatened, maliciously strive to render us impatient under our sufferings by attributing them to false and aggravating causes, and recommend the adoption of measures, which although they might probably benefit their projectors, could not fail to increase the measure, and accelerate the approach of those very dangers which they pretend to deprecate.

That such has been the recent conduct of the *Edinburgh Reviewers*, every man of sound and unbiassed judgment, who has read their observations on *the state of parties*, must admit: for although their meaning is in many instances involved in impenetrable obscurity, the effects

which they are anxious to produce, and their *ultimate object* are abundantly evident.

They begin by assuming that "the dangers and the corruptions, and the prodigies of the times have put an end to all neutrality in politics, and divided the great body of the nation into two most violent and most pernicious factions; the courtiers, who are almost for arbitrary power—and the democrats, who are almost for revolution and republicanism."*

We shall not now examine into the comparative dangers and corruptions of these and other times, but must, *in limine*, state our belief that the *great body* of the nation is *not* so divided. We believe that there does not exist at this moment an hundred individuals who wish to increase the constitutional influence of the crown. It is evident from the sequel that the term *courtiers* is meant to designate the present ministers and their political adherents. Now we can only judge of their predilection for arbitrary power from their *overt-acts*, or from their *expressed sentiments*; and who will say that any act of the present administration, or any expression uttered by any member thereof even in the heat of debate, has manifested any thing like an attempt or a desire either to *increase* the prerogative, or to infringe upon the just rights of the people? Neither do we believe that the number of those who wish for revolution and republicanism, is by any means so formidable as these northern politicians would have us imagine. The portion of the people who feel most severely the pressure of the times is comparatively small, and chiefly consists of persons who are capable of thinking for themselves; men, who, although they loudly complain of their sufferings, and listen with eager attention to

* Edinburgh Review, No. 30, p. 504.

those who propose to alleviate them, will never forget that they still enjoy "perfect liberty of person and security of property, an administration of law, both civil and criminal, not only impartial but unsuspected; and freedom of speech and publication beyond what any other people ever experienced;" they will therefore be very unwilling to risk all these real blessings for the possible chance of obtaining relief from their present inconveniences by means of a revolution, particularly when they reflect "that revolution propagates revolution, as waves give rise to waves, till the agitation is stopped by the iron boundary of despotism."*

The great body of the nation, consisting of the lower order of mechanics and the labouring classes, have no extraordinary hardships to render them discontented. They are not at all affected by the most oppressive of our taxes, and if they pay two pence a pot more than they did twenty years ago for their porter, to contribute to the luxuries of their pretended friend, Mr. Whitbread, the price of their labour has risen more than in proportion. Although it is true that the cheated slaves of Buonaparte obtain as much bread for seven pence as an Englishman can purchase for a shilling, it is notorious that it is more difficult for them to procure that seven pence honestly than it is for the latter to earn half-a-crown. Cheapness of provisions is the surest indication of national poverty. In the remote parts of Ireland a shilling will purchase thrice the quantity of necessaries that it will in the metropolis of England, but the inhabitants of those districts are, nevertheless, in the most abject state of misery and want.

Notwithstanding we contend that the lower classes of

* Edinburgh Review, No. 30. page 512.

Britons have no cause for discontent and no peculiar and determinate desire for revolution, we are fully aware that their ignorance, inconstancy, and credulity render them, like the *mob* of every other nation where the people have had a share in the government, extremely liable to become the dupes and instruments of wicked and designing men; of such men as are at this moment anxiously endeavouring to excite them to revolt, anarchy, *aye and murder*, with no other view than that of gratifying their own ambition, or of elevating themselves above that station in society to which they have been degraded by their crimes. This small, but desperate, active, and dangerous band are, with *one* or *two* exceptions, the only persons in this country who actually wish for *revolution*—they have nothing to lose, and they know that a national fermentation tends to elevate the dregs of mankind. It is from the machinations of these that we have the most serious dangers to apprehend: their appeals are made to the ignorant and the indigent, whose prejudices are not propagated by reason, but caught by contagion. What renders this mischievous faction truly formidable is this—their activity is not opposed with corresponding energy on the part of government. Great as our comparative preference is for the *principles* of the present ministers, we are obliged to confess that they are rather to be venerated for their integrity than admired for their vigour and decision. They are, we verily believe, sincerely attached to the constitution of their country, but they want courage to oppose and punish those who are endeavouring to undermine and destroy it. They should recollect that a wise administration should rather strive to *deserve* than to *obtain* popularity; and that they who by vigorous and

decisive measures prevent the nation from being deluded into rebellion, are in reality *the best friends of the people.*

Let us now return to the Edinburgh Review, or rather to the article therein, which *we know to have been written by Mr. Brougham, the new member for Camelford.*

For the sake of argument we will suppose that the great body of the nation is divided into the two formidable factions described by this gentleman, and then proceed to examine his plan for preventing the fatal consequences which he tells us would inevitably result from their collision in open conflict.

"If the *whole* nation," says he, "were actually divided into revolutionists and high monarchy men, we do not see how they could be prevented from fighting and giving us the chance of a despotism or a tumultuary democracy. Fortunately however this is not the case," (*O fortunatos nimium sua si bona norint* BRITANNI!) "There is a *third party* in the nation: small, indeed, in point of numbers compared with the others, but essentially powerful from TALENTS and *reputation!!!* and calculated to become both popular and authoritative by the fairness and firmness of its principles. This is composed of the *whig royalists of England!!!!!*"* Had we not known the author of this laughable paragraph, and had not the word TALENTS been so whimsically introduced into the description, we should have been unable even to guess at the component parts of this redoubtable *little party.* We are now, however, thoroughly convinced that it consists of those very men who, to shew that they were "indignant at every project to insult the people"† made the Lord Chief Justice

* Edinburgh Review, No. 30. p. 512.

† Ibid, page 513.

of the King's Bench a cabinet minister, and the treasurer of the Exchequer auditor of his own accounts: of those men who refused to grant Lord Wellington a pension of two thousand pounds per annum, although they settled twelve hundred a year on the *ci-devant* Mrs. Armstead for HER *public services*: of those men who are now anxious to force themselves upon their sovereign by leaguing *with the democrats*, and who to promote this nefarious league have purchased with a seat in parliament the support of *Mr. Brougham and the Edinburgh Review.**

Now let us see how this clever *little party* are to avert the dangers of the impending storm. "If they would escape being crushed," says Mr. Brougham, "along with the constitution on the collision of the two hostile bodies, they must identify themselves cordially with the better part of one of them, and thus soothe, *ennoble*, and controul it by the infusion of their own spirit, and the authority of their own wisdom and experience. Like faithful generals, whose troops have mutinied, *they must join the march*, and mix with the ranks of the offenders, that they may be enabled to reclaim and repress them."† This is all mighty pretty in theory, and may afford a very beneficial hint to the rector of St. Giles's, whom we earnestly recommend to '*identify*' himself with his sinful congregation, to join their *nocturnal marches*, to mix with them in their gin-shops and b—y houses, and to endeavour to win them back to morality and church by "praises and *embraces*, and dissuasives of kindness and *flattery*."‡

* We have heard that the Grenville part of the opposition were not privy to this projected league, and that they are to be left in the lurch by the *Whig Royalists!*

† Edinburgh Review, No. 30. p. 513.

‡ Ibid.

Mr. Brougham exclaims, there can be little hesitation as to the *side* to which these *whig-royalists* must address themselves: because "to the court *they cannot go.*"* "It remains therefore," adds he very shrewdly, "that they must associate themselves with the popular party." He then gives some very *simple* reasons for this preference, and observes, that any attempt now to *bully* and intimidate the disaffected must be as fruitless as it has *always* been *absurd* and *unjustifiable!*"† We do not exactly comprehend what is here meant by "*bullying*" and "*intimidating*," but we are decidedly of opinion that the *disaffected* can only be effectually restrained by bold, firm, and vigorous measures. Has Mr. Brougham, lost in the contemplation of *present* dangers, forgotten the evils which threatened his country towards the close of the last century; when organized thousands and hundreds of thousands wickedly raised the horrid yell of revolution; when worth, rank, and royalty were actually proscribed, and the murderous axe was ready ground to fulfil the bloody designs of fanatics and traitors; when the "*disaffected actually were joined by the whig-royalists*,"‡ who, however, instead of striving "to soothe, ennoble, and controul them," encouraged their extravagant demands, and applauded their projected atrocities? Has he forgotten that the country was rescued from these unparalleled perils, these impending horrors by the decisive and intrepid con-

* Edinburgh Review, No. 30. p. 513.

† Ibid. p. 514.

‡ Most of our readers will recollect the celebrated dinner of reconciliation between the *Whig Club* and the leading members of the London corresponding society, of which Mr. now *Lord* Grey and several other whigs became members.

duct of WILLIAM PITT? Perhaps Mr. Brougham, like Sir Francis Burdett, may think the measures adopted by that matchless statesman "absurd and unjustifiable:" but, we apprehend, all those who really love their country will deem them most wise and salutary.

We have heard several repentant revolutionists confess that nothing but these measures could have prevented them from carrying their designs into execution; and the curses, which those who are not yet cured of their revolutionary mania are continually bestowing on the memory of William Pitt, are a convincing proof that they consider *him* the cause of their overthrow and disappointment.

Having digested his plan of union with the disaffected, (the real object of which is evidently to get *his party* into power) Mr. Brougham proceeds to make the necessary advances towards carrying it into effect, declares that the people are clearly right in the greater part of their demands, and recommends that the three points upon which the popular advocates have chiefly insisted, viz. *retrenchment* of our expenditure: the *punishment* of delinquent statesmen, and a *reform* in the representation of the people) should be instantly conceded.*

On the subject of punishing not only the delinquencies but even *the ill success* of ministers, he is peculiarly eloquent; but all his arguments appear to be directed against particular individuals rather than towards the support of general principles.

Towards the conclusion he most *unjustifiably* alludes to

* Had we room we could here adduce some glorious proofs of inconsistency and apostacy, for which we beg to refer our readers to the number of the Edinburgh Review from which we have taken our motto.

the pending enquiry in the House of Commons, and endeavours to *intimidate* the members of that august assembly into the conviction and punishment of his Majesty's present ministers. If ministers are to be punished for *ill success*, who, that is not either gifted with the *second-sight* of a Scotchman or blessed with the infallibility and omniscience of divinity, will venture to assume the reins of government? Would Mr. Brougham disgrace his country by introducing the sanguinary practices of Turkey, where an unsuccessful minister resigns at the same moment his office and his head? If ministers are to be punished for the losses occasioned by an unsuccessful expedition, where is the line to be drawn? and who is to determine the precise quantity of blood and treasure which may be lavished with impunity?—The planners of the expeditions to Buenos Ayres, the Dardanelles, and Egypt, were permitted to escape, and shall *they* or *their dependants* now call for vengeance on the heads of those, who projected the attack upon Walcheren and Antwerp?

We can assure our readers that Mr. Brougham wrote this article by the desire and *under the immediate inspection* of certain *whig chiefs*; whose names *we know*, and would communicate did we not fear that we might thereby enable them to discover the channel through which we obtained our intelligence.

We have much more to say concerning Mr. Brougham and his *projects*, and some important disclosures to make relative to his political connections, but are under the necessity of postponing the remainder of this article till the appearance of our next number.

March 27th, 1810.

THE WIDOW'S CRUISE.

I.

In good Elijah's holy days
(At least so sacred story says,)
Ne'er fail'd the Widow's cruise.
But things are vastly chang'd since then
And so, indeed, are dames and men,
Or credit not my muse.

II.

A dame who lately lost one spouse
And wish'd another in her house,
Sail'd forth in all her charms
Display'd her colours (*red and white*)
And swore a *prize* that hove in sight,
She'd conquer *by her arms.*

III.

In vain she tack'd in vain she veer'd,
The prize still at a distance steer'd,
And shunn'd *a close engagement,*
"Yield Captain, yield!" she cried—"Be mine!
Though conquer'd GLORY shall be thine!"
His fears knew no assuagement.

IV.

Swift from her *arms* he bore away,
Unheeding what he heard her say,
Deaf to the *calls* of GLORY:
And though two months in chase she sail'd
The Widow's *cruise* completely *fail'd,*——
So mayn't the poet's story.

Portland Place.

ANECDOTES, EPIGRAMS, &c.

THE SAINT IN HIS SHIRT.

At the consecration, we should say the open ing, of Ebenezer chapel, a little nursery of Saints in the neighbourhood of Ratcliff-Highway, erected about a dozen years ago, the notorious Dr. Sack, as he humourously calls himself, that is, the Reverend William Hunt-*ington* S. S., was employed to preach the commencing sermon: the gospel-traders, to whom the chapel belonged, wisely conjecturing that a bold stroke at their first setting off in business, was the best way to ensure custom to the shop. The notoriety of the coalheaving apostle, and the attraction of a new warehouse of evangelism drew together an immense crowd. The place was crammed full, and the weather was very sultry. Every eye was turned with awe and reverence on the preacher, as he ascended the pulpit. The S. S. is not one of Pharaoh's lean kine, and the sweat streamed down his face.—He had no taste for melting; but casting his eye round the assembly with a look of sweet complacency, he exclaimed, "Well! I have often pulled off my coat in the cause of the devil, and now I'll pull it off in the cause of God!". Upon which he instantly stripped to his shirt, and pulling out a small bible, gave a text from St. Paul. He then put himself in a boxing attitude, and spitting in his hands, cried, "Now, Paul, have at ye!"

DANGERS OF THE COUNTRY, OR NECESSARY EVILS.

A LADY seriously afflicted with the endemic disorder called *croaking*, was expressing her patriotic fears, the other day, to a very sedate clergyman, who did not agree with her that the country was in any very serious danger, but on the contrary endeavoured to convince her of the comparative blessings which Englishmen exclusively enjoy. The dispute growing rather warm, the lady asked him if we had'nt lost all our *luxuries?*" "Those Madam," replied her antagonist, "were rather detrimental than advantageous." "By-and-bye," retorted the fair politician, "we shall lose all our *necessaries*, then, Sir, won't the country be ruined?" The clergyman wishing to put an end to the debate by appearing to agree with her, without sacrificing his own opinion, very gravely answered in the following words, "Madam, your last argument is conclusive, and I am compelled to admit that when we shall have lost all our *necessaries* we must *go to pot.*"

EPIGRAM.

Since D—n's D— had lost one tender wife,
Wisely he acted when he chose another
Who was well practiced in his ways of life,
Who to his brats *had been* a FOSTER mother!

SIR FRANCIS BURDETT.

MR. *Cato Curious* presents his very best respects to *Mr. Satirist*, and understanding him to be a man of more than ordinary intelligence, will thank him for a satisfactory answer to the following

QUERIES.

1. How came Sir Francis Burdett (who *now* asserts that the house of commons have no power to commit any man to prison for a breach of their privileges) to vote *for* the incarceration of the *Editor of the Oracle* in 1805,* and to vote *against* his being liberated when he petitioned the house to that effect?

2. How came Sir Francis Burdett to vote for the imprisonment of Huxley Sandon and General Clavering?

Mr. Satirist presents compliments to Mr. *Cato Curious* to whose queries he has no hesitation in giving the underwritten

ANSWER.

Because neither Mr. Peter Stuart, nor Huxley Sandon, nor General Clavering were *instruments* of DISCORD and REVOLUTION!

March 28th.

* For a breach of privilege, he having written some severe strictures on the conduct of Mr. Whitbread and his clan towards Lord Melville.

Errata in the last Number of the Satirist.

Page 218—line 7, for *groaning* read *grinning*.
Page 218—line 26, after the word *flaw* a comma only.
Page 228—line 13, for *representation* read *misrepresentation*.
Page 240—line 13, for *musky* read *murky*.
Page 245—line 5, for *bubbled* read *babbled*.
Page 247—line 2, for *rais'st* read *rears't*.
Page 299—line 10, for '*they*' read *as*, in the beginning of the line, and insert the word '*they*' after '*declared*' at the end of the line, omitting the redundant commas.

REVIEW OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

FIAT JUSTITIA!

A Letter on the Genius and Dispositions of the French Government, including a View of the Taxation of the French Empire. By an American, recently returned from Europe. Philadelphia printed. London reprinted. Longman and Co. 8vo.

The present has been designated as an age of wonders, and indeed though *miracles* have ceased, it seems as if the budget of *wonders* was but newly opened. We have seen a set of men who call themselves *whigs*, for no other reason that we can divine but that their principles and their *proposed* practice are not only in direct opposition to, but in direct subversion of, the very radicals of antient whiggism; and we have long had a string of soidisant *patriots*, whose "amor patriæ" can only be descried in a uniform practice of vilifying their own country, misrepresenting and misjudging every act, whether civil, military, or political, of all their own countrymen, except their own party, and in blazoning forth the supposed advantages, or glossing over the horrid enormities of our inveterate foe.

Whenever a *writer* or an *orator* has stood forth to combat these sentiments, he has invariably been hunted with the loud cry of "prejudice and illiberality," by these

liberal minded gentlemen, who whilst boasting of their consistency, understand how to change their political telescope, for the deception of those who chuse to take a peep at their gallantic show. If recent proof of this were wanted, the debates of an honourable house, even within the last fortnight, are a damning proof of that proneness to excuse, or at least to subvert every charge, however well founded, against the atrocious conduct of the *scourge of the human race.* When a member, lately returned from Spain, asserted that the ferocious conquerors had actually imprisoned all the males in the town of Puerto Real, and caused all the females to be marched down to St. Mary's, where their army lay, *for the purposes of violation!*—a smoothfaced *shining* orator, with all the *liberal tenderness* of modern philosophy, asked with an air of triumph, whether the narrator had *seen this act of atrocity*, and with most *patriotic candour*, accused him of endeavouring to excite the mind and passions of the country *against the French!* We will not deny that the ingredients of this *honourable* gentleman's speeches, may be as narcotic to his hearers as those which constitute that beverage which seems to stupify his customers; it is a fortunate thing, however, that they are not likely to put us to sleep, as far as regards our own true interests, and the honour and happiness of the human race.

If these *patriotic infidels*, however, will not believe an Englishman when he details these horrors, or doubts the truth of the vaunting *exposés* of NAPOLEON and his servile ministers, they have now an opportunity of acquiring some knowledge of the facts from the pen of an American, a native of that country whose extraordinary falsehoods in favour of French politics will certainly save *him* from the charge of prejudice, unless these *liberal* gentlemen are

determined to consider no man as unbiassed, whose sentiments do not coincide exactly with their own!

This gentleman addressing his own countrymen, seems surprized "to find opinions in vogue, which have been long since abandoned, even by that description of European politicians, whose *sympathies* were once so powerfully attracted to the success of French policy, both external and domestic."—His surprize would have ceased however at such a turn of sentiment in *America*, if he had attended but a little to the opinions of some of our modern patriots, who can see more atrocity at home, in placing the son of a gentleman in a public school of royal endowment, than in their *friends abroad* tearing the rising hopes of the next generation from every parental care, nay from the very forms of their public schools, in order to increase the number of those who are sent forth to pillage and destroy.

Some of those who can only admire *American* sentiments, in proportion as they are inimical to this country, seem disposed to deny a transatlantic origin to this little work, *from its internal evidence*; we cannot, however, help thinking that *true patriotism* is the same, and speaks the same language in all countries, nor do we think that the man must absolutely be an Englishman, who writes—"of cordial detestation for the profligacy, and of timely resistance to the machinations of a power, which, circumscribed by no law, and checked by no scruple, meditates the subjugation of this, as well as of every other country."—This denial, however, on the part of our patriots is a tacit confession that such sentiments, if not applicable to America, are yet referrable to England!

The feelings of this author seem founded on actual observation, and we can agree with him that, *Sisyphus*-like,

" the evils which this gigantic despotism entails upon France herself, are no less galling than those to which the conquered countries are subject"—we are not, however, prepared to go his whole length, when he asserts, that, " whoever attends to the progress of the French power must be satisfied, that it is not the work of chance ; but, in a great degree, the result *of a deliberate project* for the subjugation of Europe, framed and acted upon even before the reign of the Directory ;" for we cannot suppose it to have been *one grand design*, but rather an union of *various designs*, all tending to the same end.

It seems the opinion of some of our *great* men here, who are fond of brewing party storms in the political world that the little Corsican is a very great man; this writer however considers that " the power of Buonaparte is the offspring of the *genius* and *necessities* of the republic," and though he gives him full credit for those diabolical passions which prompt to destroy, yet he is of opinion that he and his immediate predecessors were conquerors from necessity as well as from choice ; that to disband the armies would be an act of political suicide, and is in itself utterly impossible ; that it is no less impossible to maintain them within the limits of the French territory ; that exclusive of other considerations, the state of their finances present an insuperable obstacle to the latter alternative ; and that the regular receipts of their treasury are altogether insufficient for their expences. These positions he proves by a chain of solid reasoning, and, however gloomy the prospect they may present of a general pacification, they seem to be a sufficient answer to those querulous politicians who, out of their great love for the human race, are eternally lamenting the miseries of a protracted war.

Of the internal situation of France herself, under the influence of all these causes, he draws a lively picture; and that part is not the least worthy of consideration, where he says that "at this moment the only measure of authority throughout the whole empire is FORCE; and that in the course of his remarks he was in no respect more astonished than in observing how completely the revolution had extinguished every principle of *civil* subordination." The consequences of this substitution of *military* power in lieu of the *civil*, must in itself be productive of permanent and almost immediate misery; and we may well ask under what possible modification of circumstances is it even probable that a free and industrious, and a *credit-giving* country, like England, could exist on any reciprocal terms of friendly relationship with this *great nation*? Nay, their most friendly grasp would be that of death; have we not all been witnesses to the friendly protestations towards Spain, of which this author affirms that "all the great estates were marked and parcelled out long before the last invasion of that country," adding that "it is not too much to affirm, that those of England are equally well known, and already partitioned." Of this indeed we have no doubt, and the warmest friends of France in this country would have as much reason to complain as those who are most inimical to her; nay, it is more than probable that even the shawls and tippets facing Fleet-Market are already dedicated to the adornment of some soi-disant "Duchess of Edmonton," and that some *Sauterre in embrio* is waiting with eager expectation for the *Chiswell-street porter manufactory.*

The conduct of France towards the unfortunate Spaniards, seems to have excited some little astonishment in our author's mind, and he observes, "that it is not easy

to conceive, how it could have failed to light into a flame every spark of feeling or energy which remains to the nations of the earth." He gives due praise however to that burst of feeling, and patriotism, and of loyalty, which pervaded almost every British breast: what then must be his sensations when he finds our *boasting Patriots*, with an almost traiterous despondence, recommending that Spain be left to her fate; when he finds them thundering out in the British Senate, and disseminating amongst the people, by *means of the liberty of the press*, those very doctrines which Buonaparte is so anxious to inculcate that he would willingly pay his *millions of Francs* to have them inserted in *a British Newspaper.*

It has been too much the habit of late, to speak of the comparative advantages which France is said to possess over England: to men of general observation, such assertions will appear too absurd even to require confutation; but the misfortune is, that the poison is disseminated amongst those who are unable to judge for themselves, and whose opinions are regulated more by their passions than by their reason. To those, this pamphlet will operate as a powerful antidote, as they will here find that too much stress is laid upon fancied mitigations and improvements in their system of finance, particularly when they see that even the *net proceeds* of taxation bear more heavily in France than in England, independent of the expences of collection, added to the tyrannical and oppressive mode in which they are levied. To enter into an investigation of this head of the work, would far exceed our limits: to use the author's own words, however, it is not very difficult to form an idea of the state of taxation, in a country " where the people are deprived of all means of knowing the real amount either of the

receipts or disbursements, as no public scrutiny is allowed; where a military executive enjoys an unlimited controul over the estimate, the collection and the expenditure of the revenue—where there exists no public organ for complaint or remonstrance—no voice or influence of public opinion—no idea of distributive justice—— and no protection for the citizen, against the usurpations of executive authority." He tells us, what indeed is pretty well known, that there is no dependence to be placed upon the *exposés* so pompously brought forth; he also tells us, that he has carefully collated the list of objects taxed in England and in France, particularly the excise, and ascertained that none of these have been omitted by the French ministers, which can in any way be rendered productive: but in the latter country, he remarks, that the consideration of avoiding the imposition of such taxes as might clog the industry of the people, or trench too far upon their necessities, appears to have had no weight, and " at the same time, the proportion observed in England, for the alleviation of the lower classes, are there totally disregarded."

It is impossible to follow him though his proofs of the present French Imperial establishment being much *dearer* to the nation, than the ancient regal one; or the various instances he adduces to shew that every abuse or hardship of the old regime, is copied and encreased under the new system, particularly in the establishment of a new *espionage*, and of a department in the Post office, where *thirty* clerks are constantly employed in opening letters and making such transcripts as may be thought necessary for *Imperial* information!

There is something peculiarly spirited in the line of politics which this American writer proposes to his coun-

trymen, he shews them that the views of France are directed against them as much as against Europe, in fact that NAPOLEON can never consider his power as safely established, whilst any country exists in which there is even the form of civil liberty. He tells the Americans, of whom so many are the friends of France—"the British he hates, and dreads, and respects. The people of America, he detests and despises," and he shews them, with great perspicuity, the absurdities of a time-serving policy.

We wish it was in our power to insert the whole of his picture of English liberty, and of English happiness; there is one part of it, however, which we cannot omit, as it may serve as a counterpoise to the croakings of a Cobbett, a Whitbread, or a Burdett, and may even afford some information to our civic orators, who having travelled no farther than from Bridge-street to Enfield, imagine that their own country is the worst under heaven, and who having Fleet Market always before their eyes, are surprized that Lord Wellington could find any difficulty in supplying his army with beef and mutton in the heart of an exhausted country.

"In England," says this judicious writer, "I saw no instances of individual oppression, and scarcely any individual misery, but that which belongs, under any circumstances of our being, to the infirmity of all human institutions. I witnessed no symptoms of declining trade, or of general discontent. On the contrary, I found there every indication of a state engaged in a rapid career of advancement. I found the art and spirit of commercial industry at their acme, a metropolis opulent and liberal beyond example; a chearful peasantry, well fed, and commodiously lodged; an ardent attachment to the constitution in all classes, and a full reliance on the na-

tional resources. I found the utmost activity in agricultural and manufacturing labours, in the construction of works of embellishment and utility, in enlarging and beautifying the provincial cities. I heard but few well founded complaints of the amount, and none concerning the collection of the taxes. The demands of the state create no impediment to consumption, or discouragement to industry. I could discover no instance in which they have operated to the serious distress or ruin of individuals."

Such is an American picture of English happiness; it is needless to observe, how different it is from that of our *pretended patriots !!!*

Poems, by George Townsend of Trinity College, Cambridge, 8vo. pp. 148. Price 10s. 6d. Longman and Co. 1810.

On more than one occasion, we have stated, that we do not consider it inconsistent with our character as Satirists, to bestow approbation where it is merited; since the effort, which we labour to produce, a general reform*, may be promoted by the encouragement of rewards, as well as by the terror of punishment. Minds of the better order at least, will be influenced by such an example; and we have, therefore, seized with pleasure the opportunities, which have been occasionally presented to us, of shewing that our satire is not undiscriminating, nor our severity the consequence of an unwillingness to be pleased. If on the present occasion we cannot speak in terms of unqualified praise, the circumstances of qualification are such as rather call for our advice than censure.

Our attention was forcibly drawn to the consideration

* Not of Parliament but of the people.

of these poems, by the highly interesting character which Mr. Cumberland had so lately drawn of their author in the first volume of the LONDON REVIEW. The high opinion which a writer of such distinguished taste and judgment had expressed of the youthful poet's genius: the splendid proof which he exhibited of the loftiness of his conception, and the amiable enthusiasm, with which he predicted the poetic triumphs that awaited him, excited in our minds a more than ordinary degree of interest. To have obtained by his individual worth, the esteem and patronage of a man, alike venerable for his virtues as for his genius, who for more than half a century has continued by his various writings to inform and delight his countrymen, and to extend the fame and honours of British literature, was no little merit: to make good his claim to the high rank assigned him by his patron required no common effort. Placed at his first outset on such a lofty and giddy eminence, we may rather wonder that he should maintain his footing at all, than expect to see him stalk on the edge of the precipice, with the firm and stately grace of majesty.

Aware that high expectations might be formed, the author has thought it necessary to premise that his present publication has no reference to the work announced by Mr. Cumberland: but is to be considered merely as consisting of juvenile productions, which a combination of circumstances has compelled him to give to the public. Those, who know the general fate of genius will understand what this means: but while we regret the existence of such circumstances, on the author's account, our regret is somewhat abated by the consideration, that but for this cause the public might never have had the pleasure of contemplating these first flights of his Muse.

The volume exhibits specimens of various style; the sublime, the fanciful, the elegiac, and the satirical. The author's genius is, however, best suited to the sublime; he does not trifle gracefully, and his satire, though generally just, wants condensation and point. His best pieces are, '*Faith and Science,*' and '*Saul and David.*' We shall make a few extracts from the last of these. The subject is taken from the book of Samuel, where Saul is represented as sending for David to charm by song the terrors of his troubled conscience. Our youthful bard thus pourtrays the agitation of the monarch of Israel:

" Dark was the low'ring brow,
And stern the eye:
And now he smiled, and now
Look'd round all gloomily,
As if some dæmon had possess'd
The fear-struck sovereign's breast.
" And dreadful was the mournful sigh
By anguish utter'd long and slow;
As if the soul within would try,
To burst its manacle of woe,
And from its yielding mansion fly." P. 34.

The song of David describes the creation of the world. The opening is grand and impressive.

" The birth of time shall be my theme,
The work of God, the dread supreme.
Uprose th' eternal God,
Creation's hour was come,
On darkness firm his footsteps trod,
And lightnings shew'd the gloom.
At the dread sign, each cherub form
Was clad in tempest, fire and storm,

And on their sounding wings abroad,
Through the wide Heavens Jehovah rode!

"From realms of bliss,
Above th' abyss,
He look'd around,
Upon the deep profound.
That one! that one tremendous look,
Drove the abyss away!
The gates of Heaven with terror shook,
And Hell before him lay.

"Such was the glance of God;
Such was his will!
And the harps of the seraphs in wonder were still,
As from above,
The Godhead drove
The chaos down,
And fearful silence reign'd around the heavenly hill.
Himself the fearful silence brake,
Earth's orbit into being spake,
And fix'd thereon his throne." P. 36.

The progress of the work of creation is described with great beauty.

"Light, obeying first the Word,
Swam exulting round it's Lord;
New-made morning rose on high,
But *blush'd* before the Deity." P. 38.

The *prettiness* in the last line, however, is rather out of place, and seems also to have been suggested by the *vidit et erebuit* of the well known epigram. But there is a beautiful propriety in the following passage:

'Next vibrating into motion,
In air suspended, at the call,

Girded by the rolling ocean,
Trembling rose our earthly ball." P. 38.

The completion of the mighty work by the creation of man is described in a passage of great sublimity.

" The dust began to move;
The spirit of life rush'd from above,
And, starting into light,
Man rose, majestic, at the call.
He knew his God;
And silent and serenely bow'd,
While thus Jehovah spake:"—P. 40.

But here the author has not profited by the hint, afforded him by the nice judgement of Mr. Cumberland; who justly made it matter of praise that in his ARMAGEDDON, he had " not presumed to dictate words for the Almighty." It unfortunately happens too that the words which are put into the mouth of the Supreme Being immediately following the stanza last quoted, are some of the flattest and least dignified of the whole poem. It is not wonderful that human powers should sink under such an attempt; *we trust that in future the author will avoid all such occasion* of certain failure: *there is something in it at which our better nature revolts:* the God of the universe speaks not in mortal language.

Every reader of taste will be struck with the beauty of the thought so poetically expressed in the following lines; the heavenly host are supposed to have reascended to heaven.

" And when Echo first was calm,
Or round the turrets of the sky
Cast its dying melody,
Was there aught beside to charm?

Yes! For in that solemn hour,
Softly trembling through the air,
Borne on wings of silence there,
A softer song was heard to pour;
'Twas the first song of man! He trod
In humble majesty his kindred sod,
And paid his grateful thanks to his creator, God." P. 43.

Such passages as we have quoted, prove sufficiently of what the writer is capable: but the admiration, which we feel for his genius makes us anxious for his success; and we must therefore point out his defects; not for the purpose of blaming him, which under the circumstances of the present publication would be illiberal and unjust, but that, if they should now have escaped his notice, he may in future correct or avoid them.

He seems to be particularly fond of the use of certain words, which strike him as expressive: thus the word '*bicker*' and 'bickering blade' recurs till it offends the ear. The word '*each*' too, which is a convenient but a bad substitute for '*every*,' appears to be a great favourite. It produces a very awkward effect in this stanza, where it occurs thrice in the space of four lines:

"For Britain's proud chieftain *each* warrior was mourning
Thus closing too soon his fame-honoured career,
And while *each* brave bosom for vengeance was burning
Each hero's dark cheek was bedew'd with a tear." P. 71.

Nor will the wildest licence suffer to pass current for poetry such measured lines as,

"Chief rebel, 'gainst the diadem'd Immanuel, God of love." P. 78.

"Through the revolving centuries of an eternal age." p. 78.

"Shall pay your despot island with a recompence of blood." p. 85.

As the writer has shewn that he has an ear for the beauties of rhythm and harmony, the neglect of them here must proceed from affectation: of this, above all things, let him beware.

His defects of rhyme are not so important, because it is a fault so easily remedied by a little attention. But he should remember that rhymes are made for the ear, and not for the eye, and therefore such imperfect rhymes, as "*mourning, burning*;" "*God, bowd*;" "*scorn, torn*;" "*know, bow*;" "*care, war*;" &c. are not allowable; nor are identical terminations as "*appear*," "*pier*, &c." rhymes at all, any more than "*press, peace*;" "*jar, awe*;" "*God, word*;" "*throng, bon ton*;" which we confess we were rather surprized to find in the works of such a writer.

We must caution him too against inflation, into which he has been sometimes betrayed by a too constant effort to obtain sublimity. We should conceive that his elegy in a church yard was one of his earliest productions, it contains more instances of bad taste than any other of his poems; the subject exhibited in the lines, which we shall extract from it, is strongly drawn indeed and highly coloured, but it excites disgust rather than terror.

"There slowly crawling o'er the flesh-fed soil,
To seek yon new-turn'd earth the graves among,
Wreathing his length in many a twining coil,
The tardy earthworm drags his form along.

"Child of corruption, truly dost thou seek
With mortal appetite thy destin'd prey;
There thou shalt fatten on a lovely cheek,
And glut thy noisome length with virgin clay.

"In yonder new made grave, consumption worn
The gay, the great, the lov'd Eliza lies:
Foul reptile, gorge upon the proud high-born,
Nor spare the beauty of thy youthful prize.

"There penetrate, there sweetly feed, dig deep,
Pierce the sunk eyes, and revel on the breast;
The fair one at thy banquet will not weep,
Nor rival lovers claim thy nauseous feast." P. 27.

We trust that Mr. Townsend will judge rightly of our motives for thus freely pointing out what we consider the blemishes of his work. Our praise were valueless, if it were not evidently impartial. But we should not have thought it worth our while to notice his defects, if we were not confident that the natural strength of his genius will in time correct them. We concern not ourselves about the tree that is cankered and dwindling; but we prune and dress with care that which is vigorous and gives promise of goodly fruit.

THEATRES.

Cum tabulis animum censoris sumet honesti.—Hor.

We have heard of a drunkard who set up a public-house, that he might have ready and constant access to the beer-barrel, thus ensuring to his house at all events a considerable home-consumption: now we should apprehend that something of the same kind of principle led Mr.

Arnold to think of uniting to his business of portrait-painting the management of a theatre. A burning thirst for dramatic fame seized him, and he had no other means of quenching it: he had a considerable stock of old jokes upon hand, and not finding them a saleable commodity upon the regular market, determined to set up a shop of his own to dispose of them. Unhappily for himself, he dreamed that his mind was impregnated with wit, and had the fidgets till he was delivered; but still more unhappily for the public, he was enabled, by a strange concurrence of unfortunate circumstances, to carry his design into execution; and the consequence has been that ever since he has assumed the management of the LYCEUM, the stage has been disgraced, and the public nauseated every three or four months by the exhibition of some misshapen and sickly abortion of his, under the name of comedy, farce, or opera. No consolation is derived from the early annihilation that constantly awaits them; another and another still succeeds: and no hope remains, while the stage is under his controul, that he will cease to encumber it with his ricketty productions; for vanity is blind and deaf; it neither hears the laugh of ridicule, nor sees the smile of contempt.

We have been forced into this train of thinking by the *thing* which this prolific manager has last produced: we say *thing*, for we really are as much at a loss what name to give it, as he to whom it owes its existence. At first he called it "Lauretta, or Love in Switzerland;" he then withdrew this title, and named it, "The Maniac, or Swiss Banditti;" this was not calculated to give a favourable impression. When a fellow has a number of *aliasses* to his name, it is natural to presume that he is not good for much. We generally attempt to give some sketch of the plan of

the pieces on which we have to pass judgment: if Mr. Arnold had formed any before he began to write, we would have endeavoured to analyse his scenes. As it is, we shall leave them to the same precious confusion in which we find them. He seems to have sat down to write what he calls a serio-comic opera, as he would to arrange his pallet, without thinking it necessary to go further; he lays on his pallet red, yellow, blue, black, and white; and so, says he, I must have chorusses, ballads, puns, and rant; and for this I can bring on banditti, fishermen, and soldiers, Mrs. Bland, Mathews, and Raymond: but he should recollect that when his colours are laid on his pallet his picture is not painted, nor when he has mustered his banditti, &c. has he written an opera.

Now as this did not occur to him, his banditti, fishermen, and soldiers, have no business on the stage but to sing; Raymond has nothing to do but threaten what he never performs; Mathews is nothing but an instrument of torture to force jokes from simple dull words, that are perfectly guiltless of wit. One remarkable improvement in the dramatic art has been introduced by Mr. Arnold; by an ingenious device his title of *maniac* applies, in some measure, to all the characters of his piece: for none of them have the perfect use of their senses. They never seem to hear what is said by one another; and the most intimate friends, after a separation of only five or six months, have not the least recollection at first sight of each other's person. A lover in search of his lost mistress, whom every body else knows, holds dialogue with her for a minute or two, till it is necessary they should go off the stage, and then he exclaims "It is, it is my Lauretta;" and off runs the lady and the gentleman after her. Indeed, it appears to us that Mr. Arnold proceeded

in his dialogue, much in the same way, as we have seen children do, when amusing themselves with a little extempore drama; "Well, what shall we say now?" We retain, we think pretty correctly, some of his brilliant passages:

Mathews. All men are fishermen. The lawyer fishes for gudgeons; the miser for gold fish, &c. &c. and the statesman for *plaice.*

Mrs. Bland. I should not have thought of you, *Fellow*, indeed!

Mathews. Why there are fellows of all sorts; as good fellows, jolly fellows, merry fellows, &c. &c. handsome fellows, to which class I belong.

Mrs. Bland. You forget one sort.

Mathews. What's that.

Mrs. Bland. Ugly fellows, to which class you belong.

So much for his repartee; now for a specimen of his pathos. *Scene.* A thunder-storm in the mountains of Switzerland. The father and lover in search of the maniac. The lover offers to accompany the father, who refuses him,

> "For who so fit to seek a wretched daughter
> As her more wretched, lost, unhappy father."
>
> *Exit Wroughton.*

Sometimes he proceeds by way of catechism: as thus, Phillips fatigued, led on by Mathews.

"*Phillips.* If we should be attacked by the banditti, you will stand by me.

Mathews. Yes, I'll stand by you, but I'll not fight by you.

Phillips. Why so?

Mathews. Because I made a vow never to fight again.

Phillips. When?

Mathews. The last time I fought.
Phillips. Why?
Mathews. Because I was so terribly beaten.
Phillips. Who did you fight with?
Mathews. My wife."

These may not be the very words of Mr. Arnold; but we have given them as nearly as we can recollect; and we will undertake to say that we have not made them worse than his.—It is unnecessary to pass judgment on such a composition; we leave its sentence in the hands of our readers.

As to the scenery and dresses which have been so bepraised in the puffs of the theatre, we can only say that they are worthy the production they are intended to adorn.—Such an absurd mixture of gothic and modern costume, of Alpine and tropical productions, we never remember to have seen before jumbled together. The spiked helmet which Raymond wears, gave us an idea of a great horse-chesnut, but of nothing else; and as for the things, meant we suppose by the scene-painter for larch trees, all of the same size from bottom to top, with a regular patch of Dutch pink at the end of every part intended to represent a branch, they look like nothing upon earth, but the things which we see used by publicans to hang their porter-pots on to dry, supposing the place of the porter-pot to be supplied by so many drowned, carrotty wigs.—In the introduction of plantain trees among the snows of the Alps, the scene painter is justified by a similar licence of his master the manager, who has made his fishermen talk constantly of the sea, though near two hundred miles inland: but nothing can excuse the egregious blunders he has committed in perspective and colouring, and the gross stupidity of representing, as in

the first abbey-scene, an open door-way in shadow so black, that the spectator at first imagines it is a piece of black cloth nailed against it, to be used for concealment, while the apartment to which the door belongs is roofless, and the light streams in through broken walls on every side. Let these painters go to Covent-Garden and take lessons there.

Nothing, in short, appertaining to this production is tolerable but the music of Mr. Bishop, which we are sorry to see thus thrown away. This is indeed the union of a dead and living body. The music of *Mr. Bishop* saved the piece from the condemnation with which it was at first threatened: so that to adopt Mr. Arnold's fashion of punning, we may say he was only *saved by benefit of clergy.*

Nothing has occurred at Covent Garden deserving notice. Before this number appears, however, a new comedy will have been produced, of which, if it outlive the night, we shall in our next give an account.

COMPARATIVE CRITICISM.

Non nostrum TANTAS *componere lites !*—VIRGIL.

Who shall decide when DOCTORS *disagree ?*—POPE.

1. The Fisher Boy, a Poem ; by H. C. Esq.

"The author's poetry is *not undeserving* of *success.*"—Beau Monde.

"The author has collected a number of incidents and scenes arising out of a fisher-boy's life, and described them *very naturally*, minutely, and *clearly*, in *simple* but not vulgar verse."—Electic Review.

"A *very agreeable* and *interesting* poem. It demonstrates *considerable intellectual vigour.*"—British Critic.

"This *very interesting*, and, we may justly add, *instructive* poem," &c. "There is *strong evidence* of *original thought* in the work; the descriptions are *accurate* and *striking;* the episodes *natural*, probable, and *pleasing.*"—European Magazine.

"The present *interesting* little poem," &c. "The story is in the *highest degree affecting*, and is told with all the *native simplicity* of truth. Descriptions of the process of casting the nets, &c. constitute the principal features of this *fascinating* poem, which throughout every page *abounds* in *harmonious verses* and *excellent* moral *sentiments.* The storm at night, &c. are related in *easy*, generally *nervous*, and sometimes *highly poetical* verses, which *amuse*, *interest*, and not unfrequently *instruct.*"—Antijacobin Review.

"It was not prudent in this author to remind us, by the title of his work and the style of its printing, of Bloomfield's well-known *Farmer's Boy*; to the simple yet elegant originality of which, we have here found but a *faint resemblance.*"—Monthly Review.

"The title and subject of this poem have evidently been suggested by the *Farmer's Boy* of Robert Bloomfield, and it *wants little* of being *equal* to that poem *in every respect.* But this is a praise, of which probably the author will not be very ambitious; at least if he estimate the powers of Mr. Bloomfield as we have ever done. If H. C. however be not quite equal to his prototype in versification, he is much superior to him in ACQUISITION. We wish we could speak in a manner more flattering to the feelings of the author, upon the merits of this

poem; but we really think it *indifferent.*"—Universal Magazine.

"A more *weak* and well-meaning man than H. C. esquire, lives not in his majesty's dominions."—Critical Review.

"Of the general execution of this piece, we do not fear to say that it is *miserable.* The *grammatical blunders* are *numerous*; and the translations of LATIN in the notes are *ludicrously bad* and *wrong. Not a single* vivid *picture* or *energetic passage* atones for this *want of judgment* and *of skill.*"—Annual Review.

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2. A Defence of the principal Doctrines of Evangelical Religion, &c. by a Layman.

"—This design is executed with a zeal, and in most instances with a *propriety*, that is *worthy* of the subject, and *creditable* to the author. In those parts of his pamphlet which are more strictly polemic, he writes with a *vigour* and *animation* that, in connection with the importance of the subject, will be found *extremely interesting.* The author animadverts with *much point,*" &c.—Eclectic Review.

"This gentleman has *blotted* many pages to *little effect.*—In many other instances, the Layman appears to us to reason *weakly* and *superficially.*"—Monthly Review.

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3. An Exposition of the Historical Writings of the New Testament, by the late Reverend Timothy Kenrick.

"This work may afford *much assistance* to *young ministers* who are desirous of properly discharging the duties of their stations. They will here meet with *many ingenious* and *important elucidations* of *scriptural phraseology*, and the *practical reflections* will suggest *many useful topics of public instruction.*"—Annual Review.

"Though we discover Mr. Kenrick's unitarian zeal, in his labours to reduce every inauspicious passage to the shape and extent of his own creed, we must allow that in general his

judgment is sound; and that his style of excercitation is calculated to *promote* the *accurate apprehension* of the meaning of the *expressions of scripture*, which all who set a proper value on it will be desirous of obtaining. The character of the work is *great plainness*, and *many* of the *corrections* and *comments* are in the *true style* of *criticism*. Where controverted doctrines are not concerned, the ability of the expositor will be generally acknowledged; and the *excellence* of the *practical reflections* must be allowed, as tending to enforce the practical parts of our religion."—Monthly Review.

"This work is *destitute* of ANY *merits* that could render it *serviceable* to those who are satisfied with the *plain meaning* of scripture, and have no wish to see it *perverted* into some kind of conformity with the Socinian creed."—Eclectic Review.

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4. The Life of Thomas Chatterton, by John Davis.

"The present work contains ALL *that is known* of the life of the unfortunate poet: it is written with *interest* and *discrimination*."—Universal Magazine.

"This small volume is *well*, though plainly, *written*; which we take to be the best style for these kind* of compositions."—European Magazine.

"*Much taste*, and the truest feeling of his subject, is† evinced by this biographer of Chatterton.—The picture which Mr. Davis's imagination has drawn of the immediate consequence of this terrible catastrophe" [Chatterton's death], "is honourable to his feelings and *affecting* to the readers" [the passage, extracted].—British Critic.

"Mr. Davis appears to have been IGNORANT of SEVERAL *important circumstances* connected with the history of Chatterton, and has *not* stated what he knew in the most *agreeable* form."—[*Same* extract] "Nothing can be more *misplaced*

* "*These kind.*" So in the original.—SATIRIST.

† "*Is.*" So in the original.—SATIRIST.

than declamation on subjects which are in themselves sufficiently affecting ; and here it is enough to give one the *head-ache.*" —Annual Review.

"The production which is now before us, formed as it wholly is with *shreds* and *patches* from Dr. Gregory's most respectable narrative of the same life, *ill arranged*, and sewed together with expression which is *sometimes very big* and *sometimes very little*, cannot be an object for the grasp and examination of criticism."—[Different extract] "We know not to whom this *nonsense* is imputable ; to its asserted author, or to Mr. Davis its reporter : but nonsense, beyond all question, it is."—London Review.

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5. Household Furniture and Internal Decorations, executed from Designs by Thomas Hope.

"At a time when we thought every male creature in the country was occupied with its politics and its *dangers*, an English gentleman of large fortune and good education has found leisure to compose a folio on household furniture! We do *not* think this would have been *much to his credit*, even if the upholstery had been more laudable than it is.—Of the plates, and of the articles which they represent, we are of course unable to give our readers any clear ideas. Many of the objects, being exactly copied from the fine remains of ancient art, are unquestionably beautiful in themselves ; but we must take the liberty to say that we think them, for the most part, *quite unsuitable* for articles of household furniture."—Edinburgh Review.

"Even amidst the alarms of *war*, it is *pleasing* to observe that men of taste and education are still able to devote a portion of their time to the occupations of peace."—British Critic.

"The forms of many articles are extremely elegant and refined : they are at the same time simple and *suitable*."—Eclectic Review.

6. Sermons on various Occasions; by the Reverend William Agutter, A. M.

"The worthy preacher has been more solicitous to convey *useful truths* to the hearts of his hearers, than to amuse their fancies with rhetorical beauties. These sermons display *much reading*, and prove the author to be a *sincere* and *zealous friend* of the established church."—Antijacobin Review.

"We do not regret the brevity of Mr. Agutter's discourses; for, excepting two or three of them, we have seldom read a volume of the kind so *entirely unendowed* with *attractions*.—Were we not consoled by the reflection, that the *impotence* which generally pervades these discourses will operate against the influence of this passage, we should think it became us to be both really and apparently *indignant*."—Eclectic Review.

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7. Northernhay, a Poem; by James Kemp.

"With the exception of one or two lines, this little poem displays a *happy vein* of *poetry* and *graceful description*."—Antijacobin Review.

"This poem, if such it may be called, consists of one hundred and four verses, which are printed on paper of a very excellent fabric. We heartily wish that we could say as much for the manufacture of the verse; but we should be doing an injustice to Mr. Kemp as well as to ourselves, if we were to bestow praise where *no praise is due*."—Critical Review.

W. Flint, Printer, Old Bailey, London.

THE SATIRIST,

OR,

MONTHLY METEOR.

MAY 1, 1810.

ODES TO SIR FRANCIS BURDETT.

ODE THE FIRST.

BY OWEN AP HOEL, ESQ.

B——TT, the bard in dire affright
Surveys thy bold advent'rous flight,
Shudders by Folly's chart to see thee steer,
Of faithful compass void and void of fear,
Under false colours of reform,
Where wild misrule, and doubt, and error,
Uproar, anarchy, and terror
Wing the black space and howl amid the storm.

Trembling he views thine air-born car,
All devious stray without a guiding star,
Save that some comet with portentous light,
Erratic leads thee thro' the realms of night,
Yet daring thou pursuest thy way
Tho' Heav'n's own lightnings round thee play;

And threat with vengeance dire
Thy gas inflammable to fire,
That fills thine air-blown bubble's filmy sail,
Which desperate drives as faction blows the gale.

But ponder thou thy voyage well,
'No narrow frith hast thou to cross,'
Like Satan on the brink of hell,
Mark thou the waves tumultuous as they toss,
Nor trust thy light thy gossamery bark.
Tho' steer'd by T——ke to dare the passage dark.

Why didst thou dare in mad fool-hardy fit
To run thy skiff against the tomb of Pitt,
So dear to every loyal Briton,
What rock more fatal couldst thou hit on?
On virtue's base, for ever to remain,
Firm, fix'd it stands,
And mocks the vain attempt of mortal hands.

The waves of envy at its feet
In futile murm'rings idly beat;
Like Teneriffe or Atlas in the skies,
Its glacial head with purest honors bright
In awful majesty is seen to rise,
Nor calumny nor faction dares the height.

Britain with grief and conscious pride surveys
The glorious record of her statesman's praise,
And will for ages, till her setting day
Gilds its fair summit with her latest ray.

As well the bat, which at the twilight hour
Pursues on flitting wing the insect prey,
Might sweep the heavens with the eagle's power,
And gaze undazzled on the orb of day,

Or hide its glory with its impish wing,
As thou attempt one spot to fling
On his fair fame at which I saw thee scowling.
But, saviour of his country, he,
An angel minist'ring shall be,
While thou with Despard liest howling.

Thus sung the bard, and as he sung
All Pandemonium's echoes rung,
With groans of discontent and ire;
Fierce C–bb–t rose in wrathful mood,
And, Satan-like, dilated stood;
Beside him stood the civic* Squire,
Fierce as nine tailors, with his shears
To snip the thread of Hoel's cares,
Whilst from a corner squinting Peter
Denounc'd the harmless son of metre.

But he without one trembling muscle
Unmov'd be held the infernal bustle;
He knew, to song
What powers belong
To "*ca ira*" he struck the wire,
Hell echoed to th' infernal lyre;
Whilst hand in hand,
The frantic band,
Danc'd with demoniac joy; their howl,
Like famish'd wolves, that roam the wood
At midnight, in pursuit of blood,
With horror froze the poet's soul.

Scarce had it dy'd upon my ear,
When thou becam'st once more my care,

* Squire W—th—n.

I saw thee launch thy bark again,
To dare e'en t—n's boisterous main.

ODE THE SECOND.

B—tt, thou wilt excuse the bard,
Tho' he should bear upon thee hard,
Thy error's not a slight one;
For 'tis his wish, since thou'rt pursuing
With desperate step the road to ruin,
To set thee in the right one.

Well pleas'd, th' infernals heard thy flouts
Dealt lavish forth to *Ins* and *Outs*,
In snarling "Knave and rogue ah!"
But thou, whilst playing Brutus' part,
Hidd'st not the demon's hoof with art
Beneath thy Roman toga.

Wherefore did Wimbledon's old GUY,
That arch that hoary traitor sly,
Trust to a moon-struck elf,
The match, before the mine was prim'd?
Th' explosion had been better tim'd
If kindled by himself.

Oh, then of blood thou'dst had thy fill,
And coolly view'd from *Traitor's hill.
With joy excell'd by no man's,
Flying in air midst tempest dire,
Borne on avenging wings of fire
The ——, the L——, and C——s.

* A spot near Hampstead, so named from the traitors having assembled there to see the explosion of the gunpowder-plot.

Th' infernals all perceive most clearly
Thou fir'd'st thy blunderbuss too early
And who was thy adviser,
That moon-calf W——le or O'C——r ?
Both upright sterling men of honor,
Who honester or wiser ?

Or was it F——ne who befouls
The lofty nest that bred him,
Alas! can Eagles bring forth Owls?
Or has some trick been play'd 'em ?

Some fairy in the aerie laid
This follower of vermin,
To flush a parents cheek with red,
To see him soil his ermine.

Or brandy-muddl'd C———, he
Who led the bands of fierce O. P.
Did he thy councils grace ?
Did he the sage advice impart
He!—the corruption of whose heart
Burns thro' his bloated face ?

Perhaps 'twas he, whose tinctur'd mind
Betrays the tricks of art,
Where all his noxious drugs we find,
The QUASSIA* in his heart.

His wit is COCULUS INDICUS†
Dull, heavy, without frolick,
That sourness harsh, which glooms his brow,
Is ACID VITRIOLIC.‡

* A bitter wood with which porter is adulterated.
† A soporific drug infused to give its apparent strength.
‡ To give it pungency and sharpness.

His varnish, and that colouring strong,
To give the b——r his due,
Which makes wrong right, and right seem wrong,
Is LIQUORICE* and FISH GLUE.

One † other colouring *comes from France,*
And hence deriv'd that flutter
When any dare Philippic bold
Against Napoleon utter.

Or was it that same hair-brain'd lord
Who can so bravely wield his sword,
But ever wags his tongue ill,
Who left a banquet of fair praise,
Trick'd out in glory's brightest rays
To fatten on a dunghill?

Did Tim the banker bring his ‡halter,
Rejected from his country's altar,
To give his friend a lift;
And with a wondrous self-denial,
Tho' kick'd and execrated by all,
Reserve for thee the gift?

Did F——y or C——t then
Become thy dark adviser?
Ah, no—like thee, tho' evil men,
Yet well I ween they're wiser.

* For colouring and fining.

† Probably *French berries.*

‡ T. B—n at a meeting of the city at the time of the voluntary contribution, subscribed one shilling to buy a halter for the best and greatest statesman that England ever saw; but the impudent banker was soon obliged to retire amid the kicks and execrations of his countrymen.

Their plans are deeper laid than thine,
Duly they work in t——n's mine;
Curse thee for rashness, mid their fears
That rous'd the hive about their ears.

'Twas S—f W—, whose skull contains,
He thinks, a richer store of brains
Than inn of court or college,
And puff'd to bursting e'en, with *flatus*,
At sight of *posse comitatus*,
He deem'd it legal knowledge.

He soon resolv'd to give it vent,
Like Eolus on mischief bent,
Or C–ff–d or R—lly,
Left *coculus indicus* behind*
With bag of deleterious wind,
He flew to Piccadilly.

Content to take the poison thou,
Because the blockhead said "*as how*
'Twould cure thy melancholy;"
Who wonders, when so wise his look
That thou for Freedom's† emblem took
The glaring cap of Folly.

Can'st thou suppose, O weak of head
The public will be long misled
By shallow false pretences?
Will they not see with eagle sight
THE COMMONS' PRIVILEGE AND RIGHT
THE PEOPLE'S STRONGEST FENCE IS?

* Bad advice is not the only deleterious drug the s—— deals in.

† The cap of liberty is borne on the s——'s carriage, qu. if a fool's cap would not be more in character?

In thee they only view'd the man
  Who beat SEDITION's drum well,
They now in thy develop'd plan
  * See BONAPARTE and CROMWELL.

The horror of the wise and good,
  Thou meet'st their execration,
Awhile suspending party feud
  To save a threatened nation.

Art thou so hoodwink'd by thy pride
  So wilful blind to future fate?
Unconscious what thin lines divide
  The popular applause and hate?

Learn then, B———t, thou man of crime,
  From Hoel learn, the man of rhyme,
  The pseudo patriot's pedestal
    Is founded on the sands,
  Before the idol, millions fall
    And raise applauding hands.

" A living God!" the high Priest cries,
" A living God!" the multitude replies,
" A living God!" the †Temple's roofs rebound,
And Earth and Hell reverberate the sound.

  But TRUTH the flimsy veil withdraws;
    And the late worship'd God,
    Turn'd to an humble clod,
  Lies scatter'd by the hands that thunder'd with
      applause.

* See the Morning Post, Wednesday April 18th.

† Qu. Does the poet allude to a place so called, east of Temple-bar, and so remarkable for its *loyalty*?

HINTS TO ASPIRING CITIZENS.

ADVICE to you, some may think needless, as so many of you have of late become the self-elected advisers of majesty and of ministers; however, for the sake of young beginners, I cannot let you pass without a hint or two.

When you first come up to town, with your broad-skirted coat, strait-combed hair, and hobnailed shoes, I will allow you to *wonder* for one week, and to continue *blushing* for another; but as those are high crimes and misdemeanors at the present day, you must leave them both off as soon as possible—an evening walk in Fleet-street will cure you of the latter, and as the former is a sign of ignorance, it will wear off as you become more knowing.

When you have been a year or two in the metropolis, and get licked into shape by your Sunday perambulations to Bagnigge Wells, White Conduit House, &c. you must become *werry genteel*, and sport your pretty person in Rotten Row; to do this, *a horse* is necessary, though some ingenious young cits contrive to do it, with *half a one!*—now I don't intend that you shall accomplish this like Baron Munchausen, who rode forty miles on half a horse, after his hind-quarters were cut off—No! no! my mode is simpler; for your friend and you, each buying one half may tack them together, and thus make your appearance alternately.

If you are ambitious of being thought to belong to the cavalry, before you get mounted, you may carry a pair of spurs in your pocket—and then slipping them on in one of the retired walks—during the remainder of your saunter in Kensington Gardens, you will have the credit of

having left your horse in the Park—then should any inquisitive impertinent ask where your bit of blood is, you can easily point to the dappled grey, or to the bright chesnut, or you may more politely damn your servant for not being in waiting, and swear you'll turn him off instantly.

You may also upon occasion sport your spurs in the box-lobby, but forget not to take them off before you pass St. Paul's.

To be quite the thing,—a mistress is the next thing needful—but should it not be convenient to have a *whole one*, you may refer, as above, to the directions in horse-flesh.

We will now suppose you married to your master's widow or daughter, or that old hunks in the country has come down a few hundreds to set you a-going; expend your loose cash in *ornamenting* your shop, and you will find no difficulty in *stocking* it upon credit. Then, if your *first returns* in the *paper way* are inconvenient, there are sale-rooms at hand which will keep your credit alive until you have established your custom, by that ingenious and now universal resource, the art of puffing. This, indeed, may drive wise men from your shop, but as it will infallibly attract others, I think the *odds* are rather in your favour. In this art, a little novelty may sometimes be necessary; we are tired of going to the best shop, or the cheapest shop—tell us boldly that yours is the *only* shop, and so indeed it would soon be, if people would believe you.

There is another and a bolder dash, which, however, requires more impudence and impertinence than many men are possessed of:—that is, to start with the POLITICAL SHOP.—This trick, however, cannot be played off every day, and requires considerable preparation; the shortest method is to begin selling your odds and ends of

damaged linens and cheap calicoes in some wooden booby hutch near a great thoroughfare, where you may never wish to see your customers above once in their lives, and where they may perhaps think that *once* too often. Here you may lay the foundation of your independence both in purse and in professions; and, as you must be a decided enemy to all tyranny, it is but fair to cheat the excise or customs when it comes in your way. Should you be called on in the course of these transactions to explain any part of it before the myrmidons of justice, recollect that a clever fellow may *forswear* without *perjuring* himself, and though a *good judge* may distinguish between truth and falsehood, it is not every body else that can.

By attending at the vestry you may first set up as a parish patriot; attack the churchwardens and overseers, exclaim against the poor's rates, and sneer at the parson, and you will not fail of being chronicled as an enemy to corruption. The next step is to common council-man, that great stepping-stone to civic honours. If you canvas for this it is easily got, or indeed you may often come in as a stop gap when there is no respectable person that will serve; however this may be, let your friends, or if you have none, you yourself may trumpet it forth as the reward of your public virtue. *Remember* that this entitles you to the appellation of *esquire*, though in truth, that is only properly applied to the *deputy*, and even then only by courtesy; but should others forget it, you may remind them of it, by having your phiz stuck up in the print shops with ESQ. at the bottom of it. Now is your harvest for popularity; attend all city meetings; talk on every subject; give the lord mayor a lesson on dignity; instruct the recorder in precedents; explain the law to the common serjeant; and above all vote against all dinners at

the expence of the corporation. Whenever any important political, diplomatic, or military question comes before public, you must always bring it before a common hall; make a long speech, no matter whether to the purpose or not; attack each of your opponents *personally;* if they reply complain of *personality;* but your best and most approved method is to *request* that your opponents may be heard; a manœuvre which you may practice with the greatest safety, having already settled with your friends that they shall make as much noise as possible. Your resolutions already written and *read,* though not *heard,* will then be passed unanimously, and your oratory becomes the theme of every patriotic pot-house in the city. It is true that these manœuvres will be easily seen through, but then those whose approbation you are most anxious to gain, instead of despising, will applaud you for your ingenuity.

Should the party you support come into *power,* you have a chance of coming into *place;* now there are some good things in the county of Middlesex—the receipt of the land-tax for instance: here, however, you will be careful not to ask what *they* cannot grant:—a word to the wise—many things happen between the cup and the lip! Take a good thing when it is offered you; don't stand *shilly-shally,* else you may *wait, man!* long before they come into power again.

But the grand object after all is the *shop!* those who cannot give you a place, will give you their custom, to ensure your support, and even though they don't pay, it will be no bad speculation to have a marquis's coronet at your door.

As *credit* is the life and soul of trade, so you must support yours by appearing *creditable;* therefore, let your Sunday *rosinante* be metamorphosed into a curricle and

pair; or should you chuse to dash on a more moderate scale, let your cart-horse labour and do all his work for six days, and give him, on the *seventh*, a holiday in the *shay*.

If you prefer rural retirement to the bustle of a watering place, you may readily find a complete *rus in urbe*, in the vicinity of some of the brickfields, which adorn the outskirts of this gay metropolis—where your white rails, scarlet beans, cut yews, and piping fawns, will show the full bloom of civic taste and opulence.

Thus you may enjoy your rustic delights without being a mile off the stones, and have your olfactory nerves completely employed, though indeed the perfume of a tan-yard or of a burning brick is not quite equal to new mown hay.

Your own occasional residence at this paradise of sweets, must be highly conducive to the morals of your *servants*, who have thus an opportunity of carrying on their own *private trade* to the best advantage, and of course must be initiated in all the mysteries of the business.

As soon as your boys are able to walk, the gateway of some preparatory school is gaping to receive them; where they have every chance of becoming philosophers, of getting rid of all the foolish ties of parental influence or of filial affection, and of being completely unincumbered with the prejudices of early education.

Your girls of course will soon find their way to some *seminary for young ladies*, where they will become qualified for high life, by learning to despise and detest the *shop*, and will soon be disposed to run away with any man who chuses to call himself an esquire or captain.

Call me not harsh or cynical for drawing *this* picture; let any man take a ramble in the Strand or in Cheapside

in a winter's evening, and ask the stories of the different unfortunate females he may meet, he will then find that four out of five owe their misery to that sink of folly and wretchedness,—a modern boarding school!

I still hope and believe that these hints are applicable only to a few, but "where the cap fits———!"

TIMBER-YARD LOGIC.

Mr. Editor,

Passing a few evenings since across St. Giles's, I took a short cut through an old *timber-yard*, where I observed a considerable number of active citizens assembled round a couple of carts with some boards laid over. Judging from their conversation that they *wanted reform*, I supposed that some pious coal-heaver might be on the point of holding forth; I took my station therefore in a snug corner, but was soon informed by a *gentleman in black*, with a brush and shovel, that the meeting was called in order to investigate the causes which had led to the apprehension of one of their friends, whilst *attending his duty* that morning in Palace-Yard. It had been at first intended to hold the meeting in the tap-room of the Maidenhead, but this design was altered on pretence that the room was not large enough; however my friend in black observed that the true reason was the expectation that a gentleman well known in Bartlemy-fair would honour the meeting with his presence, in order to preserve his popularity, and that

he was unwilling to enter any house, as the *chalk marks* against the chimney-piece had a bad effect upon his eye-sight. In this expectation indeed they were disappointed, but the business went on without him.

The first who entered on the subject of discussion, was Bill *Starch* the chandler's man, who came stiffly on the boards with a long roll of paper, which at first sight alarmed some of the gentlemen, as they took it for a constable's staff; however Mr. *Starch* opened the paper and opened the business, with all the *flour* of rhetoric in his possession. He told the crowd, that they knew the object of the meeting, and that he knew what must be their feelings on such an occasion. Some people he said might suppose it to be a *ticklish* subject, but for his part he thought otherwise; he thought it would be well supported, and, that it would never *come to drop.* The case to be sure was a very plain one; they had been deprived of a beloved companion and associate, who with a strict adherence to all the principles of liberty and equality had been exerting himself for the whole of the morning at the Westminster meeting, in looking after the *public's purse,* and who was such an enemy to any man's pocketing that money which might be more useful in circulation, that wherever he saw any sign of it, he would never rest, until he got to the bottom of it. As to what their friend had done, for his part, he could see no harm in it, he knew they were all of the same opinion, and that if *queer bail* was necessary, they would all stand forward, and support their worthy associate, until, as he had that day heard it said in another place, "that no more money is taken from the pockets of the people than is necessary for *the public service.*" (Hear, hear!) He then read his resolutions.

1st, That we highly approve of our friend Frank

Fowlett's applying to us for a character to save him from quod.

2d. That Frank Fowlett's conduct in calling out "stop thief," and trying to codge the constables by putting them on the wrong scent, was quite the go to queer the nabbing cull.

3d. That the rum codgers in Bow-street should be asked to let our friend Frank out of quod, and to lend him a hand at shifting the snag, if there was occasion.

Here there were repeated cries of "no! no. No tricks upon travellers! no queering the rum ones"—after a pause the fourth resolution was read, to send Frank a letter, telling him "to keep his spirits up till the end of the *sessions*, as nobody would *peach*."

Some other resolutions were read, after which *Tom Twisthard* the tobacco spinner came forward, and told the meeting that he had got something to say, and would therefore make a speech; "he knew they were all friends of liberty. Some of them might have heard of Wilkes and No. 45,"—no! no! exclaimed several of the worthy citizens, give us some of your own high dried, or Hardham's, No. 37!—"my friends," resumed the orator, whilst the words came like snuff from his mill, "you seem to be fond of short cut, I have therefore got some for you ready cut and dry"—he for his part had no objections to the laws, as long as they did not touch his own friends, but in the present case he could not feel satisfied with them. Indeed he knew that his worthy friend's imprisonment did not arise from his active exertions on that day alone, but from the whole tenor of his past life, for gentlemen must know that there was a very troublesome law in force, empowering the justices to commit a man who had the character of a reputed vagrant!—It was very true that some gentle-

men on his first examination had expressly requested that his past conduct might not be taken in consideration; this however was a blunder of Paddy Popinjay the Irish chance-seller or Little-go-man, for every body said that Paddy would have been the first to talk of character, if it would have been in his favour. He concluded by saying he would cut short the business by declaring himself resolved upon all the resolutions, and by lamenting that the officers were always now in such crowds about the door, that there was no getting into the office to say a word to his honour the justice himself.

A jolly sailor then stepped on the boards, he would however have been more in his element upon the forecastle; and he was followed by a recruiting serjeant that some people say wanted to list catholics for the militia. This military genius talked about people being puzzled, until he puzzled both himself and his hearers; he then told them of a *Sergeant* that was stopped by a hall door, but for his part when he had the honour once to command a party he never stopped for any thing, but with equal unconcern rode over the laws or over an old woman. He was observed on this occasion to say nothing of the *Bill of Wrights*; some folks indeed thought he had left off the upholstering, and taken to barbering, as he talked much about *old wigs* and found great fault with the new ones. He would have gone on much longer, but the sight of a porter's knot covered with a piece of *Turkish carpet* had such an effect upon his feelings that he retired abruptly, and I was happy to escape from these sons of liberty.

I am, Mr. Editor, yours,

April 20th. OBSERVATOR.

MODERN PROJECTION.

MR. SATIRIST,

In looking over your publication for July last, I observe with pleasure that you indulged the spouse of a *Burdettite* with an opportunity of stating her claims to a reform. Alas, sir, great as her woes are, for I fear that the *itch for reform* is quite incurable, except perhaps by a ticklish application under the left ear, which like the "Solar Tincture" will either kill or cure, yet never can they be compared to mine; for I, sir, am the wife of a *Projector*, who has never yet succeeded in any project in his life, except that of chusing me for his rib, and though he, ever since the *transfer* of *my* affections. has been my sole director, trustee, and *auditor*, yet I fear that *my share* in *his*, does not at present bear a premium.

You see, Mr. Satirist, that I can not even write without using the language of this new science, for indeed, sir, it is the only language I have heard from my husband for these last ten years. When he comes home at nights from some of his directorships, instead of making himself comfortable, he talks of nothing but boring a tunnel under Snowhill, and in the morning he tells me of stock getting up, though for my part I fear it will never get up again, for when I ask him for any cash he always has an excuse of wanting it for the next instalments.

We had been but a short time married when he happened to be taken by a friend to hear some foreign count lecture, a Count Humbug, or Rumbug, or something of that kind; he then talked for several days of getting a *digester*, so I advised him, as a good wife should, to

take a glass of wine and bitters before dinner; but Lord, sir, I thought he had lost his senses, for the next day he scolded the butcher for having too little bone in the leg of mutton we had for dinner, declared that in future he would buy nothing but bone, and expressed his hope that the old exploded toast of "high in bone and low in flesh" would soon be adopted by the agricultural societies, instead of their usual one about "fat and fleece." Having scalded himself by the head of his digester flying off, whilst he was trying the important experiment of making soup enough for the whole parish out of a mutton chop and a pennyworth of onions, he next turned baker; but it is needless to tell you how many ovens he built, and how many batches of bread he burnt, I shall therefore proceed to detail some of his later speculations.—His next plan was to turn brewer, and he assured me that he would soon make a fortune by a grand scheme for supplying all London from one Brewery, where they should use nothing but malt and hops, *and other legal articles.* Well, sir, had he been disposed to try his experiment only on a grand scale, I might perhaps at first have been contented; but then so eager was he to qualify himself for a directorship, that he began to try experiments on a small scale at home: in this he continued until he burnt his fingers, and until we had nearly got a Coroner's Inquest in the house, from one of the maids in a mistake having drank rather too much out of a bottle of his *legal ingredients.*

He next proposed that his joint stock company should increase their profits, by fattening pigs upon the *grains*; but Lord help his foolish head! what have people who can brew from *legal articles* to do with *grains*? so I may say, Sir, he brought his pigs to a fine market, and as many of them died, though they were fed upon no-

thing but the wash that came from the brewery, he became a strenuous advocate for the plan to ensure the lives of farming stock. For this grand concern he had many new ideas, and it was his intention to set up a carriage as soon as it was completed: for he told me that if his plan was adopted, they would not only insure the payment of a certain sum on the death of a single horse, but that if he sported a pair he could run one against the other with benefit of survivorship; nay, sir, he intended not only to insure their lives, but also to grant annuities on them, so that a horse by living a few years might be able to buy his own hay and oats, and thus cost nothing for keeping.

Well, sir, the company was established, and they got a chairman, *he indeed* was ready made to their hands, and they got directors, and clerks, and they got——no! they did not get any customers; so, sir, as there was no office to insure *that article*, my good man was forced to turn his genius to some other object. At one time he thought of establishing a bank which might serve as a place of deposit for the whole world, if they would only bring their cash to it; this kept him for some time in a *Brown* study, and his prospectus was drawn up with every attention that sound and sense should be appropriate. As one house would not be sufficient for the transaction of the whole business, he intended that the *note* department should be in Paper-buildings, that those who wanted change should go to the office in Silver-street, whilst he himself would attend to the affairs in Golden-square. This scheme unfortunately like many others did not happen to answer, so he is now deeply engaged in a new one to light up all the mail coach roads in the united kingdom by means of pipes from the burning coal-mines in Staffordshire, and thus to conduct the post

at a much cheaper rate, by saving the oil in the coach lamps. Our own house now, sir, from the number of pipes through it, resembles an organ; he has not yet quite finished his plan—but I hear him boring a hole in the maid's bed chamber.

Yours, in haste,

PENELOPE PROJECT.

THE BREWER'S DRUGGIST.

TO SAMUEL WHITBREAD, ESQ.

FRIEND SAMMY,

I AM a poor ignorant country brewer, who would fain grow richer and wiser, and verily it doth seem unto me that thou can'st both instruct me how to pursue the paths which lead unto knowledge and affluence. Thou hast laboured, though with *different materials*, in the same calling as myself, and thou knowest that malt and hops, of which *my* ale and beer are solely manufactured, have become grievously expensive. Now I am informed that thou art enabled, with the assistance of Mr. Sheriff Wood, to produce a *saleable article*, (yclept *porter*, by thee and thy London brethren) of more intoxicating potency than that in which I deal, without using one half the quantity of those wholesome materials which I constantly and exclusively employ. I learned this secret the other night at *the Barley Mow*, a snug public house, in our village, where I was smoaking my pipe and talking politics, for we poor country brewers shall never be able to go to coffee-houses and London taverns, till we get a

brewer's druggist among us. I'll tell thee how it was:—We were talking about Magna Charta, Sir Francis Burdett, the *posse comitatus*, and Mr. Sheriff Wood, when a young political barber enquired what trade the latter patriot followed? He was answered by an old gentleman who had recently returned from London, that Mr. Sheriff Wood was a BREWER'S DRUGGIST!!—"*A brewer's druggist!*" exclaimed I, "What the devil has a brewer to do with *drugs!*" The old gentleman smiled at what he termed my ignorance, and observed, that if Messrs. Whitbread, (meaning thyself) Harvey Combe, and other patriotic brewers, had confined their dealings to hop merchants, maltsters, and publicans, they would'nt have been parliament men, and instead of drinking champaigne, burgundy, and every kind of expensive liquors, except their own beer, they would have been glad of a seat in a country club-room, and have thought the genuine juice of malt and hops a luxury. "It is the *druggist*," added he, "that has made their fortunes!" Now, friend Sammy, do let me know what kind of drugs this Sheriff Wood deals in; he is a patriot, and damn him, I don't much like to trust him, but if I can lessen my maltster's and hop-merchant's bills, without any great injury to my customers, and thereby become a great man like thee, I don't much care if I do "drug my *bowls*" a little, as Shakespeare says. Our attorney says that the sheriff is a cursed bad lawyer, and that if it had'nt been for his comrade, he would have come to the same end as one of Sir Francis Burdett's former cronies, for it seems he mistook the law about the *posse comitatus*, and thought a sheriff superior to a magistrate, when some act of parliament, made in the reign of one of our king Henries, expressly states, that the sheriff

shall be empowered by *two* magistrates to call out his *posse.* It would have been a sad thing for you London brewers, if you had prematurely lost your *druggist,* though mayhap the constitution of the people would have been benefited.

I am, dear Sammy,

Biggleswade, Your obedient Servant,

April 16th, 1810. A COUNTRY BREWER.

ESQUIRES.

Come cut and long tail, under the degree of a squire!

Shekespeare.

Sir,

If death be a destroyer of distinctions, so is time also; for time maketh thatrespectable which was once vile, and that vile which was once respectable. The mutations which are produced by the slow but certain progress of time, might furnish matter for much curious remark, and, peradventure, for much melancholy emotion; but as I mean to be neither a philosopher nor a sentimentalist in this letter, I shall abstain from all the tempting opportunities of rhetorical and pathetic embellishment which my genius might otherwise impel me into, and proceed simply to the object of my epistle.

It was once observed, sir, by a certain member of our Commons House of Parliament, that it was hardly possible to spit out of window without the hazard of be-

dewing some volunteer officer with our rheum: and much as that evil was to be deplored, a still greater now exists, for we cannot cough in the streets without certainly coughing in the face of an ESQUIRE; and, as an ESQUIRE is presumed to be a *gentleman*, we are in momentary danger of committing a heinous offence against good manners, and, as some *gentlemen* who are *not esquires*, may be tenacious of the *conduct* of *gentlemen*, they are placed in a very awkward predicament.

In a free country like this, there can be no doubt that every man has a right to call himself by whatever denomination he thinks proper; and it may, perhaps, appear preposterous to condemn any one for assuming the title of *esquire*; for some, indeed, have assumed it apparently with a just knowledge of its original import, which signified, according to the interpretation of our old law-writers, *agaso*, that is, a boy to attend or keep a horse: now it can hardly be doubted that many modern esquires might derive their qualifications for the title from the stable.

This prostitution of a title that was once honourable deserves to be stigmatised. That it *was* a title of distinction we all know, and honest Camden, in his *once Britannia* says, speaking of it,

"Hiis (i. e. *knights*,) proximi fuere Armigeri, qui et scutiferi, hominesque ad armadicti, qui vel a clypeis gentilitiis, quæ in nobilitatis insignia gestant: vel quia principibus & majoribus illis nobilibus ab armis erant, nomen traxerunt." P. 111.

JERRY PORCUPINE.

A FRAGMENT.

* * * * * * Now it is this very circumstance that the villany of the thing consists; and as I have ever admired the liberality of the maxim, which says, give the devil his due, I am resolved that it shall not pass: for little as the devil's merit may be, it cannot be less than Jerry Porcupine's, and it is scandalous to rob the poor. He has been described to be the most savage, ferocious, ungovernable monster in existence; and the charge has been so often repeated that nobody doubts the truth of it. Now, as it happens, nothing can be falser. I have seen such proofs of his tameness and submission as to have witnessed would have made the arrantest toad-eater that ever was born to be foot-ball of the society, fancy himself by comparison a man of spirit.

Love doeth wonders: it can tame the most ferocious animals, and make the most mild and timid fierce as lions: and since brutes are known to be such slaves to love, the reason is very evident why Jerry Porcupine should submit so entirely to its absolute dominion. Why in the very business of the Court-Martial that has drawn upon him the contempt and hatred of all who ever heard his name, he was led into the scrape by love. The story will serve to show how his character has been mistaken.

The wilds of America have of late been fixed on as the scene for many a pretty love adventure; and it was here that Jerry first yielded to the passion that has since swayed his destiny. In the regiment of which he was serjeant-major, there was a serjeant who had a very pretty little daughter, of whom Jerry became enamoured, and passed with her all the time that he could spare from the parade and suttling-house. It is unnecessary here to detail the

progress of their love ; or to resort to the stale trick of punning, and talk in the terms of his profession of his regular approaches, storming the breast-work, forcing the trenches sword in hand, and compelling the besieged to surrender at discretion. It is enough to say that in the rank and person of Jerry, the serjeant's daughter saw enough to satisfy her utmost desires, and returned his passion with equal ardour. The chaplain of the regiment was to have joined their hands. But whether the officers of the regiment thought that his matrimonial and regimental duties would not agree, and were fearful that he would not be able to attend to his wife's business and teach them their duty at the same time, or whether any of them had cast an eye of desire on the serjeant's daughter, and was envious of Jerry's success, I know not; but whatever might be the motive, the intended nuptials were no sooner intimated, than Jerry received orders to return immediately to Europe to raise recruits, and as a ship was then ready to sail, he was forced to embark. I should speak here of the tears of the lovers, if any had been shed. The serjeant's little daughter was indignant, but she did not weep. She had thought of helping Jerry to raise recruits in America, and she was resolved that if he raised any elsewhere it should not be without her assistance. She embarked on board the same ship and accompanied him to England. Here the faithful lovers were married ; but the serjeant's little daughter was not satisfied. She had her fill of love indeed, but now she thirsted for revenge. She resolved to punish those, who had endeavoured to rob her of her Jerry. She ordered him to request his discharge ; and having obtained it she next commanded him to prefer the charges on which the officers were afterwards brought to a court-martial. That he afterwards fled from the charge, which he had pledged himself by

all the torments of hell to support, is not to be wondered at; for his fear of punishment was as great as his fear of shame was little; besides though he could easily make the charge to please his wife, his powers of pleasing did not extend to the manufacture of facts. Flight therefore was his only resource. Now when a man plunges over head and ears in infamy merely to gratify the petty resentments of a woman, it would be hard to deny him the praise which such gallantry may deserve, as it would be absurd to say that he is absolutely ungovernable, when he yields such passive obedience to his wife.

It were the easiest thing in the world to mention a hundred instances of his *Jerryism.* Ever since he has had two pair of breeches that he could call his own, he has never ventured to put one pair on till his wife has decided which he shall wear for the day; so that between the two, he has sometimes, on a cold frosty morning, stood for more than half an hour bare-breeched, till the little despot has determined the point. He never drilled a soldier more perfectly to obey the word and signal of command than he himself is drilled; the motion of her eye directs his speech. If he begins a sentence expressing one opinion, and he observes the look of dissent, he is sure to conclude with an absolute contradiction; or such a qualification as amounts to no less: and this controul extends not only to his speech and writings, but to his thoughts. This may account for his having so often changed sides, and making those the objects of his praise whom he had first rendered worthy to be his associates, by covering them with the ordure of his low abuse. It was said long ago, rather ungallantly indeed, making a mere thing of a woman, "*Varium et mutabile semper fœmina*;" but when, as in the present instance, may be

added, "*dux fœmina facti*," the maxim may be applied to explain the numerous tergiversations and contradictions of which Jerry has been guilty. It need not, however, be imagined that all his railings and lies are the consequence of his obedience, because they are natural to him; but it is certain that if his little despot was to order him to write with decency for once, and speak the truth, he would not venture to disobey; but there is no probability that this proof of his obedience will ever be required.

Now if there be any merit in *Jerryism*, the Jerry Porcupine may lay claim to the first rank; for in addition to all this * * * * * * *

CONFESSIONS OF A POLITICIAN.

MR. EDITOR,

I AM one of those who have long lamented that corruption and abuse have been *eating into* the constitution for a series of years; my fears for my country are now, however, at an end, as the worthy and independent liverymen of this great metropolis, by their reforming dinner at the London tavern, seem determined to *eat it out*. My anxious cares for my country being thus comparatively at rest, for I have no doubt of the exertions of my political friends in the present case, well knowing that they can swallow any thing, I am more at leisure to take a retrospective view of a long political life, dedicated entirely to patriotic purposes.

Much have I designed, though I have as yet executed but little; for I was always unfortunate enough to find that those whom I instructed in the principles of liberty,

were too anxious to put it in practice; so that as soon as I taught them to think for themselves, they would never think *as I would have them.*

Though born long before the æra of the French revolution, I cannot help considering myself as a child of equality, as that principle was even put in action preparatory to my birth. My father was the son of a careful parent, who, anxious for his happiness, proposed that he should make his addresses to one of two young ladies in the neighbourhood, whose charms and fortunes were *equal*; the steady youth being asked to make a choice, assured his father that it was quite *equal* to him which of them he married; a match was therefore made, and like a true citizen of equality, I was born on that day in the vernal equinox, when the days and nights were *equal.* Whether my father found any correspondent equality, in his days and nights, I have never been able to ascertain, for I have understood that he died in the exercise of that most amiable of all virtues—*patience*, having dropped down in an apoplexy, after coming from the Lord Mayor's feast, and whilst listening to a lecture of my mother's on the natural superiority of the sex. My first initiation into the sublime principles of modern politics took place very early in life, as I cried for every thing I saw, and got every thing I cried for; a principle, the former part of which I find is the practice of all our modern patriots, though they do not always accomplish the latter; it is not surprising therefore that when sent to school, I should be a constitutional opposer of those infringements upon the natural rights of young citizens, arising from the severity of the master, and also of that illiberal system of intolerance and proscription *set up* against a general enjoyment and participation of the bounty of nature, in the shape of garden walls and orchard hedges.

I was not so fortunate as the son of a great modern patriot, who had a father to teach him to translate magna charta at the breakfast table, at the very instant when the officers of justice were breaking into his house in order to carry him to *quod*; indeed, my father had no notion of stage-effect, and his only idea of opposition was to d—n the minister and the shop-tax. Notwithstanding this deficiency in my political tuition, I was sufficiently skilled in the rights of nature, *to pair off* with one of the servant-maids, who thereupon found it necessary to accept the Chiltern Hundreds and vacate her seat; an exercise of my natural rights which induced my mother to bring her *dear* boy back to her own guidance and inspection. I now began to be a speculative politician at those great manufactories of declamation, the debating So——but it will intrude too much on your limits to enter into the detail of my progress, I shall therefore come down to later events. I cannot as yet boast indeed of being a *tried* patriot nor am I very anxious to figure in *that line*; I have not as yet been exhibited in a picture like the patriotic linen-draper, nor have I been exhibited in a frame like my friend Peter; yet, Mr. Satirist, I have been a great and daring opposition writer, and I may boast of having chalked out the political creed of more patriots, than the Independant Whig or any other Whig who frequents the Freemasons' Tavern. There never was an act of parliament, Mr. Satirist, through which a clever fellow may not drive a coach and six; accordingly I laughed at all the libel and sedition bills; for a staunch patriot need never run the risk of writing on paper, whilst there are chalk, walls, and gateways in the metropolis. In short, sir, my writings were soon in every body's mouth, and quoted by the public on all occasions, for they consisted of little more than "no popery"—"no bank notes," and

"Burdett for ever."—If my writings were all in favour of liberty, so like, my friends, my conversation was all about *consistency*; but that, Mr. Satirist, is the very thing which I want you to give me some information about, for I have talked of it so much, and my friends have explained it so often, that now I really cannot understand it. Unable to comprehend their theory, I have for some time been endeavouring to define it by their practice, but there I am more at fault; and, as you seem to have kept a pretty good look out on all their manœuvres, my last hope is that you will be able to reconcile some of the paradoxes which I must confess have lately very much astonished me. In the first place, sir, I always understood, that the old whigs framed and supported those acts of parliament which secured to us a protestant king, a protestant parliament, together with a privy council, a lord chancellor, two archbishops, &c. &c. of the same persuasion; now these acts, as far as they exclude any set of men, may so far be called "proscriptive"—and the new whigs call out for the abolition of all exclusion and proscription. Pray then, Sir, must I believe that my friends intend that a catholic may in future if he pleases, fill any of these situations? for if they do not, their "unqualified emancipation" which they have talked of so often, must only be a stalking-horse, or a tub to the whale, and consistency a humbug. A great friend of mine, a broad-bottomed gentleman, who is particularly careful never to say a word about sinecures or reversions, refused to give his master a pledge that he would talk no more about clapping crucifixes on the soldier's knapsacks, yet I have reason to believe that he was not so coy with his friends at the *Golden Cross*, at Alma Mater. Nay, sir, in his long letter about potatoes and all that sort of things, he asks for the very thing that

he blamed his master for hinting at, and yet his friends say that he is consistent!

But I have been most puzzled, sir, with the late events which have so unhappily disturbed the metropolis, without profit to any body as far as I can find out, except the glaziers. The Piccadilly patriot certainly secured to his friends for a few days the liberty of throwing mud and brick bats, but as to any other liberty which he could secure to the people, by curtailing the privileges of their representatives, I must confess I am unable to find it out. 'Tis very true, that from the days of Simon Montfort down to those of Sydney and Hampden, our ancestors have fought and bled for liberty of speech; but I cannot believe that our virtuous patriots bled either on the scaffold or in the field, in order that Gale Jones, or Cross Jack Peter should sell out constitutional animadversions in shilling worths. But here, sir, what puzzles me most is, that the people should be called on to applaud these principles and practice in the Brentford knight, which are more subversive of their rights than any measure proposed even by a Strafford. That, sir, is my great difficulty: in fact, as many of my friends cannot get over it, I am almost disposed to take an idea from old Euclid, and call it the "political ass's bridge,"—if you, sir, can shew me the way over it, you will oblige

From my lodgings in view of the Hustings, Covent Garden, 16th April, 1810.

Yours,
JAMES DOUBTFUL.

P. S. Though I have called this letter, *Confessions, &c.* I shall not confess all I know till next month, by which time I hope some of my doubts will be removed by the 32d number of the Satirist.

THE POETICAL SAINT.

No. II.

MR. SATIRIST;

When I submitted to your consideration, a few months ago, the poetical wonders of the SPIRITUAL SEA VOYAGE,* I gave you a kind of intimation that, at the first opportunity, I should direct your attention to some other of the works of that sublime poet, the *Reverend W.* HUNT-*ington,* S. S. and I proceed now therefore to offer a few comments on his extraordinary production, SPIRITUAL BIRTH†, which he calls a *divine poem.*

The Poet commences with a moral reflection; and, as it should seem, to engage the sympathy of his reader at the outset, paints with great feeling and simplicity the condition of a poetical Saint. In the very second stanza, he speaks of the disguise under which he is constantly obliged to live, and of being beset with imminent dangers; and admits that his necessities have compelled him to have recourse to Jew money-lenders, whom, it seems, however, that he has not been able to pay: for he says with admirable naïvetè,

'Yea, and *Moses* pursues us for debt.' line 8. p. 3.

The introduction in this place of the nickname, by which this class of Jews are generally known, produces a most striking effect. The poet afterwards alludes to the circumstance of this debt, and takes occasion to reprobate the usurious disposition of the Jew, who it seems was not

* See SATIRIST, Vol. V. p. 445.

† SPIRITUAL BIRTH, a DIVINE POEM. Sold at Providence chapel on Monday and Wednesday evenings, and at Monkwell Street meeting on Tuesday evening. Ed. 3. 1803.

to be satisfied with a regular payment, though some friend had redeemed his pledge. His triumphant remonstrance is extremely dignified.

> 'Now, *Moses*, from bondage my soul is enlarg'd,
> My redeemer has cancelled my debt;
> My fatal arrears are now wholly discharg'd,
> And kind heaven has sent the receipt.' P. 7.

Here his pious gratitude in attributing his good fortune to providence is very commendable; though perhaps it is rather too bold a metaphor to make Heaven a stamp office for the issuing of receipts. And if in fact he had no other voucher for the payment of his debt, it is perhaps not so much to be wondered at, that *Moses*, who owns no God but gold, should demur as to the legality of the discharge: for this it seems he did, as may be collected from the following dignified and pathetic passage:

> 'I thought you my friend; and you knew I was poor,
> And you *gave me long credit*, 'tis true;
> But had I suspected your rigour before,
> I had ne'er struck a balance with you.
>
> I thought to have rais'd your demand from *my trade*,
> Till you brought in your fatal account:'—P. 7. and 8.

The reader must be surprized to find *Moses* lending upon such security; but the poet adds,

> 'A second discharge of a bill that is past
> Is a payment that never can end:
> The sum for the which you *arrested* me last,
> Has been fully discharg'd by a friend.'—P. 8.

It does not exactly appear from this, whether Moses arrested the saint twice for the same debt; but if he did the legal advisers of the poet must have been strangely

negligent of their duty not to have advised him to have brought an action on the case. But to return to the poem.

It appears to have been the author's intention to describe the progress of the new birth in a pious sister, who, before she was awakened to the impressions of love was, to use the phrase of the elect, in a state of barrenness, and reflecting on her condition at this time, she says,

> "I envied the brutes which dissolve with the day,
> And reflected with wrath on the womb." P. 4.

The last line is very intelligible, but these brutes which *dissolve with the day* are not so visible to carnal eyes; the expression indeed may be used in a metaphorical sense, and the saints will have no difficulty in comprehending it.

The pious sister, as the work of love proceeds, begins to wonder at the change of her condition, and her reflections are thus emphatically expressed;

> "Can *such a conception* be found in the dead,
> And if quicken'd, why under the curse?
> Hope springing within me, must *prove that I'm wed*,
> And, *if barren*, then why am I thus?" P. 6.

These doubts, however, are soon entirely removed, and the fair saint yields herself entirely up to the rapture of her new emotions. These are, with great nature and propriety, described in very incoherent terms, since it has been well observed that persons in their transports of joy are very apt to talk nonsense. The following passages, it will be perceived, conform to this rule with great exactness:

> "All doubtings and fearings are made to subside,
> And submit to the triumphs of love;
> The fetters are broke, and the bondage untied,
> And exchanged for the wings of a dove." P. 11.

Again,

"He's led to the rock by omnipotent hand;
In the secret cliff he can sing;
The voice of the truth is heard in the land,
And his winter exchanged for a spring."

Now this sort of incomprehensibility is the very perfection of divine poetry. It will be found that where it is necessary to be understood the poet can describe plainly enough, and the rapid progress of love, from the first reluctant coyness to mutual tenderness and perfect union, is painted *con amore*, and with all the warmth of a glowing imagination deeply impressed with vivid recollections of such subjects. The pious sister thus describes her feelings:

"I wept with rejoicing, and sung in my grief;
And I fainted and melted with love:
I coyley refused his gracious relief,
But he made all my bowels to move." P. 13.

And a few lines afterwards,

"When the banner of love was unfurl'd;
My spirit dissolv'd in the rays of his face,
And I died to the charms of the world." P. 14.

She is anxious to delay the termination of her happiness;

"I charged my eyes to refuse to be closed
Lest my husband should slip from my bed."—Ibid.

She puts forth all her blandishments to detain him;

"I used my intreaties his bowels to move,
For I trembled for fear he'd depart;
And gently wooed him, and call'd him my love,
And I crown'd him the King of my heart." Ibid.

Her tenderness is amply rewarded,

> " Through each silent watch still my bed he would keep,
> With his love as profuse as her source;"

The simile intended in the last line is not indeed very palpable, but the passage is perfectly intelligible without it. The consequences of all this love are very naturally described, and as it happens the result is fortunate. The poet declares, that,

> " Still in child-bearing the spouse must be saved," P. 6.

meaning, of course, as Dr. Slop would say, that the forceps are always to be preferred to the Cæsarean operation. But it should seem that in the most extreme case, the saints have no need of human assistance; the pious sister, despairing of deliverance, only puts up a prayer,

> " And my mountains were sunk to a plain." P. 6.

In forming a general estimate of the merits of this extraordinary production, it is not easy to decide which is most admirable the simplicity and natural developement of the fable, the delicacy and propriety of the imagery, the classic purity of the diction, or the melody of the versification: but whether all these qualities are not surpassed by the value of the moral which is inculcated, I leave, Mr. Satirist, to your decision,

THAUMASO SCRUTINY.

INTERCEPTED CORRESPONDENCE.

THE following papers were intercepted in the late expedition to Walcheren, how they fell into our hands is immaterial; they seem, however, to have belonged to a person who was lately sent home in disgrace from thence.

These papers have been somewhat mutilated, and are partly written in cypher, however such parts as are legible we shall lay before our readers.

No. I.

Whereas we * * * * * * * having secretly taken upon us the stile and title of chief consul and protector of the kingdom of * * * * * * * * until such time as we shall assume one more absolute and more suitable to the high dignity, power, and authority with which we shortly intend to invest ourself.—To our trusty and well beloved * * * * * * * * * * * * greeting.—It being necessary for the well being and honor of our kingdom to send an ambassador invested with full powers to our dearly beloved cousin, Napoleon, by his own power and authority emperor of France and King of Italy, to treat of such weighty matters and things as to the safety of our sacred person, and the welfare of the state do appertain and belong—We do therefore hereby nominate, constitute, and appoint you our said dearly beloved ——— ———, and you are hereby nominated, constituted, and appointed accordingly, our ambassador extraordinary to our dear cousin, the emperor and king Napoleon, as aforesaid, for us and in our name to treat of such high, mighty and important matters as you shall have in charge from us touching the same—and we having in you the said ———————, the most implicit faith and confidence do hereby pledge our most sacred word that we will, without hesitation or delay, ratify and confirm all such treaties of amity and alliance as you in your great wisdom shall think proper to conclude with our said dear cousin Napoleon, or his ministers duly authorized and appointed to treat on his behalf, of the weighty and important matters aforesaid —and all acts, conditions, and agreements whatsoever in the premises by you at any time on our behalf done,

entered into, and agreed upon, shall be by us with good faith observed, and in all things so well and truly ratified as if we ourself had been personally present, and signed the same.—Given at our Palace in P———y, this day of in the first year of our consulship.

(Counter-signed) Chief Consul and Protector.
G. L. W.

No. II.

Instructions to our trusty and well beloved ——— for concluding a treaty of alliance offensive and defensive with the Emperor of France and King of Italy.

(Most confidential.)

The said —— will immediately proceed to the island of Walcheren with all secresy, and under such disguises (as well for his own personal safety, as for the success of our intentions in promoting the happiness and welfare of the nation), as to him may seem proper; but we more particularly recommend his constantly wearing a pair of dark green spectacles, lest his remarkable obliquity of sight should betray him to the *enemy*;—on his reaching the island of Walcheren he is to take the first opportunity of falling in with the advanced guard of the French army, and request to be immediately conveyed to our trusty and well beloved Arthur O'Connor, who is said to hold a command in the town of Flushing—if he shall see the said Arthur O'Connor, he shall give him every information, touching ourself, and the situation of this realm—and also touching the British army now laying siege to the said island.—The said ——— will take every opportunity of ingratiating himself with the officers and soldiers of the said army, and obtain, as far as in him lies, all plans and modes of attack proposed by the admirals and generals commanding the expedition, that he may communicate the

same to the said A——— O'C———, or to the officer commanding the forces of France, and having so done, he is to proceed directly to Paris, in order as speedily as possible to commence the important affairs with which he is charged.—In the first place to form a treaty of amity and alliance with the French emperor, and next to obtain such succours as shall contribute to the establishment of our due authority within the realm of G. B.--He is to make the following proposals to the emperor on our behalf, viz. That immediately on the firm and due establishment of our authority, we will cede to France all the islands which have been wrested from her by the British arms, and in addition, surrender to her all the British possessions in the West Indies, except such as have been acquired from Denmark and Holland. That we will use our best endeavours to guarantee to France the possession of South America, and contribute 10 sail of the line, and 10,000 troops towards the conquest of the Brazils from its present possessors.---That we will immediately surrender the fortress of Gibraltar to his brother and our dear cousin Joseph king of Spain---and that the British possessions in the East shall be equally divided between France and England---the conquered possessions of the former being first delivered up.---That England shall reduce her navy to forty sail of the line, and that all exceeding that number shall either be destroyed or delivered up to France, as shall be hereafter agreed upon.---That her standing army shall not exceed the number of—— in time of war, and—— in peace. That England shall supply a contingency of ships and men in any war that France may hereafter be engaged in. That the number of trading ships sailing from or entering the port of London, and all other the sea ports of England shall be limited in such proportion as shall be hereafter agreed upon.---That French consuls shall be ad-

mitted in all the ports of England to see those regulations carried into effect---that the liberty of the press shall be abolished in England.---That on the part of the French emperor, he shall grant to ourself and to the following, our trusty and well beloved counsellors, the insignia of his legion of honor :---viz. to G. L. W——, Esq. W. W—— Esq. Robert W——— Esq. Peter F——— Esq. W. C———t, Esq. Caleb B————n, Esq. Lord C———, Lord F---- Lord O———, R. O'C——— Esq. Major General M. M———, &c. &c. And that he shall grant us the aid of 20,000 French troops, and 50,000 stand of arms to be dispatched. * * * * * * * The remainder of these instructions being written in cypher, the curiosity of the public respecting them cannot be gratified.

No. III.

FURTHER INSTRUCTIONS.

If you cannot prevail in procuring the assistance of the emperor without it you are authorized to offer the importation of all French manufactures into our ports free of duty, and that the restraint hitherto so strictly observed respecting the exportation of wool shall be taken off, and that he shall be permitted to assume the title of king of England in the same manner as the kings of England formerly styled themselves kings of France, &c. and that he shall quarter the arms of England with those of France. That no reflections shall be cast on him in the debates of the British Parliament, which in future will have only to register my edicts.

No. IV.

My Dear,

As this though confidential is unofficial, I shall write in my usual familiar and friendly style, to inform you of our intentions and plans, that you may conduct yourself accordingly. I intend immediately, if possible, to bring matters to issue, for which purpose I am about to (here follows somewhat in cypher) if these events happen as I think they will, you will immediately forward what assistance you can procure to the coast in the manner and by the means before pointed out.—T——ke says I am premature, but he is in his dotage.—I shall mislead the multitude with my usual cry of *Liberty*, *Reform*, and *the Original Constitution;* this will have its effect notwithstanding what may be said against it. I am told that the constitution had no distinct origin, but that it rose like a tree to its present perfection by imperceptible degrees, and that at no former time was it in greater perfection than it is at present; that my plan of reform is in fact an *innovation:* all this is very true, but I trust to our friends the mob for support, who are incapable of reasoning on the subject, and who will be led away, at least for a time, sufficient to serve my purpose, by the glare of that light with which I shall dazzle their eyes—that my hopes rest on a firm foundation, the support which that ideot W——e still meets with, is a proof, notwithstanding he has not a rag to cover the blackness and deformity of his well known character.—C——t is an able assistant, but I dare not trust him too far, you know he is only a *Renegado.* You will be surprized at the terms I offer Brother Nap; but though I must comply with some of them, when I am seated in *my chair* I shall cheat him as well as the people of England, who must be flattered with the title of *Majesty* for a season;

but when I rule them they shall feel that I am not a king Log——I shall write to you again soon—trust your answer in the hands of the French Minister for foreign affairs, it will safely reach me even if I am in the Tower.

Yours, ever.

LITERARY IMPOSITION.

Ogden's Sermons.

"Auri sacra fames."

Mr. Satirist.

In 1805, a pretended *new* edition of Dr. Samuel Ogden's Sermons was printed by Crowder of Warwick-square. The *fourth* edition was published by Samuel Hallifax, D. D. *Lord bishop of Gloucester*, in two volumes, in the year 1788. The "*new*" edition is published by one S. Hallifax, who has neither degree nor title.

On perusing in page vii. "the five sermons on the "Lord's Supper are NOW FIRST PRINTED," I eagerly bought the *new* edition. Judge of my mortification, sir, if you can. I carried it home in haste, and compared it with the *fourth* edition of 1788: I then found my last purchase to be a mere *fac simile* of the former!!!

I may be told with great gravity, Mr. Satirist, that this ingenious trick is a common bookselling contrivance, and yet I am not quite satisfied. I have undesignedly purchased two copies of the very same kind of work exactly; whereas, I was assured that forty-four large octavo pages in the last edition were *new*. Who S. Hallifax may be, I know not. Possibly he is a son of the

worthy bishop. If so, I would remind him of his excellent father, and, request him not rashly to disgrace a good man's memory.

With much respect, I remain,
Mr. Satirist,
Your obedient humble servant,
MUSÆUS.

PARALLEL PORTRAITS OF METHODISM.

IT has been thought by some that in drawing the portrait of Methodism, we have frequently indulged a spirit of caricature, and unwarrantably distorted the features of the Saints to make sport for the ungodly. Now we are very ready to admit, that we consider these dear people, as they style themselves, most admirable game, but we really are not vain enough to imagine, that it is in our power to make them appear more ridiculous than they are in themselves. On the contrary we feel a consciousness that we have sketched but a faint outline of their character; that we have but feebly delineated their hypocrisy, their presumption, their consummate ignorance, their blasphemy, and their systematic licentiousness: and we are anxious to supply our own deficiencies, and at the same time to shew that the likeness we have drawn is correct as far as we have finished it, by exhibiting portraits of the same saintly subjects, which have been painted at different periods by eminent masters. We could, if we were inclined, produce a great variety of these, or rather a great number, for there is no variety in them. A methodist is the same in every age and country;

neither time nor climate produce change in him; and the portrait of one serves for the whole class. In the miscellaneous works of Butler, we find the glaring features of the methodist of the present day painted with all the characteristic force and humour of that admirable artist. In the following passage will be easily recognized the sanctified appearance, the senseless ravings, the conventicle slang, and the gross sensuality of the modern elect.

" His hair is cut to the figure of three, two high cliffs run up his temples, whose cap of shorn hair shoots down his forehead, with creeks indented where his ears ride at anchor. Had this false prophet been carried with Habakkuk, the angel had caught fast hold of his ears, and led him as he leads his auditor. His two longest things are his nails and his prayers; but the cleanest thing about him is his pulpit cushion, for he still beats the dust out of it. To do him right, commonly he wears a pair of good lungs, whereby he turns the church into a belfry, for his clapper makes such a din, you cannot hear the cymbal for the tinkling. If his pulpit be large, he walks his round and speaks as from a garrison. When he first enters on his prayer before sermon, he winks and gasps, and gasps and winks, as if he prepared to preach in another world. He seems in a slumber, then in a dream, then rumbles awhile, at last sounds forth, and then throws so much dirt and nonsense towards heaven, as he durst not offer to a member of parliament. His whole prayer is such an irrational bleating, that, without a metaphor 'tis the calves of his lips: and commonly 'tis larded with fine new words, as *savingable, muchly, Christ-Jesusness*, &c. and yet he has the face to preach against prayer in an unknown tongue. Sometimes he is foundered, and then there is such hideous coughing: but that is very seldom, for he can glibly run over nonsense as an empty cart trundles

down a hill. He tore the liturgy, because, forsooth, it shackled his spirit, he would be a devil without a circle; and now if he see the book of common prayer, the fire sees it next, as sure as those bishops were burned who compiled it. His only ingenuity is, that he prays for an extempore spirit, since his conscience tells him he has no learning. His prayer ended, he then looks round, to observe the sex of the congregation, and accordingly turns the apostles, men, fathers, and brethren into dear brethren and sisters, for his usual auditory is most part female: and as many sisters flock to him as at Paris on St. Margaret's day, when all come to church that are or hope to be with child that year. He talks much of truth, but abhors peace, lest it strip him as naked truth; and therefore hates a personal treaty, unless with a sister. He has a rare simpering way of expression; he calls a married couple, saints that enjoy the mystery; and a man drunk, is a brother full of the creature; yet at wedding sermons he is very familiar, and like that picture in the church at Leyden, shews Adam and Eve without fig leaves."—Butler's Post. Works, vol. 1, p. 97. Ed. 1716.

Many characteristic touches are to be found in various other parts of his works; and among them the truth of the following passages will be readily acknowledged:

With face and fashion to be known,
With eyes all white, and many a groan,
With neck awry, and snivelling tone,
And handkerchief from nose new blown,
And loving cant to sister Joan,
'Tis a new teacher about the town,
Oh! the town's new teacher.

With cozening laugh, and hollow cheek
To get new gatherings every week,

With paltry sense as man can speak,
With hums and haws when stuff's to seek,
'Tis a new teacher, &c.

While with antick gestures he doth gape and grin,
The sisters admire, and he wheedles them in,
Who to cheat their husbands think it no sin,
'Tis a new teacher, &c. *Ibid,* vol. 2. p. 238.

There is another sketch in the same spirit.

What's he that if he chance to hear
A little piece of common prayer
Doth think his conscience wounded,
Will go five miles to preach and pray,
And meet a sister by the way?
O such a rogue's a roundhead. *Ibid.* vol.1.p.218.

But here the writer enters farther into the mysteries of the elect, than we can with modesty venture to follow: his description is too faithful to be delicate. Gross licentiousness and sensuality are indeed the most prominent features of fanaticism: the elect first practise on the weakness of their female votaries, and then govern them by the passions which they have excited. By their diabolical arts, they transport their victims into a delirium of possession, illumination, and supernatural converse, and having wrought them up to such violence of enthusiasm and agitation that nature faints under the struggle, the pseudo-saint seizes the opportunity of accomplishing his infamous triumph. That such things have been often done, has been proved by the testimony of those, who have had strength enough to recover from their infatuation, and the boldness to denounce the villaines of those that had deluded them: but in general the saints have too much power over their novices to suffer them to betray the secrets of their communion, and from the elect there

is no hope of the truth being forced by their horror of vice.

The next portrait we shall give of the dear people is by the witty Tom Brown. It is contained in his *Walk round London and Westminster*, a work displaying infinite fancy, and abounding with most instructive and entertaining remarks on the manners and character of the age in which he lived.

" A strange sort of noise drew us in to take a view of the godly: for the godly in this city afford an amusement as well as the wicked. This is the epitome of the whole kirk; and by this one you may judge of the rest. Here sits a zealous cobler next to an alderman's fellow, and he uses less ceremony with his God than his customer; for to the latter he stands bareheaded for sixpence; but to the former will not do it for salvation, believing, perhaps, that a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush, or that being necessarily one of the elect, he is too familiar with God to stand upon ceremony. Here sits a holy sister full of spiritual pride in her face, the word of God in her hands, the parson in her eye, and the devil in her heart: she pays her quarterage justly and that makes her *recta in curia* with her guide; for a saint may make bold with her husband's bed for her gallant, provided she make as bold with his purse for her preacher; nor can they be much accused, if their doctrine of predestination be true, for, *they needs must go whom the devil drives.* Necessity has no law, and if they offend, 'tis the fault of the first mover, whose machines they are, so that if they pick a pocket, betray their trust, bear false witness, commit adultery, incest, &c. the fault's not theirs, they are but mere passives, and what they cannot help, they cannot suffer for.

" Here they kill two birds with one stone, get the repu-

tation of saints, and the pleasure of sinners; the meeting is their spiritual exchange, where they barter hypocrisy for pleasure or profit; and they are able to keep their countenances, though the cheat be universal. It was said by Cicero, that he wondered how the augurs could meet without laughing in one another's faces; the same reason would make one wonder as much at the top fanatics, but that use and interest remove the difficulty, and a natural sowerness and slavish temper make it easy. Though they are enemies to the Lord's prayer, they make it up in their zeal for those of David, and here the form goes down as glibly in their bawling which they call singing, as aloes pills in the pulp of an apple. This shews, that if they are enemies to the church music, it is because it is harmony; whereas there is a sort of jarring medley of sounds not much unlike the laudable diversion of every one in the company singing a different song: nay, they have so peculiar a gusto for discord or odd sounds, that I believe they would admit the symphony of the tongs and key, though they reject the organ. Every thing here indeed, seems so odd and contradictory to the rest of the world, 'as if,' as Hudibras has it; 'they worshipped God for spite:' though the ingenious Butler seems a little out in one of his words; for they do not worship God at all but the teacher. Here they meet to hear Daniel lay about him with his merry stories and theatrical actions. When he has done his harangue to the congregation, he begins one to God, with whom he is as familiar as with his text, and handles him as roughly, and with as little respect to his truth and majesty; he thinks that God is obliged to hear all his nonsense, and so speaks, *quicquid in buccam venerit*, whatever starts into his fancy, to amuse his congregation, and make a noise, for that is all I can discover in these meeting houses.

" The odd looks, the groans that echo one another, some with their hats on, others off, some writing, some ogling the women, some the teacher; his merry postures and pop-gun way of delivery, with the whimsical medley of his words is I confess an amusement. Bigotry in the congregation, and impudence in the holder forth, will palm inspiration upon us. As for what he says beyond, or of his text, which he often racks as much as the tyrants of old did the primitive martyrs, till it die under the torture, it is all the idlest gabble in the world. But this brings in money, and money buys land, and land they all desire, in spite of their hypocritical cant. If it were not for the quarterly contributions, there would be no longer any schism or separation: for who can imagine, that when two or three thousand are maintained like gentlemen by the breach, that they will ever preach up healing doctrines, and dispose them to union? if it were not for the sake of earthly comforts, they would not be so conversant with heaven in their pulpits; but heaven is their traffic, and why should they spare a commodity which costs them nothing, yet brings in so good a return?" *Brown's Works, vol.* 3, *p.* 13, 1708.

We might multiply extracts from our own writers to shew that in this country the character of the Methodist has preserved one undeviating line of villany cloaked in a garb of sanctified hypocrisy, but we trust that of this truth our readers are already satisfied: it would be neither agreeable to them nor to us to multiply objects of disgust; one snake or one toad is a sufficient specimen of the class of reptiles to which it belongs. We shall therefore content ourselves with exhibiting the portrait of foreign methodism, as drawn by the masterly hand of QUEVEDO: and we single him out from among many writers of other countries whom we might have quoted for this purpose,

because as he wrote in Spain, we might shew that in the most superstitious country in Europe, the saints are characterized by the same vices, and the same pretensions to superior sanctity.

" Where are the hypocrites," says the grave Spaniard, " that turn devotion into interest, and make a revenue of a commandment? That pretend ecstasy when they are drunk; and utter the fumes and dreams of their luxury and tipple for revelations? That make chapels of their parlours; preachments of their ordinary entertainments; and every thing they do is a miracle." *Quevedo's Visions*, p. 314, ed. 6. 1678.

On his journey to the devil, he perceives them travelling by a path which they pretended led to heaven: but he indignantly exposes their sanctified deceit and secret licentiousness.

" I observed," says he, " a great many people afar off in a by-path, with as much contrition and devotion in their looks and gestures as ever I saw in men. They walked shaking their heads, and lifting up their hands to heaven, and they had most of them large ears. These thought I are a people of singular integrity and strictness of life, above their fellows: but coming nearer we found them to be hypocrites, and that though they'd none of our company upon the road, they would not fail to meet us at our journey's end. Fasting, repentance, prayer, mortifications and other holy duties which are the exercise of good christians in order to their salvation, are but a kind of probation to these men to fit them for the devil. They were followed by a number of devotees and holy sisters, that kiss the skirts of their garments all the way they went, but whether out of zeal spiritual or natural is hard to say.—I think there was more of the flesh than of the spirit in the case, some would be drawing a thread now

and then out of the holy man's garment to make a relique of. Others would cut out large snips as if they had a mind to see them naked. Some again desired they would remember them in their prayers; which was just as much as if they had commended themselves to the devil by a third person. Some prayed for good matches for their daughters: others begged children for themselves, and sure the husband that allows his wife to ask children abroad will be so civil as to take them home when they are given him. In fine, these hypocrites may for awhile perchance impose upon the world, and delude the multitude; but no mask or disguise is proof against the all-piercing eye of the Almighty.

"These went apart, and were looked upon neither fish or flesh nor good red-herring. They wore the name of christians; but they had neither the wit nor the honesty of pagans. For they content themselves with the pleasures of this life because they know no better; but the hypocrite, that is instructed both in the life temporal and eternal, lives without either comfort in the one or hope in the other, and takes more pains to be damned, than a good christian does to compass his salvation." *Quevedo's Visions, p.* 177.

The don visits them in hell, where he finds them among the lowest of the damned. He represents the devil as possessing a higher sense of religious duty than these impudent fanatics. "My next visit," says he, "was to the impertinent devotees; whose very prayers are made up of impiety and extravagance. Oh, what sighing was there, and sobbing, groaning and whining! Their tongues were tied up to a perpetual silence, their souls drooping, and their ears condemned to hear eternally the hideous cries, and reproaches of a wheazing devil, greeting them after this manner; Oh, ye impudent and profane abusers of

prayer and holy duties, that treat the Lord of heaven and earth in his own house with less respect than ye would do a merchant upon the change, sneaking into a corner with your execrable petitions, for fear of being overheard by your neighbours; and yet without any scruple at all, ye can expose and offer them up to that eternal purity." *Quevedo's Visions, p.* 239.

And now having hung up our portraits, we leave it to the public to comment on their merits, and to decide on the spirit and fidelity of the likeness.

TO THE PRESIDENT AND COUNCIL OF THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS.

LETTER II.

Gentlemen,

That the statement, which I had lately the honour to submit to your consideration, should excite your astonishment, was naturally to be expected; and I therefore learned, without surprise, that many of you should have doubted the correctness of my formulæ. It is yet in your power, however, to submit their accuracy to the test of synthetical experiment, and on this ground, and this alone, I rest my claims to your future confidence.

Of the ensuing formulæ, many have been copied from the "recipe book" of a wholesale druggist; some have been received from an experimental chemist of considerable eminence; and the rest have been determined by my own trials and observations. That they are of such a nature as to justify a public appeal to your corporate au-

thority, is too evident to be disputed; and that the public will ascribe your inactivity to other motives than a mere disbelief of the existence of such abuses, is, I trust, a sufficient apology for this second intrusion on your time and patience.

It ought to be observed, that all the articles composing any of the formulæ, are supposed to be genuine, and that the respective compounds are sold in the shops, as the simple, or authorised articles of which they bear the names.

BALSAM OF GILEAD.

℞. Balsam of Canada, ℔ 1.
Essence of Lemon,
Oil of Juniper, *each* oz. 1.

BALSAM OF PERU.

℞. Balsam of Peru, oz. 3.
Yellow Resin,
Oil of Turpentine, *each* oz. ½.

BALSAM OF COPAIBA (*for Apothecaries*).

℞. Balsam of Copaiba, ℔ 14.
Amber ———— ℔ 7.
Common Oil of Olives, ℔ 5.

Or, (*for Apothecaries.*)

℞. Balsam of Copaiba, ℔ 12.
Yellow Resin, ℔ 4.
Best Oil of Olives, ℔ 8.

Or, (*for Retail Customers*)

℞. Yellow Resin, ℔ 1.
Common Oil of Olives, ℔ ½.
Oil of Turpentine, ℔ 1. M.

N. B. This recipe includes none of the genuine balsam. It may be coloured with alkanet root.

Or, LASTLY, (*for Country Practitioners and Druggists*)

℞. Balsam of Copaiba, ℔ $1\frac{1}{4}$.
Common Oil of Olives, ℔ 1.
Gum Thus, oz. 4.

CINNABAR, or VERMILION, (*for Apothecaries*).

℞. Cinnabar, (the *Hydrargyrus Sulphuratus ruber*), ℔ 1.
Red Lead, ℔ 2.

In a similar manner red and white precipitate, with other metallic oxyds, may be adulterated.

In my former article, I mentioned MUSK as being usually adulterated with *powdered* honey: i. e. honey thickened with flour till it be of the consistence of dough:—the subsequent formula is, however, more general as well as more ingenious.

℞. Powdered Cocoa-Nut, ℔ 1.
Musk, ℔ $\frac{1}{2}$.
Honey, q. s. M.

OIL OF JUNIPER.

℞. Oil of Juniper, oz. 4.
Turpentine, oz. 12. M.

OIL OF ORIGANUM.

℞. Oil of Rosemary, ℔ 1.
Rectified Spirit of Wine, ℔ 2. M.
Alkanet Root, (*sufficient to colour*).

OIL OF MACE. The general reader will require to be informed that the oil of mace, for which the following composition is sold as a substitute, ought to be expressed without addition, in the same manner as oil of linseed, from the spice itself.

℞. Suet, ℔ 12.
Oil of olives, ℔ 3.

Bees wax, ℔ ½.
Oil of cloves, oz. 3.
Essence of Lemons, oz. ¼.
Turmeric and alkanet sufficient to colour.

POWDER OF JALAP, (the most common recipe).

℞. Powdered Jalap, ℔. 3.
——— Bryony, ℔, 2.
——— Black hellebore, ℔.

POWDER OF RED TIN, is always substituted by finely sifted *pewter dust.*

SPIRIT OF LAVENDER.

℞. Bruised pimento, oz. 6.
Red sanders, oz. 8.
Oil of tartar, oz. ¼.
Proof spirit, 1 gallon.

It is singular that this tincture of Jamaica pepper and red sanders is scarcely distinguishable in its sensible properties, from the genuine medicine; notwithstanding the ingredients and the mode of employing them are so different.

VENICE TURPENTINE.

℞. Black resin, ℔ 4.
Oil of turpentine, ℔ 10.

STRASBURG TURPENTINE.

℞. Black resin, ℔ 4.
Oil of turpentine, ℔ 2 ¼.
——— rosemary, oz. 1.

CHIAN TURPENTINE.

℞. Canadian balsam, oz. 10.
Oil of turpentine, oz. 3.
Yellow resin, oz. 8.

ELIXIR OF VITRIOL, *(for apothecaries)*.

℞. Oil of vitriol, oz. 4.
Proof spirit, a quart.
Red sanders, sufficient to colour.

Or (*for retail customers*).

℞. Water, oz. 4.
Oil of vitriol, oz. 1.
Logwood chips, sufficient to colour.

You will observe, gentlemen, that in the preceding formulæ, I have designated the various articles by those names under which they are most generally known; and that I have only transcribed such recipes as apply to actual substitution and adulteration. In my next letter I shall present you with such recipes as differ from those of the pharmacopeia in the omission of important articles, or in the variation from the prescribed proportions. In this arrangement nearly all the tinctures and ointments will necessarily be included.

At a future period, likewise, I shall take the liberty of calling your attention to the slovenly and inattentive mode in which your prescriptions are prepared, and to the extortions that are practised by the compounders of medicines, not only on the affluent and hypochondriac, but on the victims of poverty, and on the objects of your gratuitous advice.

Of the importance of the subject on which I now address you, I have before expressed myself in terms, that cannot be misunderstood; and I trust that there will be no necessity for a repetition of my sentiments. The skill of the physician, and the researches of the student must be vain while the present abuses continue to exist: improvements in your pharmacopeia are *empty nothings*, while the original intention of that pharmacopeia is hourly defeated by the avarice or ignorance of those to whom the compo-

sition of your prescriptions is committed; and little credit *will* be given to your other exertions for the relief and preservation of your fellow creatures while an evil so dangerous, so glaring, and so immediately dependent on you for its *abolition* or *correction* remains UNABOLISHED and UNCORRECTED.

Somerset-street,
Portman-square,
Feb. 19, 1810.

I remain, Gentlemen,
Your's faithfully,
A MEDICAL STUDENT.

W. R. H. BROWN'S DEFENCE.

WHEN we spoke last month * of the investigation, in consequence of which the projector, W. R. H. Brown, found it necessary to resign his situation as chairman of the Hope Insurance Company, we conceived that we should have no occasion to add any thing to our former arguments on the subject, since the measure, which we had laboured to prove necessary, had already taken place. But, as it has been thought advisable, by him, to publish what he terms '*a plain statement of facts*,' with a view to remove 'any *prejudice* which may have been occasioned, and which, for want of a *proper* explanation, might still exist, in consequence of the proceedings of *some* † of the proprietors at the general meeting in November, we could not, in common fairness, pass over his defence unnoticed, even though it did not, as unfortunately for him it does, supply a complete confirmation of every statement which we have advanced on the subject.

It may be as well, however, to turn first to the report

* See page 359.

† By *some* are to be understood so *many*, that the projector found it necessary to resign in consequence of their disapprobation.

of the committee appointed, by the proprietors, to investigate Mr. Brown's accounts. It appears, that upon the first arrangement of the accounts of the company, it was found that a considerable number of shares had been issued by Mr. Brown, more than he had accounted for: the fact was so palpable that he could not deny it; but averred that the money for these shares had not been received by him. He was, however, charged in the books of the company, with the deficiency, £643 5s. 5d. Sometime afterwards it was discovered that this *sum had been transferred from his debit, and placed to the account of general expences chargeable upon the capital stock.* This discovery naturally excited alarm in the minds of some of the directors. Mr. Brown was again reminded of the deficit in his account, and required to make it good: but he merely repeated his former assertion, that he was not aware that he had received any such sum of money, and therefore did not consider himself accountable for it. The directors offered to name a distant day for the consideration of the subject, and to assist him in the investigation; but he objected to the enquiry altogether, though repeatedly pressed on the subject, as necessary to his own credit as well as the interest of the establishment to be finally arranged. At a meeting of proprietors, therefore, called in consequence of this refusal, a committee was appointed to investigate the accounts of the company.

Previous, however, to the first meeting of the committee, Mr. Brown, alarmed probably by the danger of expulsion and forfeiture, to which, according to a clause in the deed of settlement, he had rendered himself liable, transmitted to the directors a draft for the amount of the balance; reserving to himself the delivery of six thousand shares, which remained in the office unclaimed, for the purpose, as he said, of discovering whether any of them

were unpaid for; by which means he was certain the *seeming error*, as he called it, in his account must have been occasioned. This was certainly an ingenious mode of deferring conviction; but the committee, to whom this letter was submitted, were not to be thus deluded. Upon examination they found that every one of these six thousand unclaimed shares had been paid for, and reported; therefore, that the deficiency "must have arisen from Mr. Brown's *not having paid* to the trustees of the company the *whole* of the monies, which *he, or his agents had received* from the proprietors.*" Upon proceeding farther to ascertain this fact, they found that, previous to the time when the funds of the company were invested in the hands of trustees, Mr. Brown had opened an account on behalf of the company with Messrs. Robarts; and they also found that there had been some drafts drawn from the cash there kept, the appropriation of which they could not trace in the books of the company. They required, therefore, of Mr. Brown an account of all monies received by him on account of the institution, from its commencement to the time when the funds were vested in the hands of the trustees. This requisition, it appears, put him a good deal out of temper. He talked in his answer of 'the politeness due from one *gentleman* to another;' of 'his feelings having been wounded by calumny, prejudice, and misrepresentation;' wondered how 'they could *presume* to call upon him for an account already settled;' and in the end gave no explanation with which the committee could be satisfied. They therefore again repeated their demand, which was again evaded; so that they felt themselves obliged to make a more peremptory requisition than they had hitherto done; to

* Report of the Committee.

which Mr. Brown replied by altogether denying their authority, and stated it to be his fixed determination to resist their demand; and if this did not please them they might do as they liked. The committee now, therefore, as they state in their report, "felt that an effectual bar was placed against the further prosecution of their labours:" and they concluded with giving it as their opinion "that the sum of £643 8s. 5d. *was due* to the company from Mr. Brown; though they had no proofs of the fact, owing to his having refused to produce the documents necessary to afford such proof;" but they had *proofs* that this deficiency did not arise from any *error* in the share account, as stated by Mr. Brown, but must have originated in the account of monies received by him, amounting in the total to £41,911, the particulars of which he had refused to furnish, and without which the accounts of the company are incomplete."

This report was submitted to a meeting of more than six hundred proprietors; and so very unequivocal was the expression of their sentiments respecting Mr. Brown, and their opinion of his refusal to have his accounts examined, that he thought it expedient to *decline any further concern in the direction of the affairs of the company.*

Now such being the facts of the case, let us see the *proper explanation*, published by Mr. Brown, with a view to remove any *prejudice* to which these circumstances may have given rise. He states that at the first issue of the shares of the company, there was so much hurry and bustle, and confusion, that a great number of mistakes unavoidably occurred; that all those, who received shares did not pay for them; and yet upon the bare supposition that all the shares which had been issued had been paid for, he was charged inequitably by the directors with the amount. Now according to his own account, the direc-

tors at the time of this transaction, had so high a sense of his merit, that they did not even know how they should adequately reward it. It is not therefore very credible that they should have charged him a balance, of the correctness of which they were not well satisfied. Besides, what could create all this confusion, of which he speaks, when it seems that every one who applied for shares must have come prepared with a letter from Mr. Brown, with his number of shares regularly allotted to him: for when he has occasion to state the services which entitled him to the remuneration of £3,000, he says, that, "in order to give some idea of the immense labour and trouble he experienced, it is worthy of remark, that he actually perused and answered *eight thousand* letters, by allotting shares to those only whom he thought most likely to answer the purposes of the company." If this means any thing, it must mean that he allotted the shares to such persons as he knew were not likely to scramble for as many as they could get without paying for them. Indeed his general charge, that a number of shares had been issued which had not been paid for, is an insult to the whole body of the proprietors; but this point has been set completely at rest by the report of the committee.

It is not a little curious, however, that the very circumstance which he complains of as a hardship, namely, that of being debited with this balance, he should now point out as proof that there "never could have been an intention or possibility on his part of depriving the company of its just due, as his enemies have dared to insinuate."—It is at all events a proof afforded most unwillingly by himself; and what becomes of it when this same balance is transferred from Mr. Brown's account to that of expences chargeable upon the capital stock, where among a number of items it might pass unnoti-

ced, and Mr. Brown be thus relieved from all further responsibility? How and by whom was this clandestine transfer made? "Mr. Brown *declares* that *at the time* the same was effected, he *knew nothing* about it, nor *by whose order* it was done; and as he is only answerable for his own acts, and not for those of others, *any further observation upon this point is obviously unnecessary.*"— Now it happens to be on this very point that observation is most obviously necessary: and if Mr. Brown could have explained it satisfactorily, it would have been of more service to him in the removal of prejudices, than all the votes of thanks by the directors which he has subjoined to his circular letter. He says that *at the time* the transfer was made, he knew nothing about it; nor by whose order it was done. Does not he equivocate upon the word? Will any one believe that the transfer was made absolutely without his knowledge? If he really believed that the deficit was occasioned by any errors in the issuing of the shares, surely a man possessing such indefatigable activity as to peruse and answer eight thousand letters in a few weeks, might have found time enough in the course of two years to investigate the matter: nor was it quite consistent with his professions of zeal for the good of the company, to consent, by thus smothering enquiry, to relinquish what was at all events a debt due to the proprietors, whoever might turn out eventually to be the debtor. But as Mr. Brown says, any further observation is obviously unnecessary: the inference to be drawn is too palpable. There cannot be the least doubt that the committee are correct in their opinion that the balance was due from Mr. Brown. He might have relieved himself from the payment, if he would have submitted his accounts to investigation; which supplied the only means of fixing the debt on the

right person: as he persisted in refusing this, he has no reason to wonder and less right to complain if his conduct has excited even a worse opinion of him than he deserves.

With respect to the mode by which he obtained from the directors the sum of £3,000 for having projected the company, there is not a syllable in his present defence to controvert what we before advanced on the subject; and to that therefore upon the present occasion we refer our readers. He says it was not his *desire* that the clause in the deed which empowered the directors to remunerate him, should be kept secret from the proprietors; but he has not attempted to deny that it was *purposely* omitted in the abstract, which he had circulated as containing a *full* account of every particular of the deed by which the interests of the subscribers were to be regulated. He has not attempted to give any reason why this clause, and this *only* was omitted. So far even were the directors themselves from being unanimous as to the propriety of remunerating* him, that according to his own account, they had four different meetings on the subject, before they came to a final determination.

Mr. Brown concludes his defence by offering to any *respectable* proprietor that will call on him, any further explanation that may be required: for our own parts we profess ourselves to be perfectly satisfied already, and we venture to say that every *respectable* proprietor is equally so. If it were not our object, in thus laying the practices of

* Squire Brown says that "were such remunerations withheld from *inventors*, the liberal and mechanical *arts* would not make the progress annually experienced." We should be glad to know among what species of *arts* he classes his various projects.

this man before the public, to shew the dangerous character of projectors, and if there were not more in his conduct to excite our indignation than our mirth, his ill-humour and worse English might afford us excellent amusement. This *Squire* is as pettish and spiteful as a girl that has lost her doll, and has no more respect for grammar than a cockney man-milliner. He is in truth very sore, so let the galled jade wince—we have done with him.

LITERARY FUND.

However, Mr. Satirist, your readers may differ from you in political sentiment, there appears a pretty universal agreement in this particular, you have ever encouraged the investigation of management and of abuses, whatever parties or bodies of men may have been therein implicated, and your success in the instruction and benefit of the public, has, thus far, been considerable. Witness your correction of the dangerous profligacy of certain individuals of the upper rank, and exposure of the atrocious and undermining frauds of that most execrably hypocritical faction, the METHODISTS. The letter of an *Old Subscriber* in a late Number on the subject of the Literary Fund, is a new proof of vigilance in that duty to the public, which you have prescribed to yourself. On that subject I beg permission to offer my mite.

I really did not see, or even hear of those two late appeals in the public prints to the charity of the public, in behalf of authors in extreme necessity, which your liberal correspondent has noticed, but I have heard of

late years, many whispers unfavourable to the management of the Literary Fund, an institution to which I had ever been partial, more particularly on account of a number of subscribers, whom I knew to be gentlemen of the most liberal feelings, and of the most patriotic intentions. On such account it is, that both myself and several noblemen and gentlemen have deferred to subscribe, until something satisfactory should transpire. Indeed various enquiries have been made, and a letter or two have appeared with that view, in some of the magazines: application also has either been or is intended to be made to an illustrious patron of the fund, the draught of which was submitted to my inspection, and had my fullest approbation.

The grand objection to the late conduct of the managers of the fund, I understand to be as follows. It is asserted that they are proceeding in the usual course of all corporations, whose constant object ever seems to be to accumulate money and funds for purposes of influence and aggrandizement, rather than the promotion of those ends for which the property was originally subscribed. Thus it has fared with nearly all our public charities, to the emolument of the institution, rather than the support and benefit of the poor, the rightful proprietors. It is averred, that in proportion to the richness of the Literary Fund, derived from Indian bequests, &c. has been their economy and unwillingness to support the literature of the country, their bounden duty, and that a vast increase of means has had no other effect than the desire of accumulating three per cent. consols, under the pretence of being enabled to grant *annuities*;---to whom?---to the grandchildren, peradventure, of the present race of laborious and necessitous men of letters!

It has likewise been remarked with a degree of rational foresight, that a rich and consequently powerful fund, such as seems to be meditated by the managers, may be in time converted into an engine, most dangerous to the freedom of the press. So intent have these managers been upon raising the fund to as great consequence as possible, that they advertised in the last year, an additional and novel subscription, for the exclusive use of the poor clergy. Had such a scheme been attended to, no doubt but the company's joint stock in the funds, might have received a weighty addition; I believe, however, it was very properly and universally rejected.

Either during the last or previous year, I saw a letter on this subject in some one of the monthly publications, which on enquiry I found was written by * * * * Esq. M. P. for ———. It complained of a want of delicacy in the distribution of the charities of the fund, and of the smallness of the sums given; frequently so small indeed, as, in times like the present, to reflect disgrace on both the givers and receivers. I have myself heard of several examples of gross indelicacy, one or two particularly from witnesses. A gentleman engaged through the best part of life, in laborious and useful studies, for which the inconstant favour of the public never afforded him and his family bread, was bluntly told, on receiving his first and small bounty from the Literary Fund, that he must not come again, for that the fund could not notice his farther applications! Now I apprehend that the subscribers to this fund, and the public generally, have ever understood it as intended for the permanent encouragement of the meritorious and constant literary labourers, who are to look up to it as an occasional support, to which they may have recourse without shame, or the sense of any degrad-

ing or improper obligation. There has been, moreover, an instance of a treatment so gross, illiberal, and in fact contrary to every sentiment of propriety and good manners, that I am persuaded, should it ever come before the public, it will excite as much general disgust as it has already in those private circles wherein it has been related. The two following instances came to me, at the time they happened, from a gentleman present; applications of distress were made to the fund, but some went empty away, because the managers had expended all the money in hand, in the purchase of stock!! A certain gentleman had applied and had probably, in his application, hinted, that his particular pressure was the want of a sum to go towards the payment of his debts. Some person present exclaimed, O, give him four or five pounds that he may enjoy himself: it is a farce to think of an author paying his debts! An illiberality one would scarcely have expected from a subscriber to the Literary Fund. To another, in whose favour it was urged, that he had engaged much of his time in an investigation of much consequence to the public---the reply was---does he then expect the fund to be at the risk of his speculations? A reply indeed in the true commercial, but not at all in the liberal spirit of science and literature; for surely, there cannot be a more proper application of the funds of the society, than the patronage and encouragement of men who are engaged in those branches of science, which necessarily take up much of their time and labour, and the reward of which must be both uncertain and slow.

In fine, Sir, I cannot help being convinced, on mature deliberation, that the management of the Literary Fund has taken a direction, in a very important degree,

contrary to the intention of the subscribers, who have advanced their money, not on any speculative plan for the benefit of posterity, but for the immediate use of meritorious and distressed *living* authors, and that I can scarcely think any other than the latter application, legal and allowable.

I have the honour to be, Sir,
A hearty well-wisher to your
honest exertions, and
your very obedient servant,
PHILO-LITERÆ.

St. James's Street,
March 21*st*, 1810.

MAY-DAY.

FRIEND SAT.

I am a chimney-sweeper: none the worse for that I hope, nor less welcome. You wear a red coat, and I a black one, that's all the odds: and I don't know that your's wasn't black once, only turn'd red now, mayhap, somewhat like a lobster with boiling. But be that as 't will, as I know you love the cloth, I have made bold to send you these few lines in black and white, against the next time, that you shew your jolly red face to the town; which, as I take it, is upon May-Day, and that you know is our gala-day.

I must tell you that some ill-disposed persons have been trying of late to run down our profession, and make us look little, as if we were of no use, and could be done very well without. And the best of the joke is,

they pretend as they do it out of kindness to us, and general love to mankind: they will starve us outright for fear the soot should give us the cholic. Thank 'em for nothing say we: but we smoke 'em: this is some of their reforming tricks. This is one of their ways of saving human labour, as they call it; that is taking the work out of the hands of the poor, and giving it all to a parcel of conjuring contrivances that ought not to be suffered in a Christian country: for I'll never believe but most part of these engines are the works of the devil. Why there's more hands than work to employ them already; and what can they think of themselves, then, that try to make the work less? What are the poor to do, when they have no work? Employ their minds, say the reforming gentlefolk. Hah! it is very fine talking. I know my thoughts would not be very pleasant when my belly was empty; my mind is never so well employed as over a good beef steak, and a pot of porter, and a pipe afterwards when I can get it; as I have now, and so here's health to you, Master Sat.! and success to trade.

A fine rigmarole, indeed, to talk of pullies and brushes, and the devil knows what to keep climbing boys out of the chimnies. Why the corporation of chimney-sweepers have a right to climb, and where is the man that will keep them down? Many great men have got up in the world by fouler ways than we do, let me say, and I could prove it too if there was need. And then all the cant about the hardship of the business; just as if it was not as natural to a young chimney-sweep to climb a chimney, as for an eel to be skinned. It is all a pretence to cheat us of our birthright; for I maintain that smoke is our birthright; though it has been encroached on of late by the gas light gentry. But we don't mind them: we know that they will be properly smoked, as soon as ever a right

light is thrown upon their concern. But there was an affront attempted to be put upon us some time since, that we couldn't stomach: do you know that BILL BROWN the notorious projector, that was turned out of the HOPE a little while ago, had the impudence to talk of forming us into an association,* and putting himself at our head? This was a little too bad, you will allow; and so we would not stand it.—It is all very well, you know, Master Sat, when a gentleman, that is somebody offers to give one his countenance and that; but when a chap no better than one's self gives himself airs of patronage, and so forth, it is time to let him know who he is, and who he is talking to.

And so having thought upon all these things, we have resolved to let the world see that we are not quite such miserable objects as some take us for. We determined that our May-day dance should be in style. We had some thoughts of sending our young fry to the new dancing academy at the Opera house; only we were afraid that their morals might be corrupted: so we resolved to go ourselves to some evening academy where grown gentlemen and ladies are taught to dance, and when we had learnt to foot it a little, we could teach the young ones afterwards. A score of us from the different districts were deputed for this purpose; and I was one amongst them.

I soon settled terms with the dealer in hops; and agreed to sweep his chimnies for a twelvemonth, for half a dozen lessons. When our company was all assembled, we made up a genteel set I assure you, and so we ordered in pipes and porter to refresh us between the heats, and then to work we went. We should have had prime music, only the fidler had got the rheumatics

* This we know was one of Squire Brown's projects.

in his left hand, so he could not finger quite so handsomely as should be. But however as we did not mind the music much, that made no odds. The ball was opened by young master Barbarossa, the famous wigmaker, with your old flame Miss Laura Pearce the convenient staymaker; and to be sure they did foot it in and out, and shake their toes in a most handsome style.

Then there was a burly-faced contractor waddling down with a little tight straw-hat builder, one of the prime genteel ones: I contrived to get her for a partner myself after the old one was blown. But there was one thing I must mention to you while I think on't: A young sucking Cobbett that had been *examining* our dancing for some time, tried to cut capers in a hornpipe by himself, but he could not *hunt* out the figure on't for the soul of him, and his conceit and awkwardness made us all laugh so that he thought himself well off, I fancy, when he was got out of the company. There was beside some very prime ladies from the private theatres and gentlemen from the debating society; but I warrant, Master Sat, you are up to all this, and so what is the use of my telling you.

But there is one thing do you know, Master Sat, that troubles us; and that is in respect to our garlands. What is the reason that the leaves are so long being produced this spring? There is some corruption in this, I believe. Why is not the ministry, or at least the keeper of the forests called upon to account for this, eh? What are the opposition about, that they have not taken the matter up? Ah, its bad times, Friend Sat, when corruption spreads not only from the root to the branches, but even to the leaves.

Yours to sweep,

Chimney Corner. Ben. Bag.

REVIEW OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

FIAT JUSTITIA!

The Real State of France in the Year 1809; *with an Account of the Treatment of Prisoners of War, and Persons otherwise detained in France*, By Charles Sturt, Esq. Resident in France before the war, and detained nearly seven years as a Hostage. 8vo. pp. 168. Ridgway.

THERE is no opinion so impregnable, or so difficult to be eradicated as a *wilful unbelief*; this *sensation*, for *sentiment* it cannot be called, stands firm against reasoning or against facts; the one it will not listen to, the other it either denies, or attempts to gloss over. "They have Moses and the prophets," says the scripture when speaking of the Jews, "neither will they believe one should he come from the dead;" thus do our *modern patriots* disbelieve every thing told against the enemy of their country, or at least endeavour to make others do so. We have already noticed in our last number the *patriotic unbelief* of a pamphlet published in America respecting the state of France; but here they have the testimony of their own countryman, a man of honour and probity, and who has himself been not only an eye witness of, but a sufferer under, the very evils he delineates. We can easily sympathize with Mr. Sturt, and participate in that feeling which must have struck him forcibly, when, on landing

in his native country, he found himself justified in saying: "It is Englishmen in general, that I wish to see set right with regard to Buonaparte, *to hear whom praised and admired, I am sorry to observe, one must come to England.*" He declares in his address, that he is astonished to find that an opinion seems to be gaining ground, that France is an happy nation, that the people are contented, and that arts, agriculture, and internal commerce are flourishing. To do away these idle impressions is then his object, and we should be extremely happy if our limits would permit us to go more at large, than we can do, into his details.

In opposition to that *insulting candour* which distinguishes some of our self called whigs, he denies those personal qualities to Bonaparte, which some of his friends here claim for him; he repeats the anecdote of his pusillanimous conduct when *Lucien* and *not he* overturned the directory, and also notices his frantic behaviour after *he had lost the battle of Marengo*, which was recovered by the arrival of Dessaix with ten thousand men. "I have heard it declared," says Mr. Sturt, "by many officers who were in that battle, that Dessaix *did not receive his mortal wound from an enemy.*" The fact was, "he had censured Bonaparte for his conduct, in terms harsh and violent, and immediately charging the Austrians, recovered the lost battle."

At Asperne, he again *lost his head*, and was perfectly frantic. "It was to Massena he then owed the safety of himself, his army, and his empire." His singular and dangerous illness afterwards we have all heard of, yet some have doubted; Mr. Sturt, however, asserts, that there is not a well informed Frenchman, who does not know that he had been attacked with a malady called "catalipse," which leaves the patient in whatever atti-

tude he may be at the time, totally deprived of sight, of hearing, of speech, and of motion. In this state he was discovered by one of his favourites, and remained thus for several hours, deprived of every function of life, except that of breathing.

The statements which have been given to us of the internal distress of *regenerated* France, are fully confirmed by Mr. S. who observes that nothing can more strongly prove its poverty and wretchedness, than the state of both town and country. In great part of France, nothing is to be seen but magnificent chateaux, and numberless country houses in ruins; the gardens are divided and sold; the trees are cut down; and sometimes a wretched family may occupy a small part of a house once superb, but now without floors or windows and the rest falling fast to decay. In the villages and hamlets, are scenes even more distressing; for there the traveller can scarcely enter a cottage without seeing parents bewailing the loss of their sons, dragged to the armies and lost to them for ever. In the cultivated lands, none are to be seen employed but old and infirm men, and often old women, performing all the labours of agriculture.

That the general feeling of the population should be against Buonaparte, as his greatest victories serve only to render them more miserable, is not surprising; but, say the unbelievers, "if so, how comes it, that a revolution does not take place?"—This objection is well answered by Mr. S., who declares that all societies, all friendships are nearly dissolved by the system of *espionage*, which pervades the whole country, so that no man knows his friend from his enemy. "There is not a family in which there is not a spy, who communicates just what his caprice or malice may invent." He then notices the difficulty of forming any revolution under the system of terror

which is now universal, and asserts, with great plausibility, that if the tyranny, exercised by the government, were, if possible, ten times greater, still no plan could be formed with any chance of secresy and success. As it may be supposed that no people would submit to such a horrid regime as he describes, he answers, "it is that regime that keeps down the spirit of the people."

But the most interesting, and at the same time the most *irritating*, part of this work is that which relates to the treatment to which our countrymen, aye and countrywomen too, are subjected in this den of tyranny. *Ex uno disce omnes.* We shall therefore go beyond our usual limits in an extract from page 129.

"The British females are exposed to the same brutal treatment; no indulgence is granted to their sex, and they receive only the same wretched allowance as the men. In the month of November, a young and beautiful woman, of respectable family, was confined in a fortress with nearly twelve or fourteen hundred of her countrymen, with two infants, and daily expecting her accouchement. There however she remained without a friend to assist her, unacquainted with the country, and exposed to hear every kind of blasphemy and obscenity. The French government, which vaunts so highly of its generosity and humanity, at this hour treats women in this shocking manner; no crime, no fault was alleged against this unfortunate young woman, except that of having frankly told the commandant, that she knew her husband intended to escape, and hoped he would arrive safe—he was a man whom the usurper had seized in a neutral and independent country since the war."

The cruelties inflicted, robberies perpetrated, impositions practised, and insults heaped upon our suffering countrymen in France, are much too numerous to give

even an example of each. Mr. Sturt indeed says that the *French nation* in general were friendly, and that the infamous conduct complained of was only the result of the orders of government, and of the diabolical passions of those who had the execution of them. We admire his candour, at the same time we cannot help thinking it rather strange that any government, even if it had the wish, should yet have the power of selecting such a multitude of villains for its purposes. Power put into any man's hands, indeed, is a dangerous temptation; but into a Frenchman's!—*We* have seen too much of them not to know that the partition between their cringing and their cruelty is thinner than a sheet of paper.

Under all these accumulated sufferings, these studied and unnecessary privations, there is a buoyancy, a fortitude, a national spirit displayed by the unfortunate victims, highly honourable to them as citizens of a free state; of a state which is now treating with kindness and hospitality fifty times the number of their oppressor's countrymen. We cannot end this review more appropriately than by inserting the whole of page 128 upon this subject.

"It is not to be wondered at, that such desperate attempts are so often made to escape, when it is considered that the prisoners have no prospect of an exchange, no hopes of a peace; that they are exposed to the most cruel and harsh treatment, confined in *sousterrains* sixty and seventy feet under ground, where the sun never can be seen, kept for weeks without fire, deprived of beds or covering, supplied with meat horrid in quality and deficient in quantity. It is this wanton cruelty that has almost broken their spirits, and made them give themselves up to despair. In the hope of finding an opportunity of escaping some enter into the service of a government they despise and hate. It is the hopes of eventually getting to

their native country, that prompts them to this step, not the smallest disaffection. I have witnessed their zeal and attachment to their country; never a birth-day of their sovereign, or their prince, that they did not rigidly remember, nor a victory their country gained that they did not celebrate. *The national spirit shewn by these brave men was the subject of admiration and surprize even to their tyrants!*" What Englishman enjoying the sweets of love and liberty, of security and of property, but must shudder at these representations! who indeed but these cold-blooded wretches, that in pursuance of a party question can lose sight of the welfare, the honour of their country, and the happiness of their countrymen—men who tremble at the operation of our *laws* and *privileges* against the pupils of anarchy, the agents of sedition, *perhaps from a consciousness of their own merits*; but who can find matter of praise and exultation in the conduct of those who deprive so many thousands of Englishmen and *Englishwomen* of personal liberty and of personal comfort, in defiance of every precept of God, every honourable feeling of the heart, every acknowledged law of nations, and every practice of civilized warfare.

Reflections on the Abundance of Paper in circulation, and the Scarcity of Specie. By Sir Philip Francis, K. B.

"Et nos quoque tela sparsimus."—Every body recollects the story of the sick lion: when every ass had a kick at him—so every opposition writer, whatever may be his subject, whether the emancipation of Gale Jones, or the incarceration of the Brentford Knight, whether the *unqualified* catholic emancipation of Lord Grenville's *speeches* or the *restricted* emancipation of his *letters*, whether the lamentable superabundance of credit in a few millions of

paper, in carrying on the affairs of government, or the deplorable scarcity of specie in carrying on his own, still concludes his ditty with the worn-out chorus of "*a change of ministry.*" But the lion is *not* sick, neither will the abuse nor the cajoling of the outs shorten their way to the treasury bench, whilst the ins have the confidence of their sovereign and of his people.

If the magnitude of any subject were to be measured by the magnitude of any work professedly and specifically written upon it, we should have judged the present one to have been of but small importance, as Sir Philip has not by his lucubrations on it, added much to the *quantity of paper* in circulation, going no further than forty-seven pages; but then, says the worthy knight, I write no more than what is dictated by common sense, and have nothing whatever to do with theory or *economistic* * principles; so that he attempts not to dazzle us with the erratic corruscations of his electric genius. or to bewilder us by the faint glimmerings of his political will o' the wisp, but like the *Jupiter Tonans* of antiquity comes down souse upon us at once with the thunderbolt of bold assertion, and the very modest position that no man of common sense, or of *any sense at all*, can possibly deny any article in this new confession of faith.

It would perhaps be expecting too much to suppose that forty-seven pages of common sense can be written on any subject; we may therefore be excused for glancing at a few of those passages that are not too abundantly supplied with that article.

As an old adage says, "those who have glass windows should not throw stones," we were rather surprised to

* We are obliged to coin a word, for modern *economies* are any thing but *economical*.

find this adventurous knight speaking of "writers, who do not know how to express themselves in direct terms and honest English," after he had himself in his second page said, "if it were possible *for me* to personify the British nation, and if I were at liberty to offer *my* humble advice to so great a person"—that is so great a person as *me* personifying the nation—"the first thing I should recommend to *him*," *&c.*—so that *me* should advise *him* and all the while *me* and *him* are the same person! that this is not what he means to express we will grant, but then it appears that there are more writers than he imagines, who cannot "express themselves in direct terms, or in honest English." We have thus reduced the pages of common sense to forty-*six*; let us therefore examine a little further.

There is nothing so easy as to ask questions; our author therefore requests to know "whether this kingdom, with many appearances to the contrary, be not essentially impoverished?" He waits not for an answer however, but boldly affirms that "it is in vain to argue with any man, who professes to think that a circulation of paper, not *convertible into specie*, and which may be increased *ad libitum* by those who issue it, is as sure a sign of wealth as specie itself, or at least answers *all* the purposes of gold and silver, as it certainly does some of them." Now if by this specification of paper, Sir Philip means *bank paper*, we will hint to him, that it *cannot* be increased *ad libitum*; and further that it is still convertible into *real wealth*, of which *specie* like *paper* is no more than the sign. If he means *every species* of circulating paper, we will hint to him, that a nation whose internal commerce is so great as ours, must always have an imaginary representation of wealth, not only greater than any quantity of gold that can possibly

be in circulation, but also differing from it, and consisting either of bank post bills, bills of exchange, or letters of credit. That nation whose coin answers *all* its purposes of circulation, must either have a large quantity of specie, or have very little internal commerce. Sir Philip indeed acknowledges these principles in the quotation, but then he unfortunately misapplies them.

We will join the worthy knight so far as to lament the *present* scarcity of cash; it is an evil of *no great novelty* with reviewers; we will grant him that much of it is exported both in bullion and in British coinage, yet still we must deny his conclusion, that this is an absolute proof of the balance of trade being against us. There are certainly great obstructions thrown in the way of our trade, yet we see that our manufacturers are all employed; there must therefore be a vent for their articles, though not in the regular way. But then here is a simple truth which this author has overlooked, and which takes away a considerable part of the argument respecting the *balance of trade.* In the present state of the Continent, their mutual intercourse is in a great measure cut off; so that it is not in the power of the British exporter when he sends goods to one part from which his imports are not equal to his exports thither, to obtain bills for the remainder or to transfer a credit to some other part whence his imports are greater. This in itself will naturally cause an exportation of money, even though the total balance of trade was actually in our favour, instead of being against us as he asserts; and this will serve to shew our politicians that what they consider as self-evident axioms, may change their appearance very much, when they are accurately examined.

As to the "depreciation of bank notes," Sir Philip pronounces on that subject too much *ex cathedra*; but

he allows himself to be led astray, by taking only a limited view of the comparative value of *bullion* and *bank notes*. He has recourse to the hacknied position, that now, if you wish to buy an ounce of gold, instead of 3l. 18s. the old price, you must pay at the rate of 4l. 10s. *in bank notes*; but then he forgets, we will not say wilfully, that you must pay 4l. 10s. per ounce whether you pay for it in *cash* or in paper, so that the mere increase of price in bullion, though it shews the scarcity of that article, is not in itself any proof of the depreciation of our paper currency.

To follow this bold author through all his assertions without proof, conclusions without reasoning, and parallels without analogy, would far exceed our limits, nay would require a review larger than the work itself; for all these evils however, like other quacks, we see he has got a panacea, a remedy which he himself acknowledges must either kill or cure—that is—*a change of ministry!* If we ourselves were partizans to those in power, we should be ashamed to look for any comparative support of their conduct, in the speechifications of Waithman, or the *illiterate* howlings of the Hampshire turncoat, yet we cannot help asking Sir P. F. and his friends, who is there in the nation that calls for a change of ministry *except themselves?*

We disclaim unqualified censure as much as we disdain unlimited praise; in our classical recollections, the first line of old Æsop stares us in the face, "Gallus dum vertit stercorarium offendit gemmam"—we too have discovered a jewel, and hope it will shine with double brilliancy as coming from the pen of Sir Philip Francis.

"As to parliamentary reform, I have tried it enough to be convinced that it never can be adopted on any

sound principle, that would at once be safe in its operation, and effective to its purpose. The people are well enough represented. The milk throws up the cream. No change in the form will mend the materials. I am sure you will find it, as I have done, a vain attempt to build Grecian temples with brickbats and rubbish ! ! !"

So much for *Mister* Cobbett, Hare Townshend, &c. &c.

Documents in Justification of the Seizure and Disposal of the Throne of Spain by Napoleon Bonaparte. Translated from the Supplement of the Moniteur of 5th Feb. pp. 119. Ridgway. 1810.

Among all the consequences of that mighty revolution, which, within a period of twenty years, has shaken to their foundations the ancient thrones of Europe, and swept away all those boundaries and land-marks of power, which it had been the work of centuries to raise and preserve, no event has occurred so interesting in itself, so striking in its immediate effects, or from which such important results may reasonably be anticipated, as the war now waged by Spain and Portugal for their national independence.

The power of France seemed to be growing with a luxuriance that nothing could check: it overspread the fairest part of the continent of Europe, and all that was not immediately subject to it was chilled by its extended shadow. With unequalled ambition and unequalled means of gratifying it, the thirst of the French ruler for dominion appeared to increase by

possession. Universal empire was the object to which his views were directed, and he was proceeding towards it with the strides of a giant.—Where his path appeared most plain and smooth, where he could least have expected any impediment to his course, there has his progress been arrested.

Spain enervated by indolence, the consequence of the vast influx of wealth obtained without exertion, had long declined from her antient grandeur: her political importance in Europe fell, as her empire in the Western world encreased. Under a government arbitrary without vigour, reduced by the foulest corruption to impotence, and become as much an object of torment at home, as of contempt abroad, the native energies of Spain were paralyzed, and she became the ready prey of him, who could see her weakness and had no scruples to take advantage of it. Spain, had, in fact, been for a length of time, only the vassal of Bonaparte; he drained her of her treasures, sent forth her fleets and armies wherever he willed, to fight battles not their own, and used her in every way as the humble tool of his tyranny and ambition. But his influence over Spain depending entirely on the corruption and weakness of the government, by the same blow with which he destroyed that, he put an end to his own authority. He had enslaved the government, and the people who still paid obedience to that government were enslaved together with it: the engine of his oppression being removed, they were free to act for themselves and the opportunity was not lost. The people of Spain have risen from their prostrate submission with an energy and force, which, if properly directed, will defend their liberties and independence from violation, and at length repel the invader, baffled and disgraced, however great may be the powers he will call into action, and

however long and obstinately he may continue the struggle.

An attempt to justify such an usurpation is in itself curious; but when it is considered by whom the attempt is made, and how seldom he has thought it necessary to account to public justice for the deeds which his power has enabled him to execute, the document becomes indeed interesting, and as few will be able to find in it the justification which it pretends, it will be a proof upon record of his infamy, when his aggression is so unprincipled that neither the art nor boldness of the aggressor could offer for it excuse or palliation.

These documents commence with a letter sent to Bonaparte by Ferdinand VII, then Prince of Asturias, and kept in complete dependence, secretly soliciting his protection and alliance in marriage. As no sort of communication had preceded this step, Bonaparte who professes that he scarcely knew there was such a person in existence as this Prince of Asturias, affects to have perceived in this measure an intention of making use of his name to give to the affairs of Spain a direction contrary to his interests: and when he immediately afterwards was informed in a letter from king Charles of the first attempt of the prince to dethrone him, in consequence of which he had put him under arrest, Napoleon no longer doubted the existence of dangerous intrigues, and distinguishes the schemes of England, notwithstanding the obscurity in which it was wished to involve them. He immediately resolved to cause troops to march, in order to be prepared for every event, and to sustain the army he had in Portugal: forty thousand men were ordered to Spain; "and this precaution," says he, "was useful; as, in three months after, the events of Aranjuez took place, and the emperor received the letters and documents to be found in Part II."

These two letters, which form the first part of the Documents, and this comment upon them, are the only reasons he has thought necessary to assign as justifying his sending a large military force into the territory of a friendly power. The truth is, he had been secretly undermining the throne of Spain, that he might extend his empire over its ruins; to support this usurpation he knew the presence of an armed force would be necessary, and he was eager to seize on the first pretext that offered, however slight, for introducing it.

His next object is to shew that neither Charles nor Ferdinand were fit to sit on the throne; and we are ready to confess that we never contemplated royalty before in so degraded a point of view. The second part contains a series of letters relating to the revolution at Aranjuez, and to the events which occurred up to the time, when the two kings appeared before Bonaparte at Bayonne. The greatest part of these, however, consist of letters from the Queen of Spain to Murat, then ambassador at Madrid, on behalf of her paramour the Prince of the Peace, at that time confined in prison by the adherents of Ferdinand. It is impossible to imagine any thing more abject or more abandoned than these letters, in which from the very beginning this woman offers to resign every thing to Bonaparte, in consideration of the lives of herself, her husband, and the Prince of the Peace being preserved, and upon condition that an asylum should be given them out of Spain, where the worthy trio might pass their days in safety together.

The reports which have for so many years prevailed respecting this abandoned woman and the Prince of the Peace, are confirmed beyond all doubt by these letters; which while they present a strange mass of confused words and ideas, without the least connection of sense or

grammar, are marked in almost every line with proofs that the safety and society of the Prince of the Peace are with her superior to all other considerations. We will give a specimen of these letters: we take the two first.

No. VI.*

Note in the hand of Queen Louisa, delivered to the Grand Duke of Berg by Queen Maria Louisa.

The King and myself will unwillingly be troublesome to the Grand Duke of Berg, who has so much to do, but at the same time, we have no other support but him, and the emperor, in whom we hope, all four—the king our inmost friend, and also the friend of the Grand Duke, *the poor Prince of the Peace*, my daughter Louisa, and myself. She wrote to us yesterday evening that the Grand Duke said to her what penetrated and filled us with gratitude and consolation, hoping all from those two sacred and incomparable persons, the Grand Duke and the Emperor; but we do not wish to allow him to be ignorant of any part of what is come to our knowledge, though nobody tells us any thing, nor even answers to our questions respecting things that are most necessary to us; but nothing of all this interests us, *nothing but the safe condition of our only and innocent friend, the Prince of the Peace*, the friend of the grand duke, when he exclaimed even in his prison, on the horrid treatment they were giving him, he called always upon his friend the grand duke, even before this conspiracy had come on; if I had the good fortune to have him here, if the grand duke was near, we should have nothing to fear. He wished for his arrival, making it a satisfaction to himself, if he should deign to accept of his house to lodge in it, he had presents to make to him; finally, he thought only of that moment, and afterwards of going to wait upon the emperor, and upon

* This letter, and all those of her majesty Queen Louisa, are written in the most barbarous style, which the Moniteur takes care to give with all its original defaults. Translator.

the Grand Duke with all the ardour imaginable. We are in constant fear of their killing or poisoning him, if they have any idea that we are going to save him ; could not some measures be taken before they come to any resolution? Let the Grand Duke cause troops to go without telling why, and without giving a moment of time to fire a pistol at him, nor to do any thing else, separate the guard that is upon him, which has no other glory in view, no other desire but to kill him, not wishing that he should live, and let that of the Grand Duke be there, and to command absolutely by his orders ; for as long as he shall be in the hands of those unworthy traitors, and under the orders of my son, that the Grand Duke may be sure that he will be killed, we dare to ask as a favour that he will grant him to us, because, being out of these bloody hands, yes these body guards, my son, these wicked sides, we must always tremble for his life, though the Grand Duke and the Emperor should wish to save him, they will not give them the time : we beg it as a favour of the Grand Duke to take measures to do what we ask of him ; for if time be lost, his life is not sure ; let him be persuaded that he would be more safe in the hands of ravenous lions and tygers. My son was yesterday after dinner shut up with the Infantado, Escoiquitz, that wicked priest, and Saint Charles, the most crafty of all, that makes us tremble ; they remained there from half past one to half past three. The gentleman who goes with my son Charles is a cousin of Saint Charles, he has some talent and some information, but he is a wicked American, a great enemy to us, the same as Saint Charles, who have received all that they have from the King my husband, and at the instances of the poor Prince of the Peace, of whom they called themselves relations. All those that go with my son Charles are of the same intrigue, and very fit to do all possible mischief, and to make the most frightful falsehood appear in the colours of truth. I pray the Grand Duke to pardon my scrawling, and if I do not write well, for I sometimes forget certain words and phrases in French, always speaking Spanish for forty-two

years past, having come here to be married at the age of thirteen years and an half; and although I speak French, it is not in the current style; but the Grand Duke will understand well and know how to correct the faults of my language.

No. VII.

Note written in the hand of the Queen of Spain, and delivered to the Grand Duke of Berg by Queen Maria Louisa.

The King my husband, who makes me write not being able to do it himself, on account of the pain and swelling he has in his right hand, desires to know if the Grand Duke of Berg would be so kind as to take upon him and to make all his efforts with the Emperor to secure the life of the Prince of the Peace; that he should be assisted by some domestics or some chaplains; if the Grand Duke could go and see him, or at least console him, having all his hopes in him being his great friend. He hopes every thing from him, from the Emperor, to whom he has been always very much attached. Let the Grand Duke obtain from the Emperor that they shall give to the king my husband, to myself and the Prince of Peace, an allowance upon which to live all three together in a situation good for our health, without command or intrigue: these certainly we should not have. The Emperor is generous; he is a hero, he has always supported his faithful allies, and those who have been persecuted.—Nobody is so more than we three; and why? because we have always been his faithful allies. From my son we can never have any hope but that of wretchedness and persecution. They have begun to forge, and they continue to do every thing that can render most criminal, in the eyes of the public and of the Emperor, that innocent friend so devoted to the French, to the Grand Duke and the Emperor, the poor Prince of the Peace. Let him not believe any thing; they have force and all other means to make that which is false appear true.

The King desires, as well as I do, to see and to speak to the Grand Duke, that he may give to him personally all the protestation that he has in his power. We are very sensible of these troops that he has sent us, and of all the marks he has given us of his friendship. Let him be well persuaded of that friendship which we have always had and always have for him, that we are in his hands and in those of the Emperor, and that we are fully persuaded that he will grant us what we ask of him, which are all our desires, being in the hands of so great and so generous a monarch and hero.

Again, in another letter she says :

" We desire much that the Grand Duke should send somebody who could inform the Emperor of every thing to the bottom, to prevent him from being prepossessed by the falsehood they plot here night and day against us, and the poor Prince of the Peace, that we prefer his fate to our own ; but these two pistols charged to kill him make us tremble, as it is an order surely given by my son, that which makes known his heart. For, I believe they never will make such an attempt, though it be the greatest villain, and believe me he is not* ; in fine, the Grand Duke and the Emperor are alone those that can save him ; and for us, Sir, if he be not saved and given to us, the King my husband and I will die ; we believe, if he pardons him his life, they will shut him up in a cruel prison, where he will have a civil death ; and therefore by grace let the Grand Duke and the Emperor save him entirely, and let him finish his days with ours where they will.

Fifteen or sixteen letters, in this strain of ideot raving and abject servility did this Queen send, chiefly by her

* The expression is here so much confused that it is almost impossible to give any idea of it in English. The queen's meaning was, probably, that no such attempt would have been made on any other person, however great a villain, which she maintained the Prince of Peace was not.--*Translator.*

Queen daughter, in behalf of her paramour, to the ferocious Septembrizer, Murat, and frequently expressed her fears that she did not treat him with sufficient respect, before he condescended to return her the most trifling answer; when he at last notices her request, she is unable to restrain her transports.

"Sir, my Brother;" says she in her next letter; "Gratitude in us, shall be eternal for your imperial and royal highness, returning you a million of thanks for the assurance you have given us that our friend and yours, the poor Prince of the Peace shall be free in three days; the joy (which the king and I have, and will conceal to preserve a secret inviolable, and so necessary) that your imperial and royal highness causes to us, by a piece of news so much desired, reanimates us; and we have never doubted of the friendship of your imperial and royal highness."

But the most ridiculous part of the story is, that king Charles appears to solicit with as much earnestness as his wife for the safety of her paramour, and a snug retirement, where they might live all comfortably together. But it is very palpable that he is entirely governed by his queen, who seems to be lost to all sense of shame, and to be as abandoned to the duties of a mother, as she is to those of a wife or princess. Napoleon's opinion of the matter is very plain: he tells king Ferdinand without ceremony, that he has no right to the crown of Spain, but what is transmitted to him by his *mother*." It must be remembered, however, that it is his interest to make this illegitimacy believed; and we could have wished that the conduct of the queen of Spain had not furnished such strong evidence in support of this belief. But it must be remembered also that the vices or weakness of those who had sat on the throne of Spain, can be no foundation for the

claims of Bonaparte: nor can a king who abdicates his crown transfer to another the rights and liberties of his people.

Tales of Real Life. Forming a sequel to Miss Edgeworth's Tales of Fashionable Life. In Three Volumes. Colburn. 1810.

"*Mutato nomine*, de te, fabula narratur!"

If there is any truth in the ancient adage, that "when *your name* is up you may lie a-bed," it has never been so *literally* applicable to any person as to that *amiable* and *industrious* novelist Miss Edgeworth; as this is not the *first* attempt to give celebrity and circulation to the trash of the day, by an unfair assumption of her name. In fact, from the anxiety of our modern compilers to stand forward as that lady's *proxy*, she will have shortly more works printed under her signature, than it would be possible for her to execute in a life whose term should be double the length of that to which we hope she may arrive.

Of the various species of imposition which *adorn* this age of quackery, there is none more reprehensible than that *literary roguery* vulgarly called book-making; it is a hydra which threatens to browze on the first blossoms of contemporary genius, and thereby to prevent all hopes of the expansion of the flower, or of gathering the maturer fruit; it imposes alike on the understanding and on the purse; it enables the drudges of booksellers "to drink wine out of other men's skulls;" and from the servility and ignorance of the copyists, it preserves and propagates ancient errors, whilst it often robs modest talent of the honours and profits of its labours.

Well might *Cowper* exclaim:

> "*Books* are not seldom talismans and spells——
> ——— Some to the fascination of a *name*
> Surrender judgment hood-wink'd"———

And to this disgraceful attempt to benefit from the fascination of a *name*, is the present work solely indebted for our notice.

Though this is perhaps the most flagrant prostitution of decency, and even of *common honesty*, which has hitherto appeared in the literary hemisphere, yet there are other instances of similar slight-of-hand: there are other instances of manœuvres so palpably intended to deceive, that we should consider ourselves neglectful of our duty, as public censors, did we suffer them to escape castigation from the lash. That manufactory of twice-told scandal in Wigmore street, that temple dedicated to the *Cloacina* of literature, where CHARLES SEDLEY, ESQ. was the officiating high priest, made the first barefaced attack upon modern credulity of any of the impostors of the day; where the Messrs. Hughes found that the public were gorged even to repletion, by the infamous ribaldry of "Delicate Vindications," "Infidel Mothers," &c. &c. from the prostituted pen of the *soiidsant* CHARLES SEDLEY, they made a bold attempt to

> "Give to airy *nothing* a local habitation and a *name*."

by the publication of "The Forest of St. Bernardo, by *Miss M. Hamilton*," evidently in the hope that the circulating libraries and boarding school misses would consider it as coming from the pen of MISS HAMILTON, the elegant Authoress of "Memoirs of Modern Philosophers." —their next was "Adelaide, or the Chateau of St. Pierre, by MRS. EDGEWORTH;"—this was followed by "Seraphina, by MISS BURNEY,"—the whole of which were scarce-

ly entitled to a place on a book-stall. *Wigmore-street* was not however the only manufactory of this literary hodge-podge—as we find another, on a more extensive scale in *Bridge-street, Blackfriars.* This is not, however, the only thing worthy of animadversion among the works issuing from this Parnassus watered by the muddy stream of Fleet-ditch, instead of the pure rill of Helicon. The readers of the "Monthly Magazine" have doubtless noticed a name amongst the contributors to that work which at full length is *George Cumberland, Esq.* whilst in the contents, the various papers are stated to be by Mr. Cumberland! Will any one pretend to say that this is not a barefaced attempt, in violation of truth and decency, to profit by deception, and to make use of the venerable and respected name of him whose pen has been always guided by elegance, and tutored by virtue!!! As for the work now before us, it has as many different names, as many *aliases*, as any arch impostor that ever *graced* the bar of the Old Bailey; we shall therefore first glance at its literary *history.* Its first announcement was under the Title of "Tales of real Life, forming a sequel to the Tales of Fashionable Life. By Miss Edgeworth"—a falsehood so palpable, so glaringly impudent, could not fail to attract attention, accordingly we find that shortly after, the *late* Mr. Johnson, Miss Edgeworth's bookseller, inserted a counter-advertisement exposing its infamy; a proceeding, however, which seems to have had very little effect on the publisher, as we have since seen the *two* advertisements in adjoining columns of the *Morning Chronicle.* The work was advertised for early publication in the last week of December, it was cunningly contrived however, that it should not issue *from* the press, until the Reviews and Magazines of the month, *were gone thence,* so that Mr. Colburn doubtless expected that he would have

one month's unmolested range among the holiday folks, before he could be driven with shame from the field. When we hear of an *impostor*, we naturally expect that he must possess some likeness to the person he pretends to represent, and that he may be enabled by the elegance of his manners, or his skill in simulation, to lull suspicion to rest, and to answer all the queries of lynx eyed investigation. Under this impression, we did suppose that there might be some attempt at originality, in order to disarm the host of criticism, but our disappointment " may be more easily understood than expressed," on finding that the whole was nothing more than a collection of tales, all of which have been already published in various selections of French and English literature. It is unnecessary to trace them *all* up to the fountain from whence they flow, we need only refer in general to " Bibliotheque de Campagne."—" Les Cents Nouvelles." " Les Causes Celebrés," &c. &c.; we however shall more particularly point out, that the first tale of the second volume, " Love and Vengeance" is nothing more than a translation of " Proces de Mad. de Gange;" in the fifth volume of " Causes Celebrés,"--that the stories of " Apparitions," are taken from the same source, whilst the story of " Bianca Capello," and several others, are to be found in every trumped-up publication of the present day. So much for the *originality* and *novelty* of the work; as for its moral tendency, or the elegance of its selection, it certainly has no claims to either one or the other. Is it for the edification of the younger classes that they should be " up to every thing," and that their curiosity should be excited by being informed that " every female requires of her *lover*, and frequently *even of her husband*, that she should be the first and only woman for whom he ever

conceived a passion, and above all that she should be the first, and the only one *in whose arms he has tasted the intoxicating cup of pleasure?*"—Are our females to be initiated in that *French Morality*, which draws distinctions between the *husband*, and the *lover?*—In p. 37 also of the first volume, there is something about "delicious dreams," which will doubtless have its effect, when these *precious volumes* find their way into the dormitories of our female seminaries.—It is in fact to such infamous publications, whose pages are formed merely for the excitement of prurient ideas, that we are indebted for so many cases similar to that of the unfortunate Mademoiselle Paris, whose fate ought to make parents more careful respecting the various species of reading allowed to the hapless girls sent from the protection of the paternal or maternal eye, to those hot-houses of lubricity—modern boarding schools. Two of the tales in volume second, are of the most disgusting kind, and must shock the most depraved libertine; and as for the "Harper," in the same volume, it is such a farrago of the lowest dialogue, and of the most inflated *Ossianic* bombast, that we can only suppose *it* to be *original*, and to be the production of the wretched compiler. In the third volume, a delicate recluse is represented as saying of her lover, "that he had occasion for a passion which should afford him something more than imaginary enjoyment, and this he found because he sought it"—but to enumerate all the improper passages would be to give further publicity to their pernicious poison, we shall therefore close our critique on his book of *many names*, which in a *second* title-page is called "moral, sentimental, and historical!!!"

THEATRES.

Cum tabulis animum censoris sumet honesti.—Hor.

We protest against any imputation of dullness on our parts, if our dramatic comments are this month more than ordinarily barren of profit or amusement. We must take what the managers chuse to offer us, and, according to the old proverb, we cannot make a silk purse, &c. We have heard that the late lord L——le, to punish a clergyman that had given him some offence, sowed his whole parish with thistles, and bade him take his tythe of them. Whether the managers have proceeded on the same principle, out of pique to us, we will not undertake to say; but if they have not been influenced by motives of this kind, we are at a loss to account for the absolute worthlessness of their productions.

We said last month that if the new play which was then about to be produced at Covent-garden, outlived the night of its birth, we would give some account of it. Now though it dwindled out a sort of existence for three nights, it could scarce be said to be alive any part of the time; and we do not therefore feel ourselves called upon to perform our engagement. Indeed what interest can the public take in the dissection of such an unshapely and lumpish abortion, when the person to whom it owed its being has been ashamed to own it. We are willing to let the manufacturer and his production

which he called "How to please and how to tease," continue in their native oblivion. Whoever he may have been, he has given, in his work, a practical illustration of his powers of *teazing*; we advise him to study with a little more attention the art of *pleasing*, before he again ventures to expose himself to a British audience.

Some amends, however, have been made to us at this theatre for the disgust we experienced in witnessing this exhibition of folly and impotence. Several of the plays of our best writers have been performed, and Mrs. Siddons, who, we feared we should not have seen again, has reassumed her station on the stage. We trust, therefore, that our ears will no longer be tortured by the abominable Manchester dialect of Mrs. Clarke, nor our eyes offended by the kangaroo arms and dislocations of Mrs. Weston. They are no substitutes for Mrs. Siddons; and seem rather to be brought forward to impress a belief that no adequate substitute can be found for her. But her genius and powers do not require to be set off by foils of this kind.

'There is a pleasure in madness none but mad men know,' it is said; and the truth of the observation is fully exemplified at the Lyceum. The manager is so madly delighted with his Maniac, that he has continued almost without intermission to exhibit his *mad* Mountain every night, to the great amusement of his *orderly* audience. This he has regularly accompanied with the farce of "*Hit or Miss*;" and thus for more than the twentieth time have these two brothers of the brush had the gratification of proving the variety of their talents, and convincing the town that they can write as well as they can paint. We would give this manager, as he is but young

in his trade, a little wholesome advice, if we did not know the obstinacy of conceit: but let him beware that he does not purchase experience too dearly.

If it were our practice to extend our observations beyond the regular theatres, we might notice Mr. Elliston's pompous manifestos from the other side of the water. He has made, it seems, great alterations in his theatre, and among the rest has altered its name: resolving, withal, that his entertainments shall be worthy the crowd of fashion which he must necessarily attract. Of this, indeed, from the specimens we have already witnessed, we entertain not the least doubt; but shall only remark, that in suppressing the performances of his horses, he has omitted the most amusing and most rational part of his entertainment.

COMPARATIVE CRITICISM.

Non nostrum TANTAS *componere lites !*—VIRGIL.

Who shall decide when DOCTORS *disagree ?*—POPE.

1. A Sketch of the State of Ireland, past and present.

"It is not often that we meet with *so much good sense, deep reflection, useful information*, and *pertinent remark*, condensed into so small a compass, as in the present publication. The author has our best acknowledgments for the pleasure with which we have perused his *able* and dispassionate performance."—Critical Review.

"Although this tract on the state of Ireland is brief, considering the extent of the subject, it is to us one of the *most interesting* which we have ever perused.—Though we are not prepared to accede to all the opinions of this author, we deem his work deserving of MUCH *attention* and *praise:* of attention, for the local information it contains, and the just ideas it frequently expresses; of praise, for the *candour* of the writer's sentiments, the *impartiality* of his judgments, and the apparent purity of his motives."—British Critic.

"This work is written in so antithetical and fantastic a style, and truth and consistency are so frequently sacrificed to brilliancy of language, or an *affectation* of *candour* and *impartiality*, that it possesses *very* LITTLE *merit* as a whole."—Edinburgh Review.

2. A new Argument for the Existence of God.

"Whatever our opinion may be as to the success of this author's efforts, we cheerfully award him the merit of being ac-

tuated by the *best intentions.* He *frequently* manifests a degree of *acuteness* which would have reflected *credit* on his illustrious precursor" [Berkley].—Annual Review.

" We give the opinions of the *ingenious* author, but we do not state our own."—Critical Review.

" Is this author a *quizzing* philosopher, or an *atheist in disguise?*"—Monthly Review.

" The ' new argument' to prove the existence of Deity, is no other than the whimsical hypothesis of Berkeley. We should think it quite wasting time to tell a writer who ought to disbelieve our being, that we consider his defence of this fantastical system to be *wretchedly weak* and *ill-written*, its title to be *disingenuous*, and its author to be the *dupe* either of *insanity* or *self-conceit.*"—Eclectic Review.

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3. Corruption, and Intolerance; two Poems, with Notes: addressed to an Englishman, by an Irishman.

" The author's verses flow in a strain of *easy dignity* which in the present day, we have *seldom* seen *surpassed.* His *satire* is *poignant*, his *wit lively* and *free*, his *argument manly*, and his *reading various* and *extensive.*"—Monthly Review.

" The *versification* is *good*, and often rises above the subject, In the notes there is a *considerable* display of *classical knowledge* of *general* and *extensive reading*, and some *very happy* turns of *wit* and *polished satire*, which must amuse even those against whom they are directed."—Beau Monde.

" Had we not observed the word ' Irishman,' we should have concluded that this *still-born effusion* had emanated from an unfortunate inmate of *St. Luke's.* This *silly pedantic* tract," &c.—Antijacobin Review.

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4. The Eagle's Masque, by Tom Tit.

" This will prove a *delicious treat* to some of our young friends: in the perusal they may derive both *pleasure* and *in-*

struction from the *very characteristic descriptions* with which the poetical Mr. Tom Tit has here presented them, of most of the *feathered creation.*"—Critical Review.

"A whimsical idea may be spun out till it loses its effect. The Peacock at Home, from its novelty and humour, was greatly admired: but the subject did not admit of amplification, and a repetition of fashionable bird-intercourse in the Eagle's Masque is rather *tiresome* than amusing; though Tom Tit *tries* to be *comical*, and to *display* his *knowledge* of the *feathered race.*"—Monthly Review.

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5. The Siller Gun, a Poem; by John Mayne.

"—These *meagre materials* are so *well concealed* by Mr. Mayne in the general bustle of the scene, and so *skilfully* mingled with description, incident, and character, that we are *transported* in *imagination* to the *spot*, and *cannot refrain* from *joining* in all the riotous jollity of the day."—Monthly Review.

"The present writer has *not made much* of his *materials.*"—Annual Review.

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6. Sermons on various Subjects; by William Craig, D.D.: a new Edition, with a Life of the Author.

"—The sermons also on the characters of *Judas Iscariot* and *Pontius Pilate* are executed in a *very masterly* style.—We consider this publication as deserving of the *most serious attention* from every person who wishes to see a *plain* and *rational account* of some of the *most important doctrines* of our holy religion, illustrated by *delineations* of the *most instructive* scripture-characters, and *enforced* by the many *pressing motives* which that religion so amply supplies."—Antijacobin Review.

"The discourses are in generar so *valuable, exactly what* in our opinion sermons addressed to a mixed audience *ought to be*, that we gladly embrace the opportunity of bringing them to the notice of our readers. From the BEAUTIFUL *biographical*

sketch prefixed to the first volume, Dr. Craig appears, &c."—British Critic.

"—A comparison of the sermons with the INFLATED *biography* which the editor has prefixed, gave rise to these reflections. —The sermon on *Judas Iscariot* is a *tame phlegmatic repetition* of *common place* thoughts. The next might be entitled an *apology* for *Pontius Pilate.* Dr. Craig's *spiritless* harangues can *interest neither* the *saint nor* the *sinner*, the *speculatist nor* the *devotee ;* and if they can answer any purpose imaginable, it is only to shew the minister how he *ought not to preach*, and the people what they *ought not to hear.*"—Eclectic Review.

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7. British Chronology, &c. &c. ; by the Reverend George Whittaker, A. M.

" In the substance of a work of this kind it is not easy to err; but to convey it in proper language and apposite terms, is no ordinary task. We *cannot compliment* Mr. Whittaker on his success in this respect ; whose *failure* affords an additional instance," &c.—Monthly Review.

" The object is explained in the title, and we have *no fault* to find with the execution."—Critical Review.

" Had the *list of eminent persons* been a little *more copious*, the view of each reign would have conveyed an accurate idea of the state of the kingdom."—Antijacobin Review.

"The *list of eminent persons* we should *unsparingly abridge.*" —Annual Review.

TO THE READERS OF THE SATIRIST.

It was our intention to have dedicated the principal part of the present number to an exposition of one of the most atrocious conspiracies that ever disgraced this country, but we have been obliged, by a most melancholy event, to postpone this painful duty till next month.—Our accusations will be supported by original documents of a most convincing and extraordinary nature.—We forbear as yet to mention names, but pledge ourselves that none of the guilty shall be spared. We have, also, been prevented, by the same cause, from continuing our observations on Mr. Brougham's paper, on the State of Parties; and from commenting on the outrageous conduct of Sir Francis Burdett, and the silly arguments of his supporters.

Our new office, in the Strand, will be open previously to the publication of our next number,—till then, our correspondents will please to address their communications (post paid) to Mr. Flint, Printer, Green-Arbour court, Old Bailey.

THE SATIRIST,

OR,

MONTHLY METEOR.

JUNE 1, 1810.

ROGER O'CONNOR.

An Irish narrative of *Roger O'Connor*, the brother of the vilest traitor that ever escaped the gallows, has been *done into English* by the *deserter of Botley*, and published in the *Political Register* of May 12th.

We always rejoice when this *most respectable* advocate is employed by the friends of Buonaparte to defend their characters and cause. Indeed we should have felt less satisfaction at reading a defence of Sir Francis Burdett and his friend Roger, in the *Argus* or the *Moniteur*, because we are told that those papers have, occasionally, been guilty of speaking truth; a crime of which no man, who has read the defence of his conduct relative to Captain Powell's courtmartial, will suspect *William Cobbett*. The narrative is introduced by a preface written in the deserter's best style wherein, not only *Roger*, but ARTHUR O'CONNOR, the traitor, is represented as a *suffering inno-*

cent, although this same deserter did in the *month of August, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and two* make use of the following language.

"In what act let me ask of his whole political life, has he (*Sir F. Burdett*) manifested any affection? Any attachment? And I will say any loyalty towards the *constitution of his country.* Has he not on *all* and on *every* occasion displayed the most inveterate hatred, the most implacable rancour against it? Did not O'CONNOR, the *infamous* O'CONNOR, *the very* HIGH PRIEST OF TREASON, *the most deadly foe of England*, did not this ARCH REBEL, though animated with the most rancorous enmity, declare that he loved this very detested country, merely because it had given birth to *Sir Francis Burdett*," &c. Vide Political Register, August 7, 1802, p. 132.

Again, in the month of October 1803, in a letter to Mr. Sheridan, the deserter thus expressed himself,—"I, Sir, never agreed with ARTHUR O'CONNOR, I always thought him to be, what he was at last legally PROVED to be, a BLACK-HEARTED TRAITOR." Pol. Reg. October 8th, 1803. p. 484.

And in September 1802, speaking of this *black-hearted traitor*, and his ASSOCIATES AND FRIENDS, he thus solemnly exclaimed in the language of holy writ.—"*Into* THEIR *assembly come not thou my soul, unto* THEIR *council be not thou united.*"---Pol. Reg. September 25th, 1802, p. 378.

After this, every honest Englishman must rejoice with us, that the defence of BURDETT, WARDLE, and *the* O'CONNORS, has been entrusted to the *Deserter of Botley.*

The traitors' advocate, as usual, commences his preface with a gross misrepresentation,---asserting that the

military were called in to force his friend, Sir Francis, "*the inveterate detester of his country*,"* to a prison.---Now the fact is, the military were not called in for any such purpose, but to prevent "*the gallows-hating knaves, and liberated convicts*, who constituted the Burdettite mob,†" (among whom Cobbett's secretary, bankrupt Wright, was particularly active), from insulting, injuring, and plundering his majesty's peaceable subjects.

The rest of the preface is a tissue of invective, in the hacknied strain of all revolutionists, and of falsehoods, so gross and palpable, that no danger can possibly accrue from their malignity.

Roger's narrative is the exact counterpart of Cobbett's defence against the damning evidence of his infamy, which was published last year, under the title of "*Proceedings on Captain Powell's court-martial*," and we believe that the greater part of it was written by *the same hand*.---The same egotism---the same most strange account of wonderful services---incredible hardships---immaculate purity---and tried loyalty, and about the same quantity of truth, distinguish both productions. On reperusing the narrative, however, we must acknowledge that we have wrongfully accused the *deserter of Botley* of doing it into *English*, as our readers will perceive from the following extract taken from the commencement of the narrative.

"*From a desire to make the people of England acquainted with IRELAND*, of which they know worse than nothing, receiving as they do, all their accounts through the medium of a description of persons in the constant habit of calumniating that PEOPLE; and *from a wish to give the people of England the means of forming a judgment between the government of Ire-*

* Vide Pol. Reg. vol. 2, p. 484.

† Vide Pol. Reg. July 24th, 1802.

land (during the residence there of Lords Camden and Cornwallis) *and me*, it cannot, especially at this moment, *be thought obtrusive in me* to lay before a just, but prejudiced public, a faithful narrative of those facts, which took place in my particular, commencing on the 27th of December 1796, and ending on the 8th of May, 1803; a space of nearly seven years, during the whole of which time, a *continued fire of persecution was kept up at me.*"

We never saw any thing like this in *any* language living or dead, but, as far as we could understand it, we were induced to expect something in the sequel relative to the situation of Ireland, and the condition of the inhabitants; in this, however, we were disappointed, for Roger after describing the exact situation *of his own house*, fills the remainder of the narrative with a most *false* and fulsome account of his *dear* injured *self*.

Our readers will be highly amused at the striking resemblance of the following extracts from "ROGER'S *Narrative*," and "COBBETT'S *Defence* of his conduct relating to Captain Powell's court-martial," published in the Political Register of June 17th, 1809.

ROGER'S NARRATIVE.	COBBETT'S DEFENCE.
Political Register, May 12*th* 1810.	*Political Register, June* 17*th*, 1809.
"*My Friends* (*that was* the whole *country far and wide*) opened their doors to this native army. *I* did my utmost to make the situation of the officers as comfortable a possible, and this *I* will say, that *I* received from all more thanks than were due.	"*I* do not like to say so much of *myself*, but the fame of *my* services and talents ran through the whole country. *Every good man respected me.*
	"In *my* regiment *I* was every thing: the whole corps was under my controul; I rendered services not only in the

Pol. Reg. May 12*th*, 1810.

I dare say such of them as live at this day will acknowledge that they received a more hearty welcome at Connor Ville than at the house of the most "loyal" man in Ireland; that is the man that has the largest pension or most lucrative sinecure or post in the kingdom*.

Long, *indeed always*, before these events *I* had been an object of great jealousy and hatred; *I* had ever been in the habit of committing a crying sin in Ireland, *I* had borne *myself* so to all the people, that *they were greatly attached to me; I had appointed arbitrators in every parish, through an immense district, who decided all controversies; the occupation of the petty-fogging lawyer was nearly gone; I* curbed the vice of drunkenness; *I* prevented riots; *I* did all the good *I* could. It will not, therefore surprize any person, in the least conversant with the character or complexion of the ruling factions in Ireland, that *I* was an abomination to them;

Pol. Reg. June 17*th*, 1810.

regiments, but in the province where we were stationed, such as no one but *myself* would have thought of. *I* remember a set of *Commissioners* being sent out from England, a part of whose business it was to make a statement and report of the population, &c. of the province. They lived about our quarters for some time: they had some jovial carousings with our officers; but, *it was I* who made out their statement and *drew up their report* to be sent home to the king; for which by the bye, they never gave *me* even their thanks. This statement, which, *as was the case with every thing that I meddled with*, was done in so clear, correct, and, in point of penmanship, so beautiful a manner, that, *I* have been told the Duke of Kent, when he afterwards became Commander in Chief in those provinces, had it copied; and took away the original as a curiosity. *This was the way in which I did every thing.*

"While we lay at Frede-

* Who can doubt that this sentence was written by the Deserter of Botley?

> ricton in New Brunswick, *I had the settling or rather the preventing of eight or nine law-suits.* It is not surprising therefore that a man *like me* should be hated by the associates of corruption." *Pol. Reg. June 17th*, 1809.

We have not room for further extracts from *Cobbett's defence*, otherwise it would be seen that the number of *capital I's* is not inferior to those which adorn *Roger's narrative.*

There is one passage in the latter which clearly proves, if any proof were necessary, that Roger was in the confidence of the rebels. "I lay down in my own house," says he, "the night on which I knew that an attempt was to be made to seize on me, by a large detachment of horse (attended by lords, squires, and generals, and their staff) and before they had marched *half* a mile from their quarters I was (at a distance of twelve miles) apprized of their having set out. They made their search for me and a considerable depot of arms which they were informed were secreted in the lofts and cellars of my house: neither were there, and they marched back." Now it is pretty evident that this secret and expeditious information was conveyed by a rebel telegraph; and Roger might very easily be thus enabled to remove himself and the pikes, muskets, blunderbusses, and other engines of murder, out of the reach of those who came to take him. It is really astonishing how a man who owes his *very existence* to the lenity of the government, who even in this narrative confesses that for eighteen years he was never separated from his *dear brother the traitor*, night or day, and therefore must have been privy to all his accursed plans of

treason and murder; and who, if we are not grossly misinformed, even now, at all *convenient* opportunities, corresponds with that brother although he has become, not only, like Cobbett and Burdett, the *eulogist* of Bonaparte, but actually the *subject*, the slave, the creature of that blood-sucking tyrant. We say it is astonishing how such a man can have the audacity to appeal to a British public, and complain of hardships! Hardships indeed! had he met with his deserts he would have been at this moment either revolutionizing the savages of New South Wales, or feeding the worms of his native country.

As to his statements relative to the proceedings against him for treasonable practices, we take upon ourselves to assert that they are from beginning to end *infamous and wilful falsehoods*, fabricated by him and Cobbett for the most diabolical purposes. None but ideots will believe them, and none but *traitors* will read them without abhorrence.

Of Roger's private character we have only to observe, that he is shunned, like a pestilence, by every *gentleman* in the kingdom, (Sir F. Burdett, and the poor ideot Bosville alone excepted)---indeed we have heard a *great reformer*, and an intimate friend of the baronet's declare, that, in his opinion Roger O'Connor's character, *independent of his politics*, could not fail to blast any cause in which he might be associated.

This *narrative* was probably published after *six weeks conderation*, with the view of reconciling the misguided mob to the *projector of the green liveries*, which are preparing for those who are to escort Sir Francis from the Tower; these liveries are ordered to be made exactly like the uniform of *O'Connor's rebel army*.---This surely is rather imprudent, for any other colours would answer *all* the intended purposes equally well without betraying so palpably the *reformers'* real motives for *regimentalizing their troops*.

Since the above was written, several documents have

been published, which clearly prove Roger O'Connor's connection with the murderous rebels and traitors of Ireland.*

May 13*th.*

NEGLECTED BIOGRAPHY,

WRITTEN "BY MYSELF," BUT WITHOUT A PORTRAIT, AND REJECTED BY THE EDITOR OF THE MONTHLY MIRROR TO MAKE ROOM FOR A SIMILAR PRODUCTION OF LEIGH HUNT'S.

St. Martin's Watch-house, Search-night.

MR. SAT.

As I happen to be rather disengaged at present, having been recommended to stop here until the morning, I thought at first of passing my time, in a little reflection, this by a natural pun induced me to look into the *mirror*, when I was so well pleased that I determined to sit down and give you some account of *myself*, as a gentleman who is a great *examiner* into men and things, has lately observed "that a public writer, who pays attention to the *drama*, is a person of some interest to your readers." Now Sir, you may perhaps be doubtful how far such an observation applies to me; I must tell you then that I have been a great public writer, and I can assure you that I wrote on one Saturday night, what produced more consternation among the citizens of London on the Sunday, than ever was caused by any letter of Junius, any paper of the North Briton, any Political Register of two sheets, or by any new edition of the Hue and Cry, in short, 'twas I that wrote "QUOZ!!!"

* In the *Political Register* of May 19th, *Roger* has published a letter to Cobbett, wherein he *disclaims* EGOTISM.—In this short epistle, however, the whole of which does not greatly exceed three quarters of an *octavo page*, we have counted no less THIRTY-THREE *pronoun I's*; and *me's*, *my's* and *myself's* appear in almost every line.

As to my connection with the *drama*, I have been for some time endeavouring to *enlighten* the *play-going*, or rather *play-returning*, part of the public, as I amuse myself at all times, with carrying a link under the piazzas,—but of that anon.

It was a great satisfaction to the friends of Sir Harry Dimsdale, to read your account of him in an article of "Neglected Necrology;" I hope, therefore, you will have no objection to insert my article of Neglected Biography. I may well indeed call it "Neglected," for if I were not to write it, nobody else would; though I must confess that I have been for some time past in a very pretty state of affected terror, lest Sir Richard, or some other butcher of *public characters*, should have a design *upon my life*. Like other great patriots, indeed, I would willingly have resigned it for the public good, but as no body seemed inclined *to take it*, I had no other way of becoming a biographical martyr than by committing an act of felo de se, which I fear the *public* inquest will call a downright murder.

But to the point—the *Spectator* has observed that a reader seldom peruses a book with pleasure, till he knows whether the writer of it be a black or a fair man, &c. &c. now it may happen to me, as it did to *Tom Brown*, that in omitting my portrait, as he did in his second edition, the public may say I leave them in the dark; I must inform them, then, that I think myself a very handsome fellow, and that I hope the ladies are of the same opinion. You may tell me, perhaps, that the first part of biography is to say something about my birth; well, Sir, I certainly was present when that event happened, but I don't remember much about the matter. There are *certain animals*, Mr. Sat, which never open their eyes for the *first nine days*, so

it is possible that even I did not see much of what was going on at that time, and yet as I have written a great deal, since that, about things of which I knew as little, your readers may perhaps be disappointed. But it is unnecessary, Sir, to say more of my infantine days than that I was a sort of rhyming Roscius, and began with sufficient imitative enthusiasm to shew my fondness for drawing out parallel lines whose last syllables should clink. I heard my old nurse sing "lullaby" and I sung lullaby also; I heard an old woman on Good Friday sing " hot cross buns" and therefore I sung " one a penny, two a penny," &c. our parish bell-man wrote Christmas Carols, I therefore wrote Christmas Carols also; Willy Wordsworth wrote pastorals, I of course celebrated the loves of Damon and Phillida; but I take shame to myself for having so done, fearing that I have thereby led other youths astray, from running their errands in the streets of London, to wander through the puddles formed by Helicon at the foot of Parnassus. Of this I am the more apprehensive, as some of the latest productions from the Long-lane press, bear a striking affinity to some of my " infantinilia," which were sold about the streets by my father, who admirably acted, at one and the same time, the characters of methodist parson, sturdy beggar, and itinerant bookseller. My enemies not contented with abusing me have also fallen foul of him for this and other practices, but this I don't care about, for I have not much respect for the old boy, as you may suppose, seeing that he was reduced to beggary by his *loyalty*, whereas I am endeavouring (I wish I could say *honestly*) to get my living by *sedition*. He was a methodist preacher, whereas I am, like you, endeavouring to convince the world that all methodists are ideots and scoundrels.

I am at once the admiration and dread of ministers and

public robbers; I mention this that, if your book should chance to fall into the hands of any of those *pests of society*, they may be apprized of the circumstance, for what is the use of my being admired and feared by any set of men if they are themselves as ignorant of the fact as Mr. Perceval is, at this moment, of my worth and existence.

I don't like to write more about myself, Mr. Sat, for the truth is, I have nothing to say; I need not tell you how I cried about newspapers, nor how I *lighted* the folks at the playhouse, until I *dazzled* them into the kennels of criticism, I have lately however taken up a new trade, that of trumpeter, and hence forward I mean to blow my own horn.

Yours, very sincerely,

PAUL PUNY POMPOUS.

THE ART OF SINKING IN PROSE AND POETRY.

No. I.

To tread in the footsteps of a celebrated writer is a task of equal danger and humility, in which success can *only* secure exemption from disgrace, and the ignominy of failure is in no degree palliated by the glory of the enterprize. The English nation, in particular, has a natural antipathy to every species of literary imitation: the same detestation of tameness, or servility, that influences their political conduct, is extended to the various departments

of poetry and criticism; and the majority of readers would rather admire a contemptible production because it resembled nothing that had preceded it, than bestow the slightest marks of approbation on the most admirable copy of an excellent original.

For these reasons the writer who now ventures to present himself before the readers of the Satirist, feels no temptation to assume the garb or language of Scriblerus. The character has been too admirably supported to leave him any hope of deriving credit from its assumption, and too hacknied to promise the reader any entertainment by its repetition. Instead of obtruding himself on the notice of mankind as a calm and abstracted student of philosophy, he wishes to appear in the more humble and appropriate capacity of a literary lounger, who may at least be able to supply his want of didactic originality, by the multifariousness of his reading, and whom an intimate acquaintance with contemporary critics and versifiers has rendered perfectly familiar with all the varieties of dullness and absurdity.

On his first outset in this important undertaking he had intended to confine his observations to the humble manufactories of prose, and to have left the sons and daughters of Apollo to our modern Juvenal. But happening to cast a casual glance on the following passages of Mr. Jerningham's "Siege of Berwick," which its author had not taken the precaution to prepare after the manner of *Bouchet*,* he discovered that though it might always be possible to discriminate between poetry and prose, the

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* How useful these precautions might eventually prove to some of our contemporary literati, may be conjectured from the following curious extract. The edition from which it was copied appears (says Mr. Beloe) to have been printed in 1665*

distinction between prose and verse was not equally perceptible.

"Their heart from the low subaltern *up to*
The royal youth."

"I therefore summon you to *surrender*."

"Could I but raise my sinking mind *to the*
Faint hope."

"Your commands have been attended to, and
Now the town is disencumbered of its
Numbers. The wide northern gate recoiling."

"Je l'ay imprime d'un ancre non commune aux autres imprimeur, laquelle. J'ay faite, mixtionée, et composée avec jus, d'absynthe qui empeschera que les râts, les sourits, lesteignes et autres vermines ne le puissent ronger, le feu mesme qui tout consomme ne le pourra reduire en cendres ayant mouillé mon papier avec une certaine composition que tout le monde n'est capable de comprehendre. Mesme la pourriture, vermollisure, et les vers ne pourront consommer le depus, ayant arrousé sa couverture de l'huil de cedre, que les Grecs appellent *Cedreleon.* Ou du moins, si je ne puis garder qu'il me viellise, comme font toutes chose humaines, si l'empescheray je qu'il ne serve de cornets, aux apothicaires, merciers, et burriers : car tout ce qui sera empagnetté du papier mouille de ceste eau, et imprimé de ceste ancre, se corrompra et sera dangereux, et pestifere à manger, si bien que toutes les drogues et espiceries, qui auront esté myses dances cornets serviront d'autant d'aconite, dé sublimé, et autres poisons! voire mesme, ceux qui le *ferout* servir *à usage encores plus vil ensentiront une grande dyssenterie et excoration* és parties plus cachées, et possible la mort; le quel secret n'est communs aux imprimeurs, mais ce secret ne leurayant fait mal, lej eur conseille de ler imprimer, puisque je l'aye augmenté d'un second et troisieme livres ; scachant assez qu'ils feront croistre mon honneur avec leur gain.

BOUCHET. *Les Serées.*

Now if in the last of the preceding extracts, the words *disencumbered, commands, attended, northern,* and *recoiling,* be pronounced according to the uniform laws of English elocution, it is evident that the lines in which they are contained can have no resemblance to blank-verse, and if on the contrary these words are to be pronounced récŏiling, northérn, disencumberéd, attĕndéd, and cómmands; a system of prosody so novel, and so curious, will require all the illustration that the collective industry of contemporary critics may be able to supply.

Besides, were a writer on the art of sinking entirely to disregard the *poetical* effusions of the age, how many opportunities would he not wilfully forego, of contributing to the amusement and instruction of his readers? How often would he not be withheld from paying a just tribute of gratitude and admiration to the poetical luminaries of the nineteenth century, and of ascertaining the fixed and comprehensive principles of the *Bathotic* art, from their united and inimitable efforts. The unfettered majesty of Aikin, the lofty rapidity of Dyer, the graceful urbanity of Downman, the pathetic simplicity of Northmore, and the chastened suavity of Walter Scott, would receive from him neither praise nor illustration. Even the Reverend Weedon Butler might remain unknown to the readers of the Satirist, and the following beautiful and natural conceit, with many other poetic gems "of purest ray serene," continue to lie hid in the darkness of oblivion.

"Thy beauteous check, where palely blooms the rose,
The sacred drops reluctant seem to leave;
Each feels endearment as it lingering flows,
And had each tear an eye, each tear would grieve."

P. Courtier.

"Alas! alas! cries many a child of woe,
My dear good Mrs. Crawford is no more,
And while the tears too plentifully flow,
With eyes uplifted bless her o'er and o'er."

Calcraft.

Of all the intermediate gradations of dullness and nonsense, between the infantine namby-pamby of the last of these extracts, and the turgid absurdity of the first, we shall in our future numbers introduce such examples and illustrations as may at once delight by their novelty, and astonish by their grandeur.

As it is usual, however, for every new adventurer in the field of literature to give some immediate proofs of his ability to instruct and edify; as in my future lucubrations I shall carefully abstain from political observation or discussion, and as in common with every faithful subject, and honest man, we are anxious to restore the spoils of literary pilfering to their rightful owners, we shall conclude our introductory paper by an extract, which we respectfully recommend to the consideration of the livery of London, and the other admirers of the sublime and beautiful in political declamation:

"It may be asked by some well-meaning members of these societies, whose benevolent disposition has been duped by the sophistry of demagogues, the insects of contingency, how are plebeian minds to be enlightened, if oral and scriptural politics are not to be addressed to them? I answer, by Sunday Schools, by the writings of inquisitive philosophy, calculated to prevent the precipitancy of action, by the pro and con considerations of good and evil, inseparable from all institutions: such reasoning represses passion and increases thought and reflection,

the true clue for *graduating reformation*, which leads predicament on to perfectibility.

"I am the democrat of nature, and view the perfectibility of mankind from its most elevated point, on the scale of intellect; but I look down at the same time to the low point of predicament, and thought gives me sagacity to graduate the scale of union; and when a *constitutional armament* shall have placed props to the fabric of the constitution, to guard it from the outrage of fanatical innovation, I will then boldly and confidently work hard to repair it, as the only matrix or asylum, of the highest comprehensible and final energy of this sphere, progressive intellect."

"*The Tocsin of Britanni, by John Stewart, the traveller,* pages 12 and 49."

Like the civic orators of the present day, Mr. Stewart professes an ardent attachment to the person of his sovereign; he is honourably distinguished, however, by an abhorrence of French principles and innovations. He proposes a general *combination* of European princes, in support of their own rights, and the interests of their people, and exerts all his powers in the composition of a decree that would do credit to the eloquence of Burdett, and the philosophy of Tooke.

"In the sacred name of universal good, enlightened by the intelligence of progressive truth, sensible that all modes of being are coexistent and coessential parts of one great integer, whose energies operate in their respective spheres, communicable in motival influence, but incommunicable in motival direction, rendering thereby every sphere the final and independent director of its own collective energies, to produce the greatest quantity of good to self, and nature, in time and eternity, measured by and

related to the circumference of its own orbit; we, the potentates of Europe, looking upon ourselves as the central and protecting energy of the sensitive sphere of existence, by this manifesto make known the purity of our intentions, and the expansion of our conscience, enlightened by the knowledge of itself," &c. Page 13.

Considered as the playful, or the thoughtless, effusions of an exuberant imagination, or an irritable temperament, such diatribes as these may be received with calmness and indulgence: they may afford entertainment to the idle, and can do no harm to the active or to the ignorant: it is only when imbecility of thought, and absurdity of manner, are combined with malignity of intention that they become the objects of serious reprehension. If even the eloquence of a Cicero, and the virtues of a Socrates, will not protect them when employed as the instruments of seditious violence, from the contempt and detestation of posterity, what other prospect can remain for the modern tools of a factious populace than that, after sacrificing every principle of honesty, and of every temporal happiness to the barren pleasure of political delusion, they should be held up to the derision of future ages as the scare-crows of patriotism, or as melancholy *mementos* of human turpitude and folly.

KALOS.

BURDETT's WORTHIES.

A LIST *of the most* HONEST *and* INDEPENDENT

Supporters of Sir Francis Burdett.

1. The REV. JOHN HORNE TOOKE, *chief adviser,*

a man who was tried for high treason, and acquitted because *two* witnesses could not swear to any *overt* act, although many proved his seditious intentions, and who borrowed a qualification for a seat in parliament of a friend, which he never returned, because the law could not compel him to do so, and who turned his own blameless daughters out of doors to exist on charity and prostitution.

2. WILLIAM COBBETT, who was the tool of the traitor Fitzgerald; who brought false charges against his commanding officers, and after declaring, in a letter to the Judge-Advocate, that "*Hell itself*, as painted by the most fiery bigot, would be *too mild* a punishment for him,*" if he failed to substantiate those charges, *deserted* three days before the time appointed for their trial, and fled to revolutionary France; who soon afterwards went to America, where being refused a favour by the government, he immediately became a violent loyalist, swore (most truly) that *all reformers* were traitors to their king, and enemies to their country; who in 1800 returned to England," that his countrymen might reap the benefit of that experience which had taught him the dreadful consequences of listening to those demagogues that bawl for *innovation*;"† "and declared that Sir Francis Burdett was only supported by traitors, convicts, and felons;" who wished "God might command his right arm to wither whenever he penned a sentence against his sovereign,‡ or any of his family;" who declared that Mr. Pitt was the saviour of his country; who received *four thousand pounds* from Mr. Addington to be applied in the printing, publishing,

* Vide Proceedings on Captain Powell's Court Martial.

† Vide the Prospectus to the Porcupine Newspaper.

‡ Vide Pol. Reg. vol. 2.

and distributing a loyal pamphlet against Buonaparte and reformers, which *four thousand pounds* he refused, and still doth refuse to give any account of, although it is well known that he did not expend £200 thereof in promoting the purposes for which it was entrusted to him; who in consequence of Mr. Pitt's having refused to dine in his company, on the grounds of his having *deserted* and gone over to the enemy, once more became a democrat and a reformer; who oppresses all the poor in the neighbourhood of Botley; who threatened when overseer of the parish, to deprive a pauper of parochial relief because he remonstrated against his forcibly digging gravel in his little garden and destroying his crop of potatoes; who pulled down a house, without an hour's notice, and turned a whole family out of doors; who imprisoned a poor boy, and called his mother "a brandy-faced bitch," who for so doing had a verdict of £10 damages given against him at Winchester assizes in July last; and who, notwithstanding the before-mentioned dreadful and most solemn imprecation, is continually reviling his sovereign and the royal family.*

3. ROBERT WAITHMAN.—A man who offered to swear that he had *no income* and suffered the tax-gatherers to distrain his goods; who, nevertheless, shortly after gave £4000 for an estate; who having taken the house next door to his shop†, and connected it therewith, clandestinely procured it to be omitted in the parish books, and thereby defrauded the poor out of the amount of the poor rate thereon; who daily advertizes for smuggled goods, viz. India shawls; whom Lord Kenyon directed a jury not to

* He and the reformers now, occasionally, endeavour to humbug us with professions of loyalty and attachment to the king!!!

† No. 103, Fleet Street.

believe on his oath, he having sworn contrary to the contents of letters, in his own hand-writing, which were subsequently produced, and whom the jury refused to believe accordingly, and gave a verdict contrary to his evidence; and who, when *All the Talents* were in power, implored them to make him Receiver General of the county of Middlesex, on terms which would have afforded him a glorious opportunity for peculation.

4. GWILLIM LLOYD WARDLE.—The confessed *suborner of Mrs. Clarke*, who in his cross-examination upon *oath* was obliged to contradict what he had *sworn* in a written affidavit, who was in Ireland, during the rebellion, the dread of unarmed little boys and the horror of every modest woman; who declaimed against adultery in the House of Commons, when he was himself carrying on an adulterous intercourse with a woman in Alsop's Buildings, and who declared, that if he were in Sir Francis Burdett's situation he would *shoot*, that is to say *murder*, the Serjeant at arms, or any other person who came to take him on the authority of the Speaker's warrant.

5. Mr. SHERIFF WOOD.—A *Brewer's Druggist*, that is to say, a man who vends *opium*, *coculus indicus*, and other narcotic and pernicious drugs to the brewers, *as substitutes for malt and hops.*

6. PETER FINNERTY.—A wretch whose neck has been stooped to the pillory and a notorious Jacobin, who endeavoured to defraud his brother reporters out of their shares of hush-money, given by a party to keep a crim. con. action out of the newspapers—Who smuggled himself over to Walcheren, where he cheated a poor widow, named Schaffer, out of the principal part of a just bill—

and who was very properly ordered to be sent home in consequence of certain well founded suspicions relative to his *continental connections.*

7. HENRY CLIFFORD—The drunken barrister—the bosom friend and gin-drinking companion of *Jew King*—the *seducer* of the Isleworth Millers, the man who hires himself to excite mobs against loyal candidates at elections, and the volunteer advocate of libellers and traitors.

8. ROGER O'CONNOR—Brother of the *traitor* ARTHUR O'CONNOR one of the rebel chiefs in Ireland, a suspected private character—a known enemy to the British Constitution, and, excepting Cobbett, the most notorious *liar* in the united kingdom.

Such are the *worthy* baronet's *respectable* supporters—Such are the leading advocates for *Parliamentary Reform!!!* Who dares suspect the *uprightness* or the *disinterestedness* of their motives?

ODES BY OWEN AP HOEL, Esq.

TO S——F W——D.

Was ever subject so bewitching?
Now never let him stir if
Ap Hoel's fingers are not itching,
To dizen out the s——f.

As London is not over-stock'd
With men of sense or virtue,
One sheriff other cities serve,
The bounteous law gives her two.
So my Lord May'r,
With parent care,
Declared the custom good;
A sheriff made, one man of sense,
And one *he made of* WOOD.
The man of sense
Would fain dispense
The just laws as he found them;
But brother *block*,
A stupid stock,
Still labours to expound them.
And when the giant power of law
Stretch'd o'er Sir Frank its iron paw,
And riot rul'd with furious sway,
He call'd for Mister S——f W——d,
The S——f came, and thought it good,
The sovereign MOB, his friends, should have their way.
"What tho'," he said, "they fling some dirt
"And brick-bats, yet they do no hurt."
How natural was the thought,
A brick-bat ne'er will find *his* brains;
The hog that wallows in his grains,
Sets filthiness at nought.
But now behold the Hackney meeting
The hacknied Hack of Burdett greeting.
He's order'd in his coach of state
To shew himself at *Traitor's* gate,*
Sedition's trumpet blowing.

* The gate at the Tower through which all traitors enter.

And to *his master's* hand present
The offering of discontent
With t——n overflowing.

Low hast thou sunk, O London fam'd!
Tho' ATKINS' patriot ardour flam'd,
And spurn'd the delegation,
And joining with indignant MELLISH,
Washing his hands of deed so hellish,
Sav'd half thy degradation.
But lo, he comes in trappings gay;
And Tower-hill
Begins to fill.

Auspicious is the month of May,
The SOVEREIGN MOB, in best array,
Around his chariot crowd:
The little snivelling, sooty brood,
All hail BURDETT and SHERIFF WOOD,
And scrapers rattle loud.

"Sweep! sweep!" each sooty patriot cries,
Aye, sweep away the s——f's lies,
And cleanse his murky soul:
Alas! Alas! you strive in vain,
You cannot sweep away the stain
Of deeds so dark and foul.

But Mister S—ff now with thee
The bard must make a little free;
A man in station proud, forsooth,
Should scorn a lie, and stick to truth.
But there are those tho' plac'd on high,
Still savor of the *filthy stye*,
And all their trappings, gay and fine,
Hide not *the wallowing dirty swine.*

Now, if to read it thou art able,
I'll give thee, W—d, an antient fable.
Tis said that once imperial JOVE
With a vile hedge-hog fell in love,
And chang'd it to a pretty lass,
Who smirk'd, and smil'd, and look'd as gay
As thou upon my Lord May'r's day,
When, lo, it came to pass,

As all the gods in synod sat,
And JOVE himself led the debate,
With PIGSNY at his side,
That on the carpet of the clouds,
Which high Olympus, summit shrouds,
A beetle she espied.

Swiftly she darted from her seat,
And swallow'd the disgusting treat;
JOVE cried—"Ah, filthy creature,
(And blush'd, as all must blush for thee)
"A reptile vile, I plainly see,
"*Can never change its nature.*"

Now, Mister W——d, thy friends abuse thee
Whilst they would seemingly excuse thee,
And say, *'twas after dinner,*—
That thou wert drunk with city cheer,
And that 'twas *wine* which made thee err,
Against the truth a sinner.

From *wine?*—It could not come to pass
Because, *in vino veritas,*
And honest CURTIS proves it:
Still let me view his purple face,
Where *truth* and *wine* give equal grace,
And every BRITON loves it.

But lo, with indignation burning,
The LOYAL rise at t—rs spurning,
To rally round their patriot KING;
While thou, and H—y C—be, and B—g,
Hide your diminish'd heads:
When FREEDOM's *true-born* sons arise,
TREASON to struggle vainly tries,
In vain her poison spreads.
LONDON, to HOEL ever dear,
I hail thee with a joy sincere,
O closely to thy bosom draw,
Such men as CURTIS, PRICE, and SHAW,
And TREASON, FACTION strive in vain,
Thy loyal, sacred walls to stain.

MODERN JEHUISM.

" ——————— giræ gratia currum
Armorumque fuit vivis, quæ cura nitentes
Pascere equos; eadem sequitur tellure repostos."

ENEID, 6.

" The love of horses which they had alive,
And care of chariots after death survive." DRYDEN.

MR. SATIRIST,

IT is an old story, that "there is nothing new under the sun," so whilst our young men of fashion are driving over every thing, and *through* every thing, pluming themselves that there is novelty both in the manner *in which*,

and the object *to which, they are driving*, yet it is evident that if they had not drove so rapidly *over* or *past* he classics, they must have known that they are merely renewing an old custom. These modern *olympists*, indeed, as yet only drive the *short stages* about town, but when the reverend old gentleman who drives the *last stage* shall call to take them up, they may perhaps be unwilling to set off, not having packed up for so long a journey; *then* too, they will no longer be permitted to sit on the box, to square their elbows, or to take the whip hand, but must content themselves with the vulgar situation of inside passengers. Some of them may perhaps comfort themselves with the hopes of sleeping through the journey; I am afraid however they will not go on so smoothly, for I am told it is a cursed jolting road, ten times worse than "Featherbed lane" between Brentford and Isleworth.

As for those who expect *comfortable accommodations* when they are set down they may perhaps be disappointed; the reverend Mr. Hunt-ington in *his* book of the roads, and guide to travellers, says that if they are not on the list of the landlord's friends, they can expect nothing else *but a good warm fire*, I am afraid however there will be but little *room* there, and less *accommodation*, as I understand that *Reverend S. S.* will be employed to stir the coals up for his own party of melting widows and babes of grace.

In *Humphrey Christian's* book of the roads, indeed, there is a good deal about *chariots* and so forth, which might appear inviting to these modern *Jehus*, but as the roads they have travelled through life, have been measured, rather from the *standard* of fashion at the west end of the town than from *his* standard of measurement, they would be as much puzzled as if turned three times round in a dark night on Hounslow heath without a light in their coach lamps. I believe then, Mr. Sat. as they have lived *like hea-*

thens, we must at last refer to the times of classic antiquity, and here our friend Virgil in my motto helps us out a little. When the *pious* Eneas went to hell—a jaunt in which he may be followed by some of these *pious* charioteers, and for the same laudable purpose, I say, Mr. Sat, when the hero of antiquity went to look for his father, though he had no *post obits* to pay, or to get rid of, he found a number of dashing young men, *of fashion I presume*, busily employed about their favourite amusements; some were rubbing down their cattle, others were examining their *patent perches*, (by the way, some of our modern *birds of fashion* may astonish them by *dropping* in upon them from the *new* patent *perch*,) some in company with the driving dowagers of their time, were looking after *crane necks* and *C-springs*, some were at their *bit-makers* in Long Acre, or sporting their fillies at Tattersal's, or such like repositories as had then found their way to the infernal regions. Now, Sir, though you and I may not see it, what a delightful thing will it be for those gentlemen, when they arrive at that place where they are driving to, to have all their favourite amusements ready prepared for them. There is one *thing*, however, I must remind them of, Mr. Satirist, for though it is *the thing* in this world to drive with the blinds up, yet they must recollect that the *turnpike-man* at the last gate will not permit it, as he always looks at the *inside* of the equipages, even of those who can drive *four-in-hand*. So, Sir, however unfashionable this may be, I would recommend them to look a *little* after the inside, as the turnpike man if in a good humour may give them a day-ticket for a much pleasanter drive than as yet they have any notion of. The only obstacle indeed I see in the way of their complete enjoyment is the difficulty of finding *horses*, for as these poor animals have had a Hell upon earth, it

would be very unfair to send them to the infernal shades.* However as *asses* are sometimes found *fit for driving*, and are accustomed in this world to carry both *angels* and *spirits* at the fashionable watering places on the sea coast, they may serve for a substitute; and surely, Mr. Sat, it is no more incongruous to see one ass in coach-horse's harness than it is to see *another* in coachman's costume. I am, Sir, both in this world and the next,

Yours most pointedly,

From my stand, opposite Hatchett's, May 4, 1810. JACK JUNIPER.

CONFESSIONS OF A POLITICIAN.

No. II.

MR. EDITOR,

YOUR indulgent insertion of the first part of my Confessions, calls on me particularly to fulfil the promise in my postscript; at the same time I must remind you that I hope the 33d No. of your lucubrations will explain some of the *inconsistencies* in the *consistency* of my friends. Perhaps indeed they may have the same excuse that

* Our friend must have forgotten Mr. Poet Northmore's Hell horses,

"which at one bound,
Leapt from Hell's concave to Columbia's Alps."

Vide *Washington.*

I have always been obliged to have recourse to, that their consistency was of such a specific nature, a consistency "*sui generis*," (by the way, Mr. Sat, that is a bit of Latin I picked up from our friend Cobbett, he is a lucky fellow you know at picking up) that it could only be preserved by a recurrence to its opposite. To illustrate this I shall go back to some of the earlier events in my life, when being an active citizen, I was sent by a self-constituted society to enlighten some of the neighbouring counties; in short, Sir, I was deputed on a "political tour through Rochester,&c.&c.&c." Previous to my departure I was furnished with a code of instructions worthy of such an ambassador; it is not my intention however to put you up to every thing, though I cannot help shewing you what a *constitutional* jealousy we had, even then, of the *Whig Club*, who always thought, poor silly fools, that *we* were their best friends. The 8th article of my instructions told me, "as the Whig Club have called upon the people to associate for the repeal of the new treason and sedition acts, without making any explicit declaration of their principles, we recommend you to caution the society you visit against every attempt to divert their thoughts, from *our ultimate object*, to such temporary and subordinate considerations." Lord, Sir! after hearing all the fine speeches of a *dead* patriot, and of some *living* ones about the "corresponding societies," would not you have supposed that we were hand in glove with them, as they wished to be with us?—it is possible, however, that with *all their talents* they did not then know *our ultimate object*, and *now* I believe they begin to be afraid of it.

In our patriotic concern for the *public* welfare, we were not inattentive to *private* advantage; it sounds very well in a speech to talk of taking the money out of people's

pockets, by means of the taxes, that, however, is no reason why we should not adopt other modes of performing the same operation. Under this kind of feeling then I was told, " this society being involved in great expence, and being in actual arrear you shall in an open and manly manner, invite the society"—to dinner perhaps you may suppose, but no, Sir!—" *to contribute to the expence of the deputation*, according to their ability, and to transmit their contribution, *through your hands*, to our secretary." Well, Sir, it is not my place to tell you, how much I got, nor how much I paid in—all patriotic subscriptions are not so great as some folks may imagine, as you may see fully exemplified by looking at the sum total collected for a *friend of mine*, now in Newgate. Miss Taylor's, indeed, that *ruined* female, was something handsome; perhaps Cobbet and Tim the Banker can tell *how much* SHE got of it—But to return to my own story. Having set out on my embassy, " we alighted at an inn at Dartford, the name of which I do not remember, or if I did, would be of little consequence; it might be the King's head, the Blue Boar, or the George inn, or some such nonsensical sign," indeed I don't see why these *people* should occupy the sign posts, or be thus put over the heads of patriotic tourists; however if our friend Sir F. *goes on as he has done*, we may then hope to see *his head* placed in a more conspicuous situation, *than even those of his friends have been before him!* In the progress of my stage coach jaunt, I need not tell you how I was served for my political condolements with some of my fellow travellers, who being in the service of their *king and country*, had no idea of the new philosophy, or of being enlisted under *national* banners; " *I am convinced I am a fool*, and perhaps need not declare it, but so it is: I am always interesting myself about other people's affairs, regardless of my own, and exciting *contempt* and *hatred* where I expect to find commiseration and regard." Whilst *indulg-*

ing in this reverie, I arrived at Rochester, and *after* being shewn into a parlour "casting my eyes on the parlour mantlepiece, I saw the following *curious* words written in a fair legible hand, *Britons strike home, and save your liberties and your country, an enemy to all tyrants,*" now, Sir, you will observe how extraordinary it was that I should take notice of this *after* I had been in the apartment, though had I not the luck of seeing it on my entrance. But if those *writings* were any proof of the general feeling in the country, you may judge how elated my worthy friends were shortly afterwards, when I sent them up a motto from another mantlepiece, " national debt £75 a minute, sleeping or waking." This I observed also, *after* having been in the room for some time, and you will no doubt suppose me, though no disciple of *Hope* or of *Palladio*, as well qualified to *write on the inside*, or the *outside of houses* as either of those great revivors of antiquity. I have been often accused of fomenting internal commotions both by my writings and my speeches, on this occasion I must plead guilty, for the landlady, though a great friend to the *liberty of the press*, having entered the parlour whilst her husband and I were holding a *provisional committee* respecting a dish of beefsteaks and onions, she perceived the words "*liberty* or *death*," which I had chalked in large letters on all convenient places, and bitterly exclaimed against this literary abuse of her fixtures, and her husband attempting to soften her, she settled the dispute with a knock-down argument.

Being rather annoyed by intruders I gladly accepted the offer of an hospitable *citizen*, left the aristocratical inn and proceeded to my new apartments. " A fresh coloured and pleasing young woman, the wife of the citizen, made her appearance, and said she hoped I should find every thing comfortable;" that indeed was my intention. It was

not very fine, she observed with a sigh, *which I readily returned,* " but I have a hearty welcome, and I have a good wholesome bed, thank God!"—" I accepted the apartments with more heartfelt satisfaction than I could have experienced in a palace. The situation to *me* was whimsical and rather *ominous*; it was in *Love-lane.*" Although I do not profess to be a christian, nor to keep any of the commandments, yet you will not be surprised Mr. Sat, if in this situation, I felt inclined *to keep the* ELEVENTH; in fact the old aristocratic distinctions ought never to weigh with an enlightened democratic philosopher; my pupil 'tis true had never heard of the Wolstoncroft doctrines, until I had given her a lesson or two.

You know, Mr. Sat, that we modern philosophers despise all worldly honours, you will consider me then as perfectly consistent when writing exultingly to my friends in town of my reception at a club in Chatham, " upon my entrance they all rose with one accord, and the deputy of the London Corresponding Society was ushered to the right hand of the president, amidst the unbounded plaudits of the whole assembly;" nor will you think it owing either to vanity or ignorance, that I inserted the whole passage in italics in the printed account of my tour.

Having ventured on the parade *to look after* the soldiers, " as I attentively surveyed them I perceived, or *fancied* I perceived, a sullen discontent marked on each countenance, and a something like a desire of revenge manifested in the whole of their deportment." This, however, must have been all *fancy*, for I am told that they had nothing of that appearance when one of my friends took an airing lately from Piccadilly to the Tower; *I am told so*, not having seen it myself, being on that day particularly engaged at a large house *opposite your printer's.* Having gone to the parade as *Reviewing General*, I unfortunately experienced a kind of

citizen-like feeling, for when the order to charge bayonets was given, I stood exactly opposite to them, and could not but confess within myself that they presented a most formidable appearance, something like what I am told my friends the French feel, when they happen to be placed in the same situation. Yet even here I learned a lesson, and you may judge of my humane and harmless intentions, when " I thought it would be highly useful were we more frequently to accustom ourselves to the sight of military men and martial manœuvres;" in short, Sir, I presume it was something on their principle, that my reforming friend had his *sham-fights* in Piccadilly, " for it would tend to lessen, if not entirely to eradicate, that ridiculous terror which is generally exhibited by an unarmed multitude upon the first appearance of a military force, and confirm the disposition in a settled habit of courage and independence." Indeed I feel in myself the surprising effect of habit, for you must know, Sir, that there is a *stage* directly opposite to my present lodgings, and when I heard it set off for the first time, I must confess that I felt some very *ticklish* sensations--I don't mean the Paddington, but, what has been formerly called, the *Tyburn stage*, but now why, Lord Sir, I can hear it rattle out of the yard, with as much unconcern as my friend Peter can squint at the pillory.

I cannot in the limits of this letter, Sir, tell you all my adventures, yet I hope to have soon another opportunity of letting you know of the fraternal sympathy I felt when visiting the French prisoners, &c. but being obliged to leave my kind friends in " *Love-lane*," I could not help exclaiming, as I have done since," why should not man, intelligent man, be suffered to expand his noble faculties and tread the vast creation, free and unconfined ;" now, you must not

laugh and say it is because the *orator* happens to have been unable to humbug the *speaker*. I bar all punning, and yet I fancy my friend and I, if examined separately, would each give the same answer. On ascending the first hill, I could not help admiring the rich and charming scenery around the several villas and farms, and extending as far as the aristocratic grounds of Lord Darnley at Cobham, how natural then, that, whilst snuffing up the free air, I should cry out " why should not those ample blessings which bounteous nature has scattered in wild luxuriance over the surface of the habitable globe, be alike the lot of all?"—but I must stop here Mr. Sat, or perhaps some illiberal aristocrats may suppose that I wish for that *equal division* which we have honoured with the name of the " Agrarian law"—no, no, Sir, at present I shall only confess that I am your

obliged

JAMES DOUBTFUL,

alias

JOHN BOREAS.

P. S. I returned to town by water, it blew a *Gale past the Tower*, however I am snug enough at other moorings. The paragraphs between the inverted commas you may probably have seen before in my " *Political Tour*," a work which I published some time back, but which the pastry-cooks and cheesemongers have now rendered very scarce—It would be a great pity if such invaluable sentiments were lost, and I therefore determined to send you a copy of them, that they may live for ever in *The Satirist*.

HINTS TO ELECTORS.

As circumstances are likely to happen, which may soon afford *some* of you an opportunity of exercising your franchise, you will, I presume, have no objection to a few hints from a brother *conjuror*, for such I have no doubt many of you are, in your own opinions. Not that I can possibly flatter myself, that you will listen to advice—no! that would, indeed, be too much to expect from *free and independent electors*, men who despise all influence, and who are so unwilling to be biassed, that they pay no attention whatever to *measures* or their *tendency*, but boldly step forward to vote for the *man of the people*—yet, as a few hints may put the less knowing part of your adherents "*up to a thing or two*," they may save you the trouble of preparatory lessons to your fellow *citizens*.

In the first place then, with respect to your own consequence, you must recollect that once in seven years, or perhaps oftener, you are the greatest folks in the kingdom; your smiles are then courted by the great, your favours are sought for by the ambitious, your passions are stimulated by the designing, your promises are asked for by those who will then promise you any thing, and your votes and interest are solicited by all! Happy times! when liberty and licentiousness are synonymous—when each man has the power of thinking for himself, and of becoming a *political Esau* in defiance of the bribery and treating acts. You will recollect that one of your greatest duties is not so much to have an opinion of your own, as to persuade, nay to oblige all others to be on your

side; of what use is your liberty of speech, if others are allowed to speak against you? of what use is your liberty of thought, if *you* cannot prevent others from acting in opposition to your wishes? But you cannot have forgotten the late elections at Brentford, where *liberty* shone in such full lustre, that none but those wearing the colours of him who chose to call himself the *popular* candidate could pass with safety either from or to the hustings. In this grand task of *persuasion*, you must recollect, that it will be necessary to *enlighten* your fellow *citizens*; your *new light*, however, must be calculated to dazzle and mislead, rather than to operate as a guide to the ignorant; for which purpose, you will avail yourself of all the abstract maxims in favour of liberty that can be drawn from '*Magna Charta*,' or '*the Bill of Rights*,' taking particular care to forget all those clauses which are against you, and to pervert every sentence you can—thus you may swear that '*liber homo*' means a *free elector*, and not a distinction between the lords of the *soil* and the *villains*, i. e. the *people*, who, poor devils, were never thought of by the refractory barons. You must also be prepared to ring all the changes in the political *belfry*, upon liberty, humanity, bribery, corruption, independence, *constitution*, plunder, and peculation; in proportion as these are improperly or false-ly applied, so much the greater will be their weight with your audience at such political meetings as you may chuse to call preparatory to the great event.

You must talk a good deal too, about *political infamy* and *political apostacy*; these are subjects on which *you* may be well qualified to dilate, and you are not the first that has escaped suspicion by a readiness to call out "*stop thief.*"

You must, upon all occasions, be clamorous for *una-*

nimity, which you are to recollect means that you shall be permitted to regulate affairs as you please; those who don't know you, will admire your candour, but those who do, must be managed another way. In the first place, you must always affect extreme liberality towards your opponents at common halls or other public meetings; you may even venture to request their being heard, provided you are certain that your friends *understand* you; but should your wish, or rather your recommendation be unfortunately complied with, you may always bring them back to their *play* by a call for the question. By this means, you will ensure *unanimity*, particularly if you can have a mayor or a sheriff on your side; but should the opposite party, finding neither reason nor justice in one place, endeavour to avail themselves of a meeting at another, you must then, though uninvited, rush in with your ready friends, call for silence so that no one can be heard, and for order until *confusion* and *liberty* are triumphant; next clap one of your own friends in front of the chairman, swear that *he* is the legal organ of the meeting, and then pass what resolutions you please. In order to preserve your consistency, upon all occasions you will preserve a strict unity of principle: that is, you must have but *one* grand principle in view, *your own party*; this will always save you the trouble of looking at more than one side of the question, for when once your mind is made up, there can be no possible reason why you should throw your ideas into confusion by considering the arguments of your opponents. That would, indeed, be a *political felo de se*, as our friend the baronet told us the other day in the Tower; for who knows but even you, if once brought to listen to reason, might be converted to *rational* patriotism! On the contrary, when in any company where

your clamour is not permitted, you must be careful never to enter into the *merits* of any question in discussion, until you know who are its political supporters; should they be of your own party, the thing is as clear as noonday, but if otherwise, then even Milton's limbo cannot be more obscure.

But the most important point of consideration is, *who* shall be the object of the free exercise of your election: indeed one great objection which I have to a reform is, that with such a reform as *you* wish for, a great part of the united kingdom must remain unrepresented, for after C——t, and H—e T——e, and W——e, and F——ne, and Wh———d, and O'C——r, and W————n, and a few others are elected, I really believe that we would not be able to find candidates *equal* to them for the remaining vacancies, without availing ourselves of a few members of the *legion of honour* from Tothill-fields and St. Giles's. Now, these few already mentioned would be scarcely sufficient to form a cabinet council for *Protector Francis*, so that perhaps Mr. Soames might have the care of the public purse, and Major Hogan be recalled to take the office of Commander in chief; as for our friend *Peter*, he would doubtless be inspector general of expeditions, for which he is so well qualified by his services at Walcheren, and by having already served his *little hour* as surveyor of the pavements. But even these *gentlemen* with all their virtue, might perhaps lose our confidence when they became *place-men*, and we should of course soon be ready for another reform, unless our *great Protector*, like his prototype, would shut up the house, considering it as useless, except perhaps to vote a congratulatory address on his *divorce*, and subsequent *nuptials* with a daughter of Germany or Russia, or perhaps with a sable branch of Morocco's em-

pire in order to gratify his friend *Ali* Buonaparte, to prove his liberal toleration, and as a guarantee of Mahometan emancipation.

In expectation of the *good time*, when such worthies may be properly *exalted*,

I remain, yours,

CROP THE CONJUROR.

THE ST. ALBANS'-STREET PLOT.

ACQUAINTED as we long have been with the atrocities of our country's domestic enemies, we were but little surprised to hear of the secret and diabolical machinations of the traitor's committee in Ryder-street, where the tools of Horne Tooke, O'Connor, and Buonaparte have for some weeks daily assembled to devise means of deluding and inflaming the public mind, to arrange the plan of insurrection, to distribute *the secret service-money of France*;* and as we verily believe to designate by dark,

* We have been informed, but we do not pledge ourselves that the assertion is true, although we verily believe it to be so, that among various items in the Secretary's account, delivered in a few days ago, upwards of 50l. were charged as having been expended in paying divers poor wretches for writing in chalk—"*Burdett for ever, and DAM his enemies*;" "*Liberty or Death*;" "*No Piccadilly Butchers*," &c. &c. on all walls, railings, and gateways in and about the metropolis; and a large sum towards defraying the expence of tearing down and cover-

but intelligible hints, the victims of projected murder: but great indeed, was our astonishment, and bitter were our feelings when we learnt that these were not the only conspirators who were endeavouring to mislead the people and *triumph over their sovereign.*

We conceive a liberal opposition to the minister of the day to be not only useful, but essential, to the public weal: a difference of opinion, whether real or pretended, produces argument, and argument elicits truth: but when the opponents of the existing government are instigated by sordid motives, and have recourse to wicked means, when they sacrifice integrity, honour, and patriotism, to gratify avarice and ambition, they become, in effect, the abettors of treason, and the most dangerous enemies of their country.

Notwithstanding we have always opposed and disapproved the political tenets of the opposition members, we considered the greater part of them to be men of upright intentions and unimpeachable integrity; but we confess that our opinions, in this respect, have been materially altered since we became acquainted with the proceedings of THE ST. ALBAN'S-STREET CONSPIRATORS.*

ing with mud all *proclamations* against the rioters, and all placards, &c. tending to expose the views of the demagogues, besides *several hundred pounds* for SECRET SERVICES!!!— Query, WHO *furnishes the cash?*

* Our readers will doubtless marvel how we gained our information of the secret transactions of the conspirators; and we lament that we are prevented, by very obvious causes, from gratifying their curiosity. This much, however, we will tell them—the conduct of the most violent oppositionists, when Sir F. Burdett's question was *first* agitated, alarmed and disgusted many of their adherents, and among others two particu-

In the month of January last the first-floor of No. 30, St. Albans' Street, was taken and converted into a committee-room, by the leading opposition members, where meetings have since been daily held for the purpose of arranging questions to perplex ministers, writing circular letters to their friends requesting "their early attendance in the House of Commons" on particular days, "when a division was expected to take place," and, in short, to contrive and devise means of seizing once more upon all the high and lucrative offices of the state, and *forcing* themselves into the service of their sovereign.

Mr. Abercrombie, the son of the immortal hero who gloriously fell on the plains of Alexandria, volunteered his services as manager of the press. Most of the violent philippics against ministers which have appeared in the *Morning Chronicle*, were written by this gentleman, and sent, generally through the medium of the committee's secretary, Mr. Lock of Lincoln's Inn, to Mr. Perry.

When it was reported that Mr. Canning, whose talents and firmness the opposition regard with envy and terror, was about to reassume his seat in the cabinet, Messieurs Abercrombie *and Co.* degraded themselves by writing the most contemptible falsehoods, and the basest calumnies against him that ever disgraced even the Morning Chronicle; against Lord Melville, they equally exerted themselves, and during the whole of the enquiry relative to the expe-

lar friends of ours, who felt it to be a duty which they owed their country to expose and frustrate the sordid views of those whom they now discovered had no other object than the gratification of their own ambition and avarice. The truth of all and every fact contained in this statement we defy any man to controvert, from Mr. Bully Whitbread down to Mr. Secretary Lock, of Lincoln's Inn.

dition to the Scheldt their pens were incessantly employed in endeavouring to inflame the public mind against the ministers, and to obtain a majority against them by threatening those members who were inclined to vote in their favour with popular odium and vengeance. The paragraphs against Lord Chatham, and the supposed contradictory statements in his evidence, which appeared on the same day and *in the same words*, in the Times and the Chronicle, were all of St. Alban's-street manufacture. We speak with confidence (*for our friends saw them in manuscript*) and indeed nearly all the *modest* assurances that the nation was unanimous in favour of the opposition, which have rendered the latter newspaper, together with the *British Press*, wholly unworthy of credit, were derived from the same *disinterested* source. Although the spleen of those *highly respectable* personages, the newspaper reporters, prevented Mr. Windham's speeches from appearing in the reports of the parliamentary debates, the committee found little difficulty in persuading the needy and venal editor of the British Press to insert such of them as were calculated to benefit the party in a conspicuous part of his papers. They were usually sent with a note from Mr. Lock to the following effect:

"Mr. L— is particularly requested to insert the inclosed in to-morrow's Press and Globe."

Not contented with having published a list of the minority and majority on Lord Porchester's resolutions in all the opposition papers, with invidious additions* to

* Among other invidious additions the following were truly absurd—Wood, T. *brother-in-law to Viscount Castlereagh*: Fitzgerald, A. *a brother of the commissioner of the Irish Stamps*: Crawfurd, C. *a general*: Popham, Sir H. *one of the planners of the expedition*, &c. &c. They had put Sir Home down in the list of their *hopeful* ones.

the names *of the latter*, the committee ordered many hundred copies thereof to be printed on large sheets of fine wove paper. These were sent, carriage free, to various persons in every considerable town in the kingdom, each parcel containing a note, of which the following is a copy :

"The accompanying papers are transmitted to you by some friends to the resolutions moved by Lord Porchester respecting the Walcheren expedition, in the expectation that you will also approve of them. In that case, they take the liberty of requesting you to give them circulation, that the country at large may be distinctly apprized of the different propositions contended for by the opposite parties, as well as of the persons by whom they were respectively supported."

We believe these papers produced an effect very opposite to that which was intended—those must have been idiots indeed who could not guess *from whom* they came, and the natural generosity of an Englishman always rises against those who endeavour to prejudice his mind by unfair and illiberal means. Mr. Yorke having accepted the tellership of the Exchequer, and thereby vacated his seat in parliament, the opposition (as well as the traitors) were freed for a time from one of their most formidable enemies, a man not to be intimidated by threats of popular vengeance, and who dares act as his honest conscience dictates in despite of popular clamour; such a man was more to be feared than a whole host of timid, vacillating opponents, and every possible exertion was accordingly made to prolong his absence from the field of political contest. Mr. Clifford,* the *honest* counsellor and

* Mr. Clifford is said to be the best collector and manager of a mob in England—his transactions with the Isleworth millers will never be forgotten. Peter Finnerty's practice in the Irish rebellion rendered him also a most proper person to be employed on such an occasion.

bottle companion of Jew King, and the notorious Peter Finnerty, were actually hired *generally* to excite a mob against him, *wherever* he might endeavour to obtain a seat in parliament*, and oceans of ink were wasted in writing inflammatory paragraphs against him. Sincerely do we rejoice that all these nefarious exertions have failed, and that the country is again benefited and protected by the firm and honest counsels of Mr. Yorke.

Disappointed in all their hopes, and defeated in all their base attempts by the decided majority in favour of ministers on the Walcheren question, some of the most hungry members of the St. Albans' Street committee began to think seriously of endeavouring to attain their ends by leaguing with the profligate and desperate wretches, who, under the pretence of reform, were striving to overthrow the constitution of their country. Mr. Brougham had already, at their desire and under their immediate inspection published a long article on *the state of parties* in the Edinburgh Review, wherein he strongly recommended a union of the whigs and democrats;† and when Mr. Lethbridge's motion against the outrageous conduct of Sir Francis Burdett was about to be taken into consideration, the committee in St. Albans' Street regardless alike of the dignity of the House of Commons and the interests of their country, very coolly deliberated among themselves whether it would most promote their own sordid views to oppose or support the demagogue; and finally determined, as the

* If this statement be untrue we can only say that Mr. Perry who mentioned the circumstance as a positive fact to a friend of ours is the author of the falsehood—we believe, however, that our readers may in this particular instance rely on his veracity.

† More of this anon.

most effectual means of embarrassing ministers, to vote for his being simply reprimanded. Mr. Charles Wynne sagaciously observed upon this occasion, that he hoped this stratagem would throw ministers into a minority. What are we to think of the patriotism or of the honesty of such cold-blooded, calculating politicians? Sir Francis Burdett's subsequent conduct having excited the indignation of every honest man in the kingdom, the opposition began to repent of their imprudence—they felt that by endeavouring to palliate his original crime they had, in a great measure, identified themselves with him, and shared alike the execrations of the loyal. They had, immediately after the decision on the Walcheren question, written circular letters to their friends in the country, requesting them to call county meetings to petition the king to remove his present ministers, or in other words, to reinstate *All the Talents* in those places which they had proved themselves incapable of holding; but they were now convinced that all the arts of all their hirelings would be unable, in the present temper of the public mind, to carry any resolutions in their favour, as appears from the following letter, addressed to the Hon. P.D. Burrell, Piccadilly, the *original* of which is now in our hands:

DEAR BURRELL,

I am desired to say that, in consequence of the present state of the public mind and the *uncertainty* whether any other county would follow, it is thought advisable to suspend *for a time* all attempts to call a meeting in Lincolnshire.

Yours ever,
JAMES LOCK.

30, *St. Albans' Street*,
Tuesday Morning."

At a very full meeting of the conspirators it was resol-

ved to make another desperate attempt to force themselves into the service of their king by humouring the prejudices of the people, and holding out to them a delusive promise of *Reform in Parliament.*—The lust of power and place had triumphed over the haughty spirit of the Greys and Grenvilles, and to obtain their object they consented to yield, or rather *appear* to yield, to the clamours of the ignorant multitude.—Mr. Brougham was requested to draw up a *plan of Reform*, which might answer as a *tub to the whale* without intrenching upon the influence of the *future ministers*—all *pledges* of going the whole length of the frantic reformists were to be carefully avoided, but sufficient grounds of *hope* were to be held out to the Burdettites to induce them to clamour for a change of Ministry, in order that the present servants of the crown might be intimidated into resignation. The danger of attempting to carry their point by calling in the assistance of the mob, and inflaming them against those who possessed the confidence of their sovereign was not unseen, but the conspirators were playing a great game, and they did not hesitate to risk the peace, the prosperity, and, indeed, the very existence of their country.—In the last week in April Mr. Brougham sent a copy of the following letter to the St. Albans' Street committee, requesting that twelve fair copies thereof might be immediately made, and particularly desiring that *it might be shewn* to *nobody.*—Our friends informed us of the existence of this curious document, but were unable to procure us a copy—whether their having voted contrary to the wishes of the conspirators on one or two questions created some suspicion as to their complete devotion to the party, or whether it was considered of such vast importance by its author, that his injunction of secresy extended to all but *a chosen few* we cannot determine: however, what we could not obtain in London, a reverend friend

of Mr. Brougham's, to whom a copy was sent, enabled us to procure from Scotland—We have since seen another copy which is now in the possession of one of the members for the Borough of L—. We pledge our honors that the copy we present to our readers is genuine, although some of them will doubtless be a little surprized that such language, style, and we may add such nonsense, should be the production of an *Edinburgh Reviewer*, and particularly of the author of the paper on *the State of Parties* which appeared in the last number of Messrs. Jeffery and Co.'s repository of mischief and criticism.

Albany, London, April 28th, 1810.

My dear Sir,

The subject of parliamentary reform is so soon to come before the House of Commons, and is one of so great importance to the country, that I trust you will excuse or rather approve of the anxiety which prompts me to ask the assistance of your opinion, in making up my own, and also in forming an estimate of the sense of the people in your neighbourhood.

I shall begin by taking it for granted, that some reform is desirable, and that the more the constitution of parliament can be improved the better.—The question is what should be done in this, and how we shall have the best chance of doing most *for the cause?*—I certainly shall not much without reluctance obtrude my opinions upon the House of Commons, and I am still more averse to be the author of any specific proposition on so grave a subject. But if I can persuade no one of better pretensions to undertake it; I am so deeply impressed with the ill consequences of persisting in the former errors of reformers* to which I see the popular party out of doors more wedded

* Mr. Brougham's opinions appear to be somewhat changed, since he wrote the article on the *State of Parties* in the last Edinburgh Review; for then he declared that the people ought to be gratified *in all* their wild ideas of reform.—Vide Edinburgh Review, No. 30. p. 515.

than ever, that I shall feel it my indispensable duty to step forward in order to save the cause from a certainty of being once more ruined by its friends.

For half a century the question has been agitated, and not without the support of all the most eminent men in parliament and the country; strange to tell, no progress has been made—not a step gained; at least not a step forward; nay, until very lately all care about it was gone, and the most important of questions excited no kind of interest.—This leads one to suspect a radical error in the plans and principles of the reformers, and I am persuaded that error is as follows.

They have dealt too much in generals—Their plans have been either too vague and undefined, or too large—so very large as to bear no stamp of caution, and give no fair hopes of success.—In all other branches of legislation, we go gently—reform evils gradually, and are content with doing the lesser good that is practicable rather than grasp at the greater, which is beyond our reach.—In this greatest and most momentous subject alone, we have no moderation—will be satisfied with nothing short of complete success, and are resolved to have all or nothing.—Hence many doubts of our really caring much about it—and many fears of our imprudence have arisen in the minds of those who do not doubt of our good and zealous intentions.—We have a constitution—not very perfect, certainly—but containing so much of excellence as should incline us rather to mend than to new model. Our House of Commons in particular is inadequate to its functions—but it affords so many real checks to the crown—so much substantial protection to the people—that if its evils are not really quite incurable we should prefer healing to amputation. We should take the present system, and cure its defects.—We have a machinery already, let us improve it—let us at least try if it can be improved, before we break it up, and try another on a principle quite different and unknown. I believe the question of changing the whole system of the representation, that is of the constitution, is the only one in the history of politics—

from a general law down to a road bill—which has never been discussed with any caution or fear—and never suggested to any *man* the necessity of going to work mending piecemeal, before *you* began with destruction and reproduction; now, seeing this to have produced no good—and being a sincere friend of reform, I am for profiting by past experience, and trying what can be done in a new and more ordinary way.

When Sir S. Romilly began to amend the bankrupt laws, he brought in a bill for subjecting freehold estates to the diligence of creditors—a most partial and narrow reform—and yet many thought it too large—so many that it was lost—and he only succeeded in carrying next sessions a very limited part of the same measure.—Had he begun by moving for a general reform of all abuses in the law of Dr. and Cr. or even, like my worthy friend Mr. Brand, for a committee on the bankrupt laws, every trader in England would have been alarmed, and all lawyers, at the least, would have opposed him. So now in attempting the reform of our criminal law, he confines himself to the introduction of two measures, which, though important in themselves, bear so small a proportion to the whole abuses to be corrected, that zealots for reform would scarcely condescend to look at them; yet that great lawyer and enlightened senator well knows the danger of rapid legislation: he is aware that it may be worse to cure too quickly than to endure a little longer, and he can see no reason for moving most swiftly on the most slippery ground, when the precipice is nearest and the gulf deepest. A beginning is the great object, the first is here the step which costs: and above all things a sincere and virtuous reformer, one who wishes to do good and has a higher ambition than to make a noise, one who wants to have a reform and not a clamour, will avoid whatever may bring his cause into contempt or disrespect; he will therefore beware both of proposing plans whose magnitude may alarm, and of going so far all at once as to run the risk of doing irreparable mischief before experience can administer its corrections.

Looking at the House of Commons with these views, my object would naturally be to find out its chief defects, and to attempt the remedy of these one by one. To propose no system, no great project, nothing which pretended even to the name of a *plan*, but to introduce in a temperate and conciliating manner, before the end of the sessions, one or two separate bills, intended to cure as many acknowledged evils, and to leave those bills for further discussion during the vacation, to let them die altogether, if not approved of by the wiser part of mankind, or to revive them next session with such improvements as the discussion of the intervening summer might suggest. One might be given up and another carried, all time for reflection would be afforded, a decent caution at any rate would mark so grave a proceeding, and either the outrageous reformers of the day would see that parliament was disposed to amend itself, or the well-meaning part of their followers would see it and be reclaimed. A man must be blind to the state of public opinion not to think this a safer way of protecting parliament than those at present in vogue. He must be far gone in zeal not to see that this is the only attainable reform, and that any other, if attainable, would be little desirable.

The first of these bills should be a *Place Bill*, not certainly to exclude the ministers and principal members of the boards from the House of Commons; for their presence there is the best check to the executive, and is moreover the only conceivable way of carrying on public business. But a bill for limiting the numbers of inferior placemen—such as puisne lords of the Treasury and Admiralty, Board of Controul, and leaving the head of each and a leading member. Those inferior persons at present enjoy mere sinecures. They do nothing but vote. They are made lords of the Treasury, &c. not because there is any thing for them to do, or because they are fit for it if there were—but because they can get into parliament, and will by their offices be always within call and ready to vote. They are paid nominally for sinecure places—really for ministerial votes. They are a dead weight on every division, because being always on the spot, and well disciplined and paid,

they are equal to three times as many irregulars or volunteers. If fifteen or twenty of these were excluded, first, the boards would be filled with able officers, and would become effective; and next, the overgrown influence of the House would be sensibly diminished. Secondly, a bill for reforming the representation of the Scotch counties. In Scotland no law ever was passed similar to our statute of Westminster 3d., commonly called *quia emptoris*, and no check was ever imposed upon subinfeudations. Hence the real property of the land and the feudal superiority are quite distinct and separable from each other. One man may hold, and does constantly hold the *superiority*, and another the *property*. But the former alone can vote for a member.

It is as if a man were lord of a manor (in England) which was entirely parcelled out in copyholds, and received in quit-rents, waifs, &c. 40*s*. yearly from his copyholders, without an acre of land in his manor, he alone could vote, his revenue being little more than nominal, while the copyholders would have no votes, though they might possess estates of £10,000 a year each. Thus in Scotland a man sells his lands, and keeps his vote, or sells his vote and keeps his land, and thus all the country members might be chosen by a few rich Jews born in England, residing in London or Amsterdam, or by one such Jew. This is an *extreme case*,* but the *real* evils are great. It has followed, first, that the voters are few in numbers, in the largest about 150, in others 40 or 50, in some 14 to 20, in one 11, in one a single voter, and as it happens no person eligible, for the voter is a judge, and only votes lent can be elected, such at least was the case last election. Even in the most populous counties a compromise takes place between a few leading families, who can make more votes at pleasure, and in whose hands numbers of the existing votes are.

Secondly, it has followed that many very wealthy landholders in every parish have no votes at all; but thirdly and chiefly that a traffic is established in votes, most hurtful both to the

* Which never will exist but in Mr. Brougham's imagination. E.

voter and the member, the country and the parliament; for a man buys a vote in a county where there are few, and where parties are nearly balanced. It is a source of revenue to him, it provides his children with cornetcies, cadetcies, writerships, his dependants with places in the excise and customs; his widow and daughters with pensions. The member is a slave, suppose him ever so independent himself, (and this is supposing a great deal) he must be eternally at the minister's levee for places to his voters, it is the tenure by which he sits, and again he can only get those places by service in the House of Commons, he must be constantly at the vote, it is the tenure by which he gets his places, all the morning at Downing-street, at the minister's feet, all night in the house at the minister's back. Such is his life, such must it be, but such it is in real fact. The 30 Scotch county members are as regular in their attendance and votes as the 15 or 20 inferior placemen. You find them always there. In a house of 70 members perhaps the average of the sessions, I dare venture to say you will find 30 Scotch, the right proportion being only 4 or 5, this includes the borough as well as county members, but I am speaking of the latter only.

Now why should not this gross abuse be done away? Why not restore the Scotch counties to the same footing with the English, which they originally had, and which they would still have had, if there had been a law against subinfeudations made by the Scotch parliament. I will mention another fact though it may be invidious. In the first division on Walcheren the opposition had 39 *English* county members, 26 *Irish*, and 5 *Scotch*. The ministry 37 *English* county members, 26 *Irish*, and no less than 20 *Scotch*.

In the other divisions, the majority of English county members was considerably greater, but the total of counties was for government by means of the Scotch members.

The advantage of this plan would be, that *it pledges us to no English reform which any man objects to* ;* it does little more than bring things to the former level between the two countries

* Mark this, reader, we beseech thee. E.

—It is not very unpopular. It was patronized by a large society in Scotland in 1791 and 2, at the head of which were the chief baron and the lord advocate, (Mr. Dundas) now Chief Baron. It would greatly improve the character and situation of Scotland, but chiefly it would *improve the parliament.* Thirdly —the English copyholders should be rendered electors on the same principle; they are excluded on the same feudal principles which exclude the Scotch vassal proprietors, viz. because their ancestors were villains and vassals when the lesser barons first elected representatives; they should clearly be allowed to vote, though the qualification might be made higher than in freeholders. But beyond this trivial change we are not called to go by previous and more important alteration of the Scotch rights of election,—Lastly—It is adviseable to lay the foundation of a Scotch and English Borough reform, but with infinite caution, and avoiding a principle of disfranchisement above every thing. Edinburgh is the only Scotch town which chuses a member, the other towns are thrown into dictricts, each borough chusing a delegate, and the whole delegates from each district chusing the member who represents the borough. All the boroughs, and Edinburgh and Glasgow as well as the rest, are quite close, the corporations or magistrates alone electing (to this there is one exception, viz. Sterling, which was thrown open for bribery 30 years ago.) Now it would be better to begin merely with giving *Edinburgh* a popular election there.

There are serious objections to what at first might seem desirable, giving Glasgow a similar reform.—For that town is one of the boroughs, which elect a member amongst them, and it could not have its own election without disfranchising the others.—Edinburgh chuses a member itself, and in throwing it open, you only invade the rights of the corporation.—A change which would be a small price for the benefits to be purchased by it.*—The population of Edinburgh is very singularly composed. 8000 people without trade or manufactures, with a large and enlightened body of lawyers and clergy, a famous

* How greatly are the corporation of Edinburgh obliged to their countryman Mr. Brougham!

and flourishing university, and the winter-residence of all the considerable landholders in Scotland.—It is nearer what Dublin will be (from similar causes) than any other place in the empire—and it is peculiarly well calculated for a popular election.—Such an election would improve the elections all over Scotland, and the success of the experiment, so partially tried, would secure a favourable reception for subsequent improvements. Moreover it would not commit you to any scheme of indefinite borough reform in England—it would only oblige you to give a representation to some one or two great towns, as Manchester or Birmingham, as soon as some borough like Malden in Essex, lost its charter by expiration, which I believe will soon happen there, or as soon as old Sarum could be purchased by the country. But if you begin with a general Scotch Borough reform, you can see no end to its application in England—for why should old Sarum stand when it is disfranchised?

Disfranchisement is the word of all others to be avoided on the present occasion.—It is the worst enemy of all practicable reform.

Should it be determined to go beyond these partial and unambitious measures, the voluntary sale of some English boroughs and Scotch corporate rights might furnish the means of giving not only several other towns, as Leeds or Sheffield, a representation—but of adding to the county members, as by giving Yorkshire two or three, Lancashire one or two additional members. But for a first step I am very clear that the four bills enumerated above, or including a provision respecting Malden and Manchester, the five bills, are enough to begin with, and should satisfy the most sanguine reformer, who sincerely wishes an improvement in parliament—there let us stop, and see, and try.—In bringing forward such a plan we must give up all hopes of satisfying the more violent political reformers of the day.—They will call it a trick, a job, a subterfuge—a collusion, and every thing most opprobrious; we shall be infinitely more abused than if we did nothing at all—what is worse such idle clamours will for a while dupe the well meaning reformer in most places.—But, in the end, we shall reclaim the latter

from the influence of their misleaders, and shall have the ultimate support of all whose honesty and good sense makes their support worth having.—To such immediate clamours, however, must the temperate reformer expose himself, and for meeting such rewards must he make up his mind.—There is no help for it. Had a rational, a feasible scheme like the one above sketched out, been sooner proposed, in all probability they would not have existed, at least it is certain that the grounds for them would have been removed.

I am extremely desirous of your candid sentiments and those of your friends on the above outline. I have purposely avoided too many details, and even suppressed material parts of each bill, in order to give it in the general, and more *concisely*. The propriety, for example, under the first measures of rendering places during pleasure, which are conferred by boards as well as those granted by the crown, a ground for vacating a seat in parliament, is too obvious to escape notice—they come clearly within the meaning of the statute. Why should a lordship of the treasury vacate (worth 1500*l.*), and not the secretaryship worth thrice that sum ?†

May I beg your early attention to this matter as it is my wish to make up my mind on it without delay.—I have only to add, that should the above plan be deemed adviseable, I shall endeavour to find some persons of due weight and consideration to bring it forward.—I shall be ready to assist and support it, and my reason for stepping forward with it, or for intending to propose it to parliament myself, should I ultimately be satisfied with its soundness, and should I find no better persons to bring it forward, is my acquaintance with the subject in my professional capacity, both in attending election business in parliamentary committees, and in Scotch law practice. Believe me with great regard Yours, very faithfully,

HENRY BROUGHAM.

* We cannot say much for the honorable gentleman's *conciseness?* E.

† The answer to this *query* is sufficiently obvious. E.

We do not say that this long epistle is *wholly* destitute of sense; indeed, we will admit that it contains a few shrewd observations; but we cannot compliment the writer either on the elegance or perspicuity of his style, neither do we think that his sentiments and principles reflect any honor on his head or heart. His candour is evidently affected; he asks the opinions of others, and at the same time endeavours to influence their decisions; his plan has been produced *according to order*, and its only object is to obtain a temporary popularity for those to whom he is indebted for his seat in parliament, and from whom he expects to receive the wages of dependence. We again repeat that we are far from deprecating a liberal opposition to the existing government; but as loyal subjects and sincere well-wishers to our country, we must protest against all attempts to inflame and arm the people against the CROWN, whether the motive be to overthrow the constitution, or to compel our beloved sovereign to take again into his service the GREYS and GRENVILLES, contrary to his wishes, and we will add contrary to the interests of the nation.

Want of room obliges us to postpone an account of various other base and dishonourable tricks by which the St. Albans'-street conspirators have endeavoured to obtain their objects. Our friend has promised to furnish us with numerous other documents, for he justly considers that there can be no moral impropriety in betraying the machinations of those who are sacrificing every honourable, every gentlemanly feeling at the shrine of ambition and avarice. Had he earlier known their disposition and propensities, he never would have attached himself to such an unprincipled—such an heartless party, although he rejoices with us that he has thereby been enabled to expose, and we hope, to frustrate their sordid and nefarious plans.

May 29, 1810.

VISIONS IN THE TOWER.

Communicated in an Epistle to Mr. H— T——ke.

——————— Now o'er half the world,
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
The curtain'd sleep. [*Shakespeare.*]

O T——ke, this gloomy prison seems
To be the very house of dreams;
And fearful, fearful ones have haunted,
A soul that ne'er before was daunted.

Scarce had thy friend his wish attain'd,
And the dark tower of *Julius gain'd:
Crown'd with the multitude's applause,
A *seeming* patriot in their cause;

Scarce had the doors, which close me round,
Ceas'd on the grating hinge to sound;
When sunk my soul in dire dismay
I wanted, T——ke, that chearing ray,
Which gilds misfortune's gloomiest day;

That upright consciousness of heart,
Which e'en in death can joy impart;
Which makes the *real* Patriot feel,
That edgeless falls a tyrant's steel.

* The Tower of London is said to have been built by Julius Cæsar.

But conscience, knocking at my breast,
Cried—" here no PSEUDO PATRIOTS rest:
" No tyrant bends th' imperious brow;
" Offended JUSTICE bids thee bow:

" The mask will fall, thy heart disclos'd
" And all the *hypocrite* expos'd;
" Curses succeed the public breath,
" Contempt, and infamy, and death."

These gloomy thoughts possess'd my mind,
When, born upon the passing wind,
The whizzing shot of death was heard,
'Twas then, O T——ke, my soul was scar'd.

Not all thy lessons could impart,
One ray of comfort to my heart;
Altho' my mind for blood prepar'd,
I felt that conscience would be heard;
Still, still I hear her—" *blood is shed,*
And MURDER *rests upon thy head.*"

At length I rous'd me once again,
And to ambition gave the rein;
Saw in the bright perspective flame,
The glorious prize at which I aim;
Recall'd thy words, review'd thy plan
Again became the PEOPLE'S MAN.

But the first step in blood, O T——ke,
Was dreadful—and my purpose shook,
But having dipp'd I shrink no more,
And boldly venture from the shore;
Hence then, I cried, unmanly fear,
Nor more ambition's purpose scare!

Thus a fair nymph, the chrystal brook,
Approaches with a timid look;
At first her tender foot she laves,
Then plunges fearless mid the waves.

Thus did I cheer my hardening heart,
But as the beams of day depart,
And brooding night surrounds, and flings
Dark visions from her raven wings;
Then with the day's fatigue opprest,
I sink to sleep but not to rest;
Dreams haunt my senses, sent from hell,
Mysterious, horrible to tell.

VISION THE FIRST.

Methought as at thy festive board
(Which I myself with nectar stor'd)
I sat, with Wardle at my side,
(A man with front of brass supplied,
But whom, ne'er shone fair Wisdom's rays on)
And C–bb–t, TRUMPETER OF TREASON;
While near us rang'd on either hand,
The grimly pseudo-patriot band,

Thyself, the hoary chief of Faction,
Arous'd each daring soul to action,
When as around my eyes I threw,
The lights burnt wavering dim and blue,
At length their sickening lustre fled,
And awful darkness round us spread.

Then sudden on the shades of night,
A form resplendent burst to sight,

Not Gorgon's self, nor Demon fell,
Pall'd in the dunnest smoke of hell,
Could so our dastard souls have shaken,
All shrunk, with horror overtaken,
Each, had not fear forbade, had fled,
And in earth's centre hid his head:

In naked majesty she stood,
With more than mortal charms endow'd;
The lightning of her eye severe,
Woke burning guilt, and chilling fear,
Upon her breast, a sun more bright
Than that which gives to mortals light,
Dazzl'd the senses; in her hand,
Which waving high, bespoke command,
A radiant mirror she displayed;
She bade me look and I obeyed;
Starting, aghast, in dire affright.
I half withdrew my blasted sight.
Again I look'd, and tho 'tis strange,
I knew myself amid the change;
No more a patriot's smiling grace
Adorn'd my now distorted face;
No more the charm persuasive hung
In honied accents on my tongue;
My form, a serpent's I behold,
In many a scaly volume roll'd,
While hissings, from my pois'nous jaws,
Awaken'd vengeance on me draws.

Once more I rais'd my fearful eyes,
Writhing in death, the monster lies;
Its parted head now hiss'd no more,
While blood and poison stain'd the floor.

My shuddering soul now turn'd to thee;
Where else for comfort should she flee?
But thou wert sunk within thy chair,
Thy sight was fix'd in vacant stare,
While the fair seraph vision ey'd
Thy shrinking form, she sternly cried,

" When man attains to hoary age,
And poison draws from learning's page,
Whoever treads the path of strife;
A treacherous friend in private life;
A t——r to the public weal,
Which scarce he wishes to conceal,
To heedless youth, who points the way
To lead his erring feet astray,
His hairs, tho' silver'd o'er with age,
Contempt, not reverence, engage;
Justice tho' slow, o'ertakes his crimes,
And thus he stands to future times."

She said, and straight thy elbow chair
Began a pedestal to rear;
Whereon, in characters of flame,
Indelible, inscrib'd thy name,
And this short sentence I descry,
'To HOARY AGE AND INFAMY.'

Thy harden'd form seem'd chang'd to stone,
Yet still thy eyes malignant shone;
But so repulsive, that e'en I
Did from my old preceptor fly.
A demon thou in every look,
Yet still, in every feature, T——e.
How hideous vice, expos'd to day,
When TRUTH, thus strips its mask away!

Those who companions were before,
As toads and serpents crawl'd the floor;
While C–bb–tt, near me, belching fire,
A dragon lay, in many a spire.
I started, trembled, shrieked, and wept,
While shiverings o'er my body crept;
Cold drops upon my forehead stood,
And to my heart recoil'd the blood.

VISION THE SECOND.

Once more I clos'd my aching eyes;
Still did portentous visions rise.
In dreams with ease the scene is chang'd,
I thought, that unrestrain'd I rang'd
Throughout my prison. Unattended
I to the vaulted cell descended;
Where the REGALIA of the nation,
Is careful kept from spoliation.
I look'd around, *another* *BLOOD,
Unseen, I midst the treasure stood.
Th' imperial crown, a glorious prize,
There sparkled to my longing eyes.
Trembling my glancing eye I flung
Where the dread sword of JUSTICE hung,
As eagerly I seized the crown,
And on my temples press'd it down;
When lo I felt, oh wondrous dream!
Warm blood adown my temples stream!
I sprang, in horror from my bed,
Instinctively I *felt my head.*
My worthy friend, 'twas *crown'd* indeed,
Nor did my throbbing temples bleed;

* Col. Blood, who made an attempt to carry off the crown.

A *briny* flood my shirt besmear'd,
And ran, like oil, o'er Aaron's beard;
But mortified and disappointed,
B——tt was not *the Lord's anointed.*

Drench'd in the chill, unsavoury flood,
Who, who could paint me as I stood,
(O Rowlandson, 'twould mock thy pencil)
When first I felt the *vile utensil.*
The *diadem!* Oh hateful thing!
That crown'd the proud REFORMER'S KING?

HINTS TO A CIVIC SHERIFF.

DEAR BLOCK,

I CONGRATULATE thee most sincerely on thy late lucky escape, for surely never was man nearer running his head into a halter than thyself, and I hope thou art right grateful to thy brother sheriff for preserving thy precious windpipe uninjured. Thou art in thine own conceit a man learned in the law, but verily thine own conceit marvellously deceiveth thee. Thou didst think thyself placed by the law above all other conservators of the peace, and that thou wert impowered to resist the authority of the justices, and with the vagabonds whom thou hadst collected, and whom thou styledst the *posse comitatus* to force the military, whom they had called in to preserve the peace, to quit their station before the doors of thy friend the deluded and deluding baronet; now had thy colleague in

office permitted thee to *act* upon this opinion thou would'st, in all probability, have had thy head exalted above thy fellow citizens. That thou may'st not err in like manner hereafter, I have here written down for thy instruction what *really* is the law of the land in such cases, and I trust, after the perusal of my epistle, thou wilt better understand the duty of a sheriff, and not run thy head into further danger.

By the 13th Henry 4th, c. 7. which is the first statute that relates to calling out the *posse comitatus* in case of riots, it is enacted

"That if any riot, assembly, or rout of people against the law be made in any part of the realm, then the JUSTICES OF THE PEACE, *three or two of them*, and the sheriff or under sheriff of the county where such riot, assembly, or rout shall be made shall come with *the power of the said county* to arrest them and them *shall arrest.*" And by the same statute the justices are empowered, and the *two nearest of them*, and the sheriff *compelled*, under penalty of £100 to enquire into the causes of the said riot and to try the offenders. The 2d of Hen. 5. c. 8, relative to the awarding of commissions to enquire of a riot and of the default of justices therein, rehearses the greater part of this act.

Now it is evident from this that the sheriff is *subordinate* to the justices of the peace, and that in fact he has no power in this particular but in *conjunction with them.*—See also 17 R. 2. c. 8. 2 Inst. 193.

It is laid down by a great law authority that "a sheriff IS BOUND *ex officio* to pursue and take all TRAITORS, felons and other misdoers, and commit them to gaol for safe custody. Vid. Jac. L. Dict. art. Sheriff. stat. 1 Mary. 2, stat. 18. He may not act as an ordinary justice of the peace, he being in many respects the SERVANT *of the justices.*

What dost thou think of thyself now, brother Block

Dost not blush that thou shouldst have presumed to dictate to thy *masters*? Dost thou not tremble at the dangers thou so narrowly escapedst? and art thou not ashamed at having so ill performed the duties of thy office? Lord Coke says it is the duty of a sheriff or *other minister of justice*, having the execution of the king's writs and *being resisted* in endeavouring to execute the same, to raise such a power as may enable them to quell such resistance, though it is not lawful for them to raise a force for the execution of a civil process *unless they find resistance.* 2 Inst. 193. 3 Inst. 161.

Now thou wilt be pleased to remember that the force which thou hadst the audacity to raise was not intended, nor employed by thee, to *quell* the resistance, but to *protect the* RESISTER!—Adieu, God mend thee!

Thine till ATROPOS or JACK KETCH shall cut the line of thy existence,

LEGIFER.

Westminster, May 19*th*, 1810.

LORD FOLKESTONE'S CONSISTENCY.

MR. SATIRIST, *Wednesday, May* 19th, 1810.

It cannot have escaped the notice of your readers that a certain little lord, commonly called, by *courtesy*, Viscount FOLKESTONE, has been one of the most violent assailants (as far as his little means would allow) of Mr. Yorke for his motion relative to Gale Jones, and for his enforcing the *standing order* relative to the exclusion of

strangers from the gallery of the House of Commons, and that the aforesaid little lord is at present one of the most violent opponents of the *privileges of parliament*; they must therefore be highly gratified by the perusal of the following extracts from the Parliamentary Reports in *Cobbett's Register, Feb. 20th*, 1802, which will be found highly creditable to his little lordship's *consistency*.

Yours, very much,

MEMORY.

"*Friday, Feb. 12th*, 1802.

"PRIVILEGE.

"LORD FOLKESTONE rose to call the attention of the house to a circumstance materially affecting its dignity and *privileges*. His lordship said, that he wished the introduction of this subject had fallen to the lot of some member of greater experience than himself, as he was aware, if the House should *concur with him in opinion*, some further proceeding thereon would be *necessary*. *Of the breach of privilege* daily committed in *publishing the debates of that House*, he did not mean to complain, *though he by no means justified it*, AND COULD NOT AGREE *with those gentlemen who apprehended evil consequences from a* SUPPRESSION *of the practice*. The newspapers, however, not content with giving reports of the proceedings of that House, had taken upon them to insert *disquisitions on the parliamentary conduct of its members, which was a* DIRECT AND DARING ATTACK UPON THE PRIVILEGES OF THE HOUSE, AND, AS SUCH, CALLED LOUDLY FOR REPREHENSION. He held in his hand, he said, a newspaper, called the "*True Briton*," dated the 10th of February, in which were several paragraphs, referring to the debate of Monday evening last, and containing remarks on the character and conduct of

*two members** of that House, which, he trusted, would not pass unnoticed. The paragraphs which he had mentioned, alluded to the debate of Monday last, relative to the army extraordinaries, and spoke of two of the members who delivered their sentiments on that subject, in language so gross, that he would not intrude the reading of it upon the House, (*a loud cry of "read, read."*) His lordship then read the paragraphs, and observed, that he was *convinced* he was only doing his duty in bringing this subject before the House."

Political Register, vol. i. page 129.

Mr. Martin, one of the members alluded to, having expressed his contempt of the aspersions contained in the paragraphs, and the *Speaker* having observed that there was no motion before the House, the discussion was dropped; but the editor of the *True Briton* having attempted to defend himself in his paper of the following day, his little lordship, on the succeeding Monday, again called the attention of the House to the same subject; and his speech on the occasion is thus reported by Cobbett:

"*Monday, Feb.* 15, 1802.

"PRIVILEGE.

"Lord Folkestone said, he would trespass upon the indulgence of the House for a few moments, to recal to their attention a subject which, it would be recollected, he had thought it his duty to bring forward on Friday last. He had then stated what appeared to him to be a gross breach of their privileges, but he had not then thought proper to prosecute the subject, and for two reasons: the one was, that he hoped some gentleman better qualified than himself, would have undertaken it; the other was, the hopes he entertained that the persons connected with this kind

* Precisely Gale Jones's case.

of publication, would have taken the hint from the observations which he then made. In both these hopes he had been disappointed. With regard to the first, he found that delicacy had prevented other gentlemen from interfering in what he had taken up. In the second hope also, he had been disappointed, but in a different way, and it was with great surprize that he found in the same paper of the next day, instead of an apology, a justification, on grounds in which was claimed the right of doing it as the right of Englishmen. *The privileges of the House were then come to an issue, and the question now stood on a different ground.* He conceived that if no notice had been taken of it, it might have been supposed that the House had overlooked the offence; but now that notice had been taken of it, and these persons had attempted to justify their conduct, *he thought it was necessary in defence of the* PRIVILEGE, *which the House had* ALWAYS *claimed and maintained, to proceed farther.* He therefore proposed to move a resolution upon the subject, and he believed the regular way, upon such occasions was, to give in the paper to be read at the table, after which he should make a motion thereon." *Lord Sheffield moved that the gallery should be cleared.*"

Cobbett's Political Register, vol. i. page 133.

SPECIMENS OF PUFFING.

SIR,

I WAS applied to by a fiddling singing-master, a few weeks back, to write a splendid account of the wonderful performances of a young lady under his tuition, who

was (as he assured me) *about* to astonish and delight the inhabitants of our southern counties. I was instructed to represent her as far superior to the inimitable *Billington* in point of science, delicate execution, and sweetness of tone, and as greatly excelling the great *Catalani*, in power and compass of voice, and in the beauty and elegance of her person. Now, Sir, as I was destined to remain at a distance of more than two hundred miles from the scene of action, these specific instructions were extremely necessary; particularly as I had never seen the young lady but twice before, when she seemed to me not only *petite*, but rather awkward, and though she certainly possessed a powerful voice, it appeared to have been ruined by the *bad taste and ignorance of her master.*

I determined to take as a model for my projected puff the most rare production of "a sweet scientific warbler," who "when she came to speak the language of the announcing Angel, soared into a *sublimity of* TONE *and* VOICE, grand and impressive *beyond* any thing of the kind ever before witnessed even from a MARA or a BILLINGTON;"* and accordingly prepared the following panegyric for the Morning Post.

"On Friday evening last Miss *Fearnone*, as previously announced in our paper of Tuesday last, arrayed in all those charms which nature has so profusely lavished upon her elegant little person, made her first *entré* at our theatre, amidst the earth-and-heaven-rending plaudits of a most crowded and brilliant audience, who had assembled to witness, with rapture unconfined, her stupendous, astounding, and heart-subduing exertions. Her *Italian bravuras*, which she sung in Bickerstaff's *English* opera of *Love in a Village*, far surpassed any thing we ever before heard, even

* Vide the Morning Post of January 31st, 1810.

from a Billington or a Catalani, and in her English songs she not only excelled those enchanting syrens, but exceeded, *as far as we can recollect,* every thing that has ever been executed by *Cherubin* or *Seraphim*; and we doubt not but the *heavenly* choir must have regarded with admiration, and perhaps with *envy,* the superior talents of this earthly angel, this sweet scientific warbler! On Mr. *Robham,* who first brought forward Miss *Fear-none,* and to whom the *universe* is, or *will be,* indebted for such superior gratification, *an eulogium would be superfluous!* All know the prodigious effects of his *fiddle-stick*; whether it be wagged 'Soft pity to infuse;' '*to swell the soul to rage*;' or 'to kindle soft desire,' it is *alike,* attractive and enchanting.

"Long may he live to amuse us upon earth, and when the world shall be destined to deplore his loss, may he become (for no man is better qualified for the *Post*) the *leader* of a band in *Elysium.*"

Such, Mr. Satirist, was the PUFF which I, with the most intense study, and after many unsuccessful attempts completed. I thought, and still do think it a *chef d'œuvre*: Judge, then, my chagrin when I discovered that only a part of it was inserted in the *Morning Post* by Mr. ROBHAM; who thought proper to mingle some of my *choicest beauties* with a huge collection of more hyperbolic, but, in my opinion, less elegant sentences of his own. You will greatly oblige me by inserting the whole of my *original* article in *The Satirist,* that a just and enlightened public may have an opportunity of comparing our respective productions, and of determining which possesses the more brilliant talents for puff-making, Mr. ROBHAM, or

Your very obedient servant,

HENRY HOAXER.

The Seven Dials,
May 20th, 1810.

REGULÆ MARITALES;

OR,

RULES FOR CONJUGAL FELICITY.

Facilis descensus Averni :
Noctes atque dies patet atri janua Ditis;
Sed *revocare gradum* . . . . &c. &c. &c. &c.
VIRG. Æn. VI. 126.

The way to the devil is easy and plain ;
But 'tis devilish aukward *to turn back again.*

[*Addressed to all Modern Benedicts.*]

GENTLEMEN SATIRISTS,

I ENTERED the "*happy*" state of matrimony many years ago, and am now a widower. It is our duty to be contented with our present condition and thankful for every event.—I am perfectly resigned and satisfied. Honey-moons are not lasting, and I never cared much for cloying sweets. My late deary and I jogged on with tolerable complacency side by side, over rough and smooth ground, foul and fair weather, through evil and good report; we had our *private* reasons for not claiming the "flitch" at Dunmow, and I despised the "horns" at Highgate. My wife was neither an angel nor a devil incarnate, though she would often smile like the one, and frown like the other: but, *de mortuis nil nisi bonum* is a generous maxim. I hope the good soul is comfortable, *at last*; I confess I am quite so: and, now, gentlemen,

of the yoke! *post tot naufragia tutus*, safe ashore myself, I would fain offer to you some plain instructions, by the adoption of which, I do seriously believe many of you may, in due time, reach also the calm, the blissful haven of freedom, of widowhood, of repose.

Gentlemen, I doubt not you may have entertained extravagant notions of the joys and pains of matrimony: nay, I dare swear by the manes of my departed spouse, some of you may even have imagined it to exhibit scenes of perfect bliss or perfect misery. No such thing, gentlemen, believe me; yet I will not deny *that* several husbands, by *right* management and by keeping the trump cards in their own hands, have at pleasure made their better halves fancy themselves alternately in Purgatory and Elysium, in Heaven or in "*a place not fit to be mentioned to ears polite.*" Allow me to introduce my instructions, gentlemen, without farther ceremony.

I remain, gentlemen,

Your *consoled* consoler,

PHILOGUG.

RULES.

I.

In wedlock, it has universally been admitted, man and wife are fairly pitted against each other, like prize-fighters, by mutual assent and consent. Therefore, as the males, gentlemen, assert your supremacy: i. e. Let every husband always shew himself close, harsh and mysterious to his rib, when they are *solus cum solâ*; let him studiously QUIZ her most serious opinions, no matter whether he comprehend them or not; wrong or right, let him struggle manfully against the stream of her ratiocination, and bluntly inveigh against *lovey's* "stupid blunders."

II.

For the same imperious and unanswerable reason, gentlemen, (and I can discover no other valid or plausible reason whatever,) I would advise every husband who fears the superiority of his wife's intellects, always to demonstrate his sovereign contempt for her and her remarks, in the most unequivocal manner, when together with her in general companies. Should the patient dame, however, persevere to act and speak consistently, let her liege lord and master again and again tax her with ignorance, tenderly apologize for her mistakes to the company, and hurry away with her before his own talents become the subject of indignant investigation. Thus he will not fail to excite *admiration* and *surprize:* and Young informs us, very emphatically, that "*wonder is involuntary praise.*"

III.

Every husband, *as such*, has a right to be jealous of his privileges and prerogatives; he has, moreover, a right to shew his *spirit* at all hours, in the assertion and display of unlimited supremacy. Who would be "henpecked?" Who would be thought a "Jerry?" Therefore, gentlemen, let me intreat you to let no compunctious visitings of humanity induce you to overlook an imputed fault in your household, in your wife, your children, or your servants. On the slightest provocation, burst forth in passionate expressions towards the former, especially before your *bosom friend:* and eagerly twit *her* with censures, loud and deep, upon any suspicion of blame, when you think your menials are within ear-shot.

IV.

Howmany Sampsons have fallen by female tattle! Let

every good husband keep his wife constantly *in the dark*, with regard to his actions, plans, views, hopes, and fears. Is she not a WOMAN? Can a *woman* keep a *secret?* Yes, *one:* that of her *age.*

V.

A wife, as Petruchio elegantly assures the ladies,

> "Is a man's goods, his chattels; she is his house,
> His household-stuff, his field, his barn,
> His horse, his ox, his ass, his any thing:" *

Remember this hint, gentlemen; and let every act of assiduity, of forethought, of tenderness, of artless affection, on the wife's part, be always sullenly taken by her *proprietor* as a simple act of *acknowledged* duty. Milton, and the Burdettites now a days, concur with Johnson in opinion, that "Woman is born for slavery, and Man only for rebellion."

VI.

Now, that you are married "for better, for worse," and your deary cannot help herself, lay aside the fopperies and vanities of dressy courtship. *A beard* looks manly, *a Brutus head* shews a patriotic turn, *soiled linen and dusty cloaths* afford symptoms and tokens of philosophy. Leave the gewgaws of a toilet to your wife; but, *perhaps she may learn to imitate you.*

VII.

I presume you all pride yourselves in being Britons, free born, and so forth. But, what is *freedom*, if it be not exhibited? Gentlemen! all *free* husbands should the depravity of which the heart of a methodist, and I trust

* Taming of the Shrew, Act III. Scene II.

belong to some *party*-club: be it a club of *free*-masons, of *free*-thinkers, of *free*-livers, or of *free*-drinkers,—we will not cavil about names and titles. A CLUB is a CLUB, all the world over; and an *English club* is invariably supported best by feasting. Many city orators eat their way to preferment:

"Heard ye the din of dinner bray,
"Knife to fork, and fork to knife!
"Unnumber'd WAITHMANS, in the civic strife,
"Through fish, flesh, pies, and puddings cut their way."

Our great forefathers had a laudable custom of discussing political questions twice over; viz. first over their cups *when drunk*, and then fasting *when sober*.—The practice is not obsolete, as JACK Fuller, M. P. can testify. Now, gentlemen, as often as you reel home brimfull of politicks and liquor after a boozing match, retire *sans cerémonie* to your nuptial couches. Your wives will gratefully recognize this fresh proof of your delicacy towards them, and, should you become crop-sick, will caress you with redoubled fondness. *This is natural*: for, suffer me to ask you, what patriot is not himself *charmed* with the soft embraces of a drunken, qualmish, and delirious mate? Sedulously, however, avoid even the appearance of uxoriousness at any other season.

VIII.

"An Englishman's *house* is his *castle*." A castle, gentleman, is well known to be a fortress, a place of defence, a station of care, of distrust, of watchfulness, of gloomy reserve, of unremitted caution, and *not* of jollity and comfort. Leave your "quips, and cranks, and wanton

wiles" at the club, therefore; invest your brows with the majesty of muddled study; and enter your hall-doors as if you thought them the portals of a "*Bastille.*"

IX.

As your wife is your *bosom friend*, your *plaything*, and your *poppet*,—in short, at the very best, the mere object of *dalliance*,—let her know you consider her as such, and as such *only*. In a sullen fit of spleen, spurn her endearments: in a wild fit of animal attachment, whelm her in wanton gaiety with your kindness. Publickly and privately do this. Is she not your * * * * * * WIFE?!!! Be more circumspect towards your harlot, indeed: for *she* may otherwise disdain you, in her turn: Your *wife* may *still prove faithful to your bed.*

X.

Conjugal caresses are the mysteries of honourable love. *Blab them out over a bottle.* Why keep the knowledge of your happiness from your *friends?* The subject is so instructive, too, to young men. I appeal to the *memory* of Sir R. W. Bart. if I am not here correct, and I profess my mind not bigoted or prejudiced against conviction.

"Cornigeri hæc sat erit vestrum cecinisse poetam.

PHILOGUG.

MEMOIRS OF A MISSIONARY.

MR. SATIRIST,

As you continued for so long a period to insert the CONFESSIONS of a METHODIST, for which the public is-

under very considerable obligations to you, I presume that the following fragments, which appear to have been intended for publication, had the writer lived to complete and connect them, will not be unacceptable to you; since it seems to be your object to detect and expose the hypocrisy of those who assume an appearance of superior sanctity as a cloak for depravity, and impiously degrade religion into a mere commodity of traffic and speculation. If the papers which I enclose, should in any degree contribute to promote this end, the writer will have made some atonement for his vices; and however profligate he may have been himself, will have done the public some service by disclosing the secrets of the association of which he had been a member. Though on other accounts little deserving consideration, it is to be regretted that he did not live to complete his work, and that the suddenness of his death has rendered even the greater part of his papers of little use, as a very considerable portion of them consist merely of hints and short memoranda intelligible only to himself.

All that is known of him, further than appears in his own account, is that, upon returning from his last mission to Africa, he had been very active in propagating the notion entertained by most of the native tribes of Africa and India, that all monkies can speak, but refuse to do so, for fear that they should be set to work. In consequence of his representations, the missionary society had resolved on a mission to the Orang-outangs, and had entrusted the conduct to him. But while he was waiting at Liverpool for a passage to Africa, he was missed one night from his lodgings; and was not heard of again till a Coroner's Jury sat on his body, which was found dead in a common brothel; when it appeared from the evidence of the

sea-nymph, with whom he had passed the hours of night, and the testimony of the persons of the house, which it was found he had been in the regular habit of frequenting, that his death was produced by suffocation in consequence of excessive drinking of spirits. The event was early made known to the elect, of whose communion he had been a member, but they affected to disbelieve the identity of the person found, to avoid the scandal which such a circumstance would bring on their purity.

As no one, therefore, took any concern in the affairs of the deceased, the good woman of the house where he had lodged was at a loss how to dispose of the trifles which he had left in his lodgings. They were, indeed, apparently of very little value, and were, therefore, not taken much care of. Amongst them were several loose papers, which, after having been thrown about for a year or two were partly lost or destroyed; when, during a short stay at Liverpool about two months since, happening to lodge at this house, I accidentally met with one of the fragments that I now send you. This exciting my curiosity, I made enquiry respecting it, which led to the account I have given you above of the writer, and saved the remainder of his MSS. from destruction. Incomplete as they were left by the writer, whose memoirs they profess to contain, and rendered still more imperfect by the circumstances which I have mentioned, it still appeared to me that there was matter in them of sufficient interest and importance to deserve publication; particularly as most of the circumstances detailed in them are corroborated by the accounts of the transactions of the missionaries published by authority of the society. The contempt which the writer constantly expresses for those who had so long been the dupes of his affected zeal and counterfeit sanctity, exhibits

of a methodist only, is capable: and the malicious satisfaction with which he speaks of the success of his hypocrisy, and anticipates the mortification of the pious dupes that trusted him, is truly diabolical: while in the perfectest spirit of methodism he resolved to wear the mask till it could no longer be of service to him and in the grave alone enjoy the triumph of his duplicity.

Not to forward such designs, but as throwing new light on the character of methodism, I send you these papers for publication. Many passages which were grossly licentious or blasphemous I have erased: you will of course use your own discretion with respect to other parts, that may on other accounts be objectionable,

Farewell,

May 20th, 1810. AN OLD FRIEND.

MEMOIRS OF A MISSIONARY.

* * * * * * * They were the dullest rogues that ever lived—nothing upon earth could be easier than to impose upon them: no abusrdity was too gross for them, disguise was scarce necessary, I almost laughed in their faces, and yet the sanctified knaves could not see that I was fooling them, but vied with each other who should do me most honour. They thought they had found in me a fit engine for advancing their schemes, and were as liberal of their promises of gold as of their praises. They thought to make me their tool, and did not see that they were all mere tools of mine, and that I used them as I pleased to fashion my work. Oh! how I whined and canted, and talked of my agonizing in prayer, and my grasping for multitudes and souls; of my soul visions, and my wrestlings with the Lord; if spiritual enjoyment and delight, and travel in the deep waters; of the white harvest fields of the elect, of raptures and

meltings of love. Nothing is so easy to learn as this conventicle slang; and there is no fear of its nauseating. I saw that there was gold enough, and this made me eloquent. I enlarged on the common arguments that are used to enforce the necessity of misions, and to elevate the character of a missionary.

" If the greatness of a character," said I, " is to be estimated by the object which it pursues, the dangers it braves, the difficulties it encounters, the sacrifice it makes, and the purity and energy of its motives, a missionary is the greatest character than can be imagined. Compared with this standard what little things are the Alexanders, the Cæsars, the Nelsons, the conquerors and the tyrants of the whole earth. A nobler object no human or angelic mind could ever propose to itself than to promote the glory of the Lord, in studying and labouring to diffuse this new light, among the unholy and miserable creatures that else would languish in the darkness of sin, and be damned past all redemption. To pursue this object with unwearied and unchangeable firmness, to make every action center in it, and to suffer the greatest hardships rather than for one moment to abandon it, displays an elevation of character which must excite in the beholder the profoundest reverence. But it is motive which is mighty in the eye of heaven. And who will impeach the motives of a man who endures every affliction, who encounters every difficulty in the promotion of a cause which the world despises, and which, according to common notions, is in opposition to wealth, ease, or pleasure. Take away these stimuli from the little creatures we call great, and they sink into insipid negligence and fatuity. Love to God and man leads the missionary to renounce the quiescent feelings, nor can feebleness of body

or insurmountable barriers damp his ardor. His benevolence is an immortal flame. Many waters cannot quench it, neither can the floods drown it, or the breath of the devil put it out: it warms the spirit that tunes the loudest and the sweetest harp in heaven."*

I perceived that this flourish made a considerable impression, and I determined to fix it still deeper. "If we esteem," said I, "ministers who labour in civilized Britain, surrounded by their friends, protected by law, and enjoying all the comforts of life, surely missionaries, whose exertions are far more abundant than theirs, and who are deprived of all the endearments of society, and exposed to the most imminent dangers have an infinitely higher claim upon the love of the dear people. In fact a missionary demands the admiration, and claims the sympathy of all the good. What, are we brethren in Christ Jesus? Do we long for the glory of his kingdom? And shall we not remember, with sympathizing kindness, those who because the love of Christ constraineth them, are voluntary sufferers in heathen countries? Yes, righteous missionaries, you should cry, if we forget you, "may our right hand forget its cunning." Missionaries above all others deserve the most liberal support: ye should give of the gold of Sheba to those who are the most active and devoted labourers in the vineyard of the Lord. They should suffer no privation when ye can furnish them with the comforts they require."

My eloquence prevailed: the sum at first proposed to be allowed to me was doubled, and it was at the same time resolved that this was a good occasion to raise an additional subscription. My difficulties on this head,

* See Styles's Life of Brainerd, p. 251.

therefore, were now removed; and I saw myself in a way to obtain an easy provision for myself, and at the same time to gratify my ruling passion. But I cannot even now refrain from laughter, when I think on the senseless infatuation of a number of these silly people, who suffered themselves to be duped by a few interested impostors to further schemes which they could not comprehend. Many were so extremely ignorant in this respect, that they frequently put to me questions which it required all my self-command to answer with gravity. A pious cobler one day asked me if the Friendly Islanders, when they were converted, would leave off the ungodly practice of going barefoot, and so increase the exportation of shoes: upon which I told him that no doubt this would have been the case, but that all such as had been born in those parts of converted parents were brought into the world with shoes ready made to their feet, which grew with their growth, and strengthened with their strength; such was the power of faith. A sanctified barber enquired if his name had ever appeared in the Hottentot newspapers, among the subscribers to the Missionary fund; and his ambition was perfectly gratified when I told him that no regenerated Hottentot ever shaved himself without putting up a prayer in his behalf. A serious sister, who was a milliner, wished to know if I was provided with a sufficient stock of petticoats and other apparel to clothe the fair converts from heathenism, but was easily convinced of the vanity of outward adorning, and of the superior beauty and perfection of the first state of man. Another sister, who was anxious for the propagation of the tree of life in all parts, and very earnest in her enquiries respecting what I had done in this way, was deeply impressed by my merits in having converted, as I told her, a whole uninhabited island in the Southern ocean. I never found

any difficulty in awakening them, as the phrase is, to a due feeling of love.

But I was about to say how I first happened to conceive the idea of turning missionary; a character for which it might be thought my former pursuits had little qualified me. They think so who think all professions sincere. I must go a little backward in my story. It will be recollected that when I made my escape from the hulks, I pushed on during the night as far as I could into the interior of Essex. Soon after day-break, I approached a solitary barn, and in this I thought it would be best to lay by during the day. I entered it, and lay down on some bundles of straw that were piled up in one corner. As yet I had formed no plan for my future conduct, and here I began to reflect on the means I should adopt to save myself from starving. I was so well known in London, that, besides the certainty nearly of being retaken, there was little chance of success from any of my old devices. In fact, almost for the first time in my life, I was at a loss for a trick. But I was in solitude, and there was nothing to excite my ingenuity. I fell asleep without coming to any resolution; but had not slept above an hour when I was awakened by the sun shining strongly on my face, and was startled by the sound of voices almost close to me. The first thought, excited by fear, was that I was pursued. I cautiously raised my eyes, and saw that the door of the barn stood wide open; and, before I could resolve either on flight or concealment, a man who bore the appearance of one of the better order of farmers, accompanied by a little lad, entered. My fears were instantly dissipated, and I thought how I might best turn the circumstance to my advantage. "Shall I work on his terror, or his pity?" said I; "shall I implore his charity, or rob him?" I stole a look at him as I lay,

and there was something in his face so honest, so benignant: an expression so unlike any thing that I had been used to contemplate, that even I felt charmed by the beauty of goodness, and could not at that moment, have harboured a thought to his prejudice, though my existence had depended on it. I resolved to throw myself on his mercy. The event proved that I had judged rightly of his character. He was a little startled at my sudden appearance, as I rose from the straw and threw myself at his feet; and indeed there was a forlornness and squalid wretchedness in my look and garb that might well excite alarm. But he instantly regained his composure, and enquired the cause of my distress. I affected to be more candid than in fact I was: for I was aware that to acknowledge how long and how well I was acquainted with vice was not the way to recommend myself. I confessed, therefore, with great apparent shame, that I had escaped from the hulks, but I assigned a cause for my confinement very different from the true one. I readily invented a brief account of my former life; in which there was a mixture of truth and falsehood. I dwelt on my misfortunes and concealed my crimes. I told him that my only crime was knocking down a hare on the grounds of a squire who was very severe in the enforcement of the game laws, and that for this, I had been sentenced to transportation, and was confined in the hulks till the number of convicts was sufficient to freight the transport. When I had ended my story, he continued for a few moments in silent thought. I perceived that pity and prudence were struggling in his mind; but pity soon gained the ascendancy.—"It is absolutely necessary that you should be concealed for some time at least:" said he; "you will be safe in my house. Come with me:"—I was profuse at first of my expressions of gratitude, but restrained then

when I perceived that they seemed to make my new patron uneasy. We walked almost in silence, he was evidently musing on my story, and every now and then, murmured gently to himself, poor fellow! I felt almost ashamed of the duplicity I had practised, and inwardly resolved that at least I would conduct myself to him, as if my tale had been true: he at all events, said I, shall not find me a rogue to him. How I kept this resolution will appear.

After walking about half a mile, we arrived at a retired farm-house, where I was received and treated by the farmer's family with the greatest kindness and consideration. I was sensibly affected by the example of goodness I witnessed here, and almost aspired to imitate it. I industriously laboured to render myself useful to my patron, and he was pleased with my endeavours: after a short time he proposed to me to continue in his service: I accepted his offer with gratitude, and served him faithfully; and I had not lived in this situation more than half a year, when by my address and assiduity I had so far acquired the confidence and esteem of the farmer and his family, which consisted only of a wife and daughter about seventeen, in that I was regarded more as a friend than servant. About this time a man of most demure and sober aspect, obtained, I know not how, an introduction to the house. My master understood that he was in distressed circumstances, and that was sufficient to induce him to invite this man to come to his house as often as he could, and to consider it his home. He had not visited us long before I perceived a very visible alteration in the manners and language of my mistress. She grew reserved and formal, spoke much and often of the sinfulness of the flesh, and affected all the cant, as I afterwards learnt it to be, of methodism.

In fact our new visitor was, what is called, a gospel minister, and such was his power of conversion, that he had not visited us two months, before I detected him and my mistress in a situation that left no doubt of the closeness of their communion. My mistress would have bribed me to secrecy, but the methodist paramour knew a better way to procure my silence. He took me aside, and displayed to me in glowing colours all the advantages of methodism, and invited me to become one of the elect. His allurements and descriptions roused all my dormant seeds of vice. I had before been a villain from necessity; he taught me to become one from principle. He hinted at the charms of my master's daughter: my imagination was fired. I became his convert. In less than a month I had completed the seduction of the child of my benefactor; and stimulated by the spirit of methodism, which now wholly engrossed me, I enticed her to assist me in robbing her father's house, when having secured a considerable booty we set off together for London. Here, after living with her about a fortnight, I left her, and in two months afterwards saw her dying in a watchhouse. Thus I rewarded my generous patron, and thus commenced my evangelical career.

* * * * * *

(To be continued.)

ANECDOTES, EPIGRAMS, &c.

THE WOODEN SHERIFF.

Disputes ran high at Common Hall,
Who should be sheriff.—One and all,
The *patriots* rais'd their voice
In favor of two block-heads, who
Were slaves to the reforming crew,
And worthy of *their* choice.

The loyal swore that men of wit,
Alone were for the office fit;
Each party firmly stood—
At length *these* chose a man of sense,
And *those*, to shew their consequence,
A sheriff made *of* WOOD.

ANOTHER ON THE SAME.

The brewer's druggist sheriff? Good!
The city *blocks* chose kindred *Wood*.

THE REFORMING BREWER—OR PATRIOTIC JUSTICE.

A certain patriotic brewer, who is as fond of practising tyranny on his own estate as he is of declaiming against it in the House of Commons, lately took it into his head to establish a school in his own neighbourhood for the *education* and *enlightening* of the poor: but being possessed of a very *narrow* income not exceeding *five and thirty thousand pounds* per annum, he DECREED that every *local militia man* should subscribe a certain portion of his pay to defray the expence of this establishment—A serjeant, who had always voted contrary to the wishes of the brewer,

having peremptorily refused to contribute his quota, and *audaciously* declared that he was not compellable *by law* to apply part of his pay to any such purpose: the *patriot tyrant* became outrageous, and instantly ordered the *culprit* to be IMPRISONED! and he was accordingly *committed to prison* for the *grievous* offence of refusing to expend part of his hard-earned wages to gratify the patriot brewer's whims, or, in other words for not robbing his hungry family of part of their support. Such is the *patriot's justice!* such is the conduct of a man who is constantly palavering about the *abuse of his country's laws!!!* The fact will we hope and trust be blazoned to the world in a *Court of Justice*, the serjeant has already been offered more than *a thousand pounds* to *suppress* and *compromise the matter*, which he heroically *refused.* A generous, a grateful public will, we are confident, reward this injured, this cruelly oppressed Englishman, if he persevere in his resolution of exposing the tyranny and hypocrisy of this DETESTABLE IMPOSTOR!

TO THE READERS OF THE SATIRIST.

In a former Number of the Satirist a paragraph was inserted (during the Editor's absence from London,) reflecting on the character of a highly respectable dignified Clergyman. We regret that our publication should even accidentally become the means of disseminating a report so injurious and unfounded—it was sent to us anonymously; but we have since been convinced of its falsehood, as the party alluded to has recently received preferment at the recommendation of a most distinguished character.

REVIEW OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

FIAT JUSTITIA!

The Pastoral Care. A didactic Poem, in three Parts addressed to the Junior Clergy. pp. 172. 8vo. pr. 12s. Hatchard, London.

The three plates, which illustrate this work, are the best part of it; and it would have passed unnoticed by us but for the subject of which it treats. It is divided into three parts; the first relating to the instruction of the poor, and public charities; the second to the minister's Sunday duties; and the third to occasional duties. We shall not, however, follow the writer through these various divisions, but presenting only a few specimens of his work, consign him over to those, who may admire that as poetry, which we should think very trite and valueless as prose.

In the commencement of his work, intending, we believe, to say that he will not invocate the muses of old, he writes:

> "Nor needs the poet dare the Phocian steep,
> Or *quaff the life* of Aganippe's deep,
> If thou, O power, shalt elevate the soul,
> Who touch'dst the prophet's lip with living coal:
> Whose fervor breath'd, *evolved whose fiery tongue,*
> The seraph strains of Milton, Cowper, Young." P. 6.

Presently afterwards he sees 'hinds not whistling' but,

> "— from each occurrence gathering good,
> Like chyle, concocting various cates to blood:
> Progressive worth at looms I hear them vow
> The tare-freed bosom at the coultered plow." P. 8.

Now it is very possible that seeing all this was seeing a great deal, only we are unfortunate enough to be blind to the meaning of it. Then he has such an easy way of asking a question---

> "Lives there the fields of wisdom and of God,
> By peasant steps who'd hinder to be trod? P. 10.

meaning thereby, as we find, to enquire if any body has an objection to the poor reading the bible.

Afterwards he talks of a

> "— stately nursery of toil and worth,
> Whose play-ground swells the melodies of mirth.
> Whose cupola views each arching colonnade,
> Link thy light wings in simplest pomp arrayed." P. 20.

Play-grounds and cupolas possessing these extraordinary faculties it has never been our fortune to meet with: but it is this writer's luck to be acquainted with strange personages: thus he speaks, p. 28, of 'the *hag*, Pain,' who he had called immediately before in p. 27, a PACHA; but he does not say whether of *three tails* or not; and for our own parts we never before heard of a female pacha.

It has been said that an essential part of sublimity is indistinctness, and as we can make nothing else of the two following passages we will conclude them to be too sublime for our comprehension.

> " Sweet sounds of truth have gone into all lands,
> Through howling forests and o'er burning sands :
> Midst the eternal snows of Greenland's night,
> *Until the harvest fields of souls are white.*" P. 43.

> " While artists pause to view their skill bestow'd,
> The slave of nature,—of the work of God." P. 53.

But if the writer has reached the obscurity of sublimity, he condescends not unfrequently to descend from the stately dignity of his style. Every page would afford instances: we take two perfectly at random.

> " Nor slighting, piety, thy holier acts,
> Preach thy plain truths, *disperse thy pleasing tracts.*"
> P. 35.

Again :

> " Thus in the manual trades I'd dread no gape ;
> I'd lift thee *Richardson*, I'd praise thee *Cappe.*" P. 25.

The ingenuity too, with which he introduces a parcel of strange uncouth names into his verse, and the facility with which he finds rhymes for them is admirable. From more than fifty lines of this description, we will only extract four. He is recommending authors proper to be studied by a young clergyman.

> " Of minor value, or of later days,
> The chief, *South, Skelton, Scattergood*, I praise ;
> *Seed, Lucas, Newlin, Stanhope* and (but mark,
> Detect and shun his Arian tincture) *Clarke.*" P. 67.

The archness with which the young divine is cautioned against Clarke's Arian tincture is very striking; but there are to be found many other passages in the work not less extraordinary; and among them not the least amusing is the writer's project for extending the christian faith.

> "Commerce alone, to Christian states confined,
> Will give the Christian faith to all mankind,
> Each wind will waft it; carry it each sail;
> 'Twill blend with every cask, and every bale." P. 44.

Now if this means any thing, it must mean that every bale of cotton will in time be evangelized, and that the gospel when mixed up with a cask of rum will have a powerful effect, and that they who are converted by it may be said to be converted by the *spirit.* Such thoughts may suit the elect, in whom the writer will no doubt find admirers. They deal largely in such expressions as these, and will be almost tempted to enroll this didactic poet in one of their select bands, when they find him, as in P. 99, tenderly calling new-born infants '*callow* Christians.'

There may be some, too, who will discover the chasteness and propriety of the illustration, where, advising the clergyman in his pulpit how to frame his net to catch the more delicate kind of souls, he alludes to the pretty story of Mars and Venus caught naked together by the lady's husband, and exposed to the view of all the tittering deities;

> "So, firm though fine, like Vulcan's, shalt thou spread,
> Thy airy net-work o'er the guilty head." P. 72.

To say that the work contains no precepts of value were unjust; but we may truly say that it contains none but such as are already known and acknowledged, and have

been elsewhere much better explained and more ably enforced. Perhaps, however, there is one which may be new to the junior clergy, and which may be classed among the laws of drinking and the canon of toasts; the number of glasses and the precise toasts being specified.

"To their successone home-brewed potion pour'd,
"Two to their patron and the realm's liege lord,
"Their friend, but not their comrade—quit the board."

P. 147.

It is to be observed, however, that this extreme degree of temperance is only enjoined in case of the parson's dining with one of the farmers of his parish; at all other times he is left to the free exercise of his own discretion.

We could say much more of this work, and in a more serious strain; but if we may judge from our own feelings, we apprehend that we must have exhausted the patience of our readers already. We shall therefore proceed no further, but observe only that in so small a space we never recollect to have met with so many barefaced plagiarisms, and so little original merit to keep them in countenance.

Letter to Samuel Whitbread, Esq. M. P. upon the military Conduct of Lord Wellington, with some Remarks upon the Marquis Wellesley's Government in India, and the fatal Effects of Party Spirit. *By Britannicus.*

THAT in a *free* country like England,—though Sir Francis Burdett and Mr. Gale Jones may tell us we are slaves,

—that in a *free* country, parties should exist, is not, or at least ought not to be matter of surprise to those who are capable of taking a moral and political view of the heart of man. When, therefore, we express a wish for unanimity, it is not from any abstract idea of the perfectibility of human nature, or of the probability that any general coincidence of sentiment on the various concerns of domestic or foreign policy can take place; nor do we even expect, as a worthy Irish baronet once said in the House, "some *small share* of unanimity;" nevertheless we cannot help observing with the author of the work before us, that "when the modern *Brennus* is fast approaching to weigh our destinies, and to throw his sword into the balance," it must be "an act of the most fatal folly, as well as of the blackest ingratitude, to suffer the spirit of party to prevail to the melancholy extent of sacrificing the high character of those at its altar, to whom, in our last tremendous conflict, we must unquestionably look up as the great means of our salvation."

By a parallel between Great Britain and Carthage, this new correspondent of Mr. Whitbread proves the danger resulting from party politics being carried to an extreme; it is not necessary, however, to go so far back as the days of Rome or Greece, to shew this; even the later periods of our own history are sufficient proofs of it. It is but one century since a great and glorious monarch of these isles, in the very last speech which he made to his parliament, exclaimed,

"Let me conjure you to disappoint the hopes of your enemies by your unanimity. I have shewn, and will always shew how desirous I am to be the father of all my people. Do you in like manner lay aside parties and divisions. Let there be no

other distinctions heard of among us for the future, but of those who are for the *protestant religion*, and the *present establishment*; and of those who mean a *Popish prince* and a *French government.*"

Such were almost the dying words of a whig monarch, the glorious William, and made to a parliament of *old whigs*; how astonished then would these *grave* gentlefolks be, were they to rise and hear and see the *modern* whigs tearing their country into parties in direct opposition to all their principles and all their practice? Such conciliatory propositions, however, would have had very little effect upon a man so fond of party as to form *one* in direct opposition to his own political friends; a party, of which *he* was the sole member, and that for "*reasons best known to himself.*" If *Britannicus*, however, expects to make any impression by his address on a man who could *brew* such charges against a certain ex-secretary, then suffer them to *ferment* until popular ebullition had nearly made them run over, and at last attempt to *hop* them by the use of some of his *legal ingredients*—we fear, indeed, that he will find his exertions nothing but lost labour; he may, notwithstanding, produce some good result by the effects of this address upon his fellow-countrymen, when he most emphatically exclaims,

"Gracious heaven! in what part of the world am I residing? Is it possible that I can be amongst Englishmen, the brave and generous English, who do justice to the skill and valour even of an enemy whose bayonets are thirsting for their blood? Am I in that land of heroes where the most unequal combats and deeds of the most desperate daring are encouraged, rewarded, nay expected, from her naval commanders, and which have made her sovereign of the ocean, and of empires beyond the ocean; *and do I behold in the very same*

country, a band of newspaper editors, of reviewers, and Guildhall orators, again giving lectures to Hannibal upon the art of war; and combined from this detestable and destructive spirit of party, to sully the fair fame of him who has fought and conquered for his country again and again, and again ?"

As for the Guildhall orators, Mr. Britannicus treats them with less ceremony than he does the brewer; he premises that in all important cases where judgment is to be pronounced, he had been accustomed to regard it as one thing essential to the ends of *mutual* justice, that no one should presume to cram his opinions down the throats of the public, particularly if not skilled in the principles and practice of the subject on which he decides:

"Little," adds he, "did I imagine that I should live to see the day when I must look up for information on the most difficult and complex of all human sciences, to the editors of the *Statesman* and the *Times*, the *Morning Chronicle* and the *Globe;* or to those illustrious commanders in our northern metropolis, the *Edinburgh Reviewers*, whose long and bloody campaigns have rendered them unerring judges upon this occasion. Still less did I imagine, that instead of *Polybius* and *Cæsar*, and *Frederic of Prussia*, and the *Duke of Marlborough*, I was to look up, as my guide upon military topics, *to that great master in the art of war, Mr. Waithman, the linen-draper of Fleet Street!!!*"—"as conversant with the most profound manœuvres of a Turenne, a Condè, or a Montecuculi as with the fabrics of Irish linens, or the prices of jacconots, mull-mulls, allaballies and terindams."

However laughable this supposition maybe, yet unfortunately it may be too serious in its consequences, as the ridiculous vanity of these coffee-house and counter politicians will always obtrude their crude and absurd chimeras upon the public, through the medium of the press; and

whilst we must be advocates for fair and liberal discussion, we must still, with Britannicus, regret the ignorance and incompetence of the tribunal upon too many of these occasions, and the cruel and wicked attempts to inflame the minds of the still more uninformed and incompetent judges among the lower orders of society, " from the worst motives of party spirit." This intelligent writer then proceeds,

" I should rejoice to see that man, who could lay his hand upon his heart and solemnly deny that party spirit alone has too generally been the motive for the conduct which I have here reprobated"——" I would put it to *his* (Mr. Waithman's) candour," says he in another page, " and to *his* feelings as an Englishman, whether it be just, whether it be honorable, whether it be decent, whether it be the part of a wise and good citizen, to prejudice the minds of his fellow countrymen, and more particularly of those whose habits of life and attention to business must have totally disqualified them for such enquiries, against a general who has so often and so gloriously fought for his king and country."——

To this address *we* may venture to answer for Mr. W. that the first part does not apply to him, and as for the *last*, why, truly it answers the purpose of his party. Such is the reply which he might expect from that *great citizen*, or, as he calls him in page 52, " that great city orator, statesman and general, Mr. Waithman the linen-draper of Fleet Street !!!"

In discussing these various subjects Britannicus, remarks that Buonaparte's rancour and scurrility increase in exact proportion " to his dread of the *talents* and bravery of his opponents."——If this is correct, the converse must naturally be true of course; if Buonaparte's opinion then is to be relied on, and even *All the Talents* say he is no fool, our

countrymen may form a fair opinion of those amongst us, who are always praising him, and *to whom* in return he has not been backward on more occasions than one, *to pay the same compliment.* How far he may have felt himself called on to keep his friends in good humour, we will not pretend to say, nor even how far he may consider himself as under obligations to them; but Britannicus, pp. 50, 51, says,

"The examples are endless of the fatal consequences of disgusting allied powers, not merely by censure of their political or military conduct, but even by not making every possible exertion in their favour; and a stronger or more deplorable proof of the dangers sure to arise from such treatment, need not, I believe, be adduced than the unpardonable want of naval, military and pecuniary aid, which in the most perilous crisis of their fate was experienced from this country by the sovereigns of Russia and Prussia, and which every child upon the continent of Europe knows to have exasperated the Emperor Alexander as to have converted him from the firm and strongly attached friend of England into the bitterest of her enemies, into the intimate ally of Buonaparte."

From this quotation, it may seem as if Britannicus had the hardihood to insinuate that the *foreign policy* of *all the talents* was erroneous; it appears to us, however, that *this* charge is unjust, inasmuch as we believe that they had *no foreign policy at all!* How could they indeed be expected to attend to such *distant* concerns, whilst one secretary was corresponding with his dear friend the ex-bishop, and the other forming a metaphysical system of ethics for the corps of recruiting serjeants—whilst *two* chancellors were busily *dancing*, and the premier lost in the mazes of Scottish jurisprudence?

Our *daily*, and *weekly*, and some even of our *quarterly* politicians, have invariably accused Lord Wellington of

rashness in advancing into Spain, of being without intelligence, and of being obliged to retreat; it is beyond our limits to follow Britannicus in his refutation of these charges; he shews, however, that some of these might have been applied with more apparent justice to another gallant officer; yet "it is a circumstance highly curious in itself, that no man either in or out of parliament, or *even in the city senate*, ever presumed to censure Sir J. M.'s military character, for what indeed in the very nature of things it was utterly impossible for him to prevent. Even at that period of the campaign upon the peninsula, the subject not only engaged the frequent and most serious consideration of both houses of parliament, but the editors of the newspapers were all upon the alert, the Edinburgh reviewers upon the *qui vive*, and Mr. Waithman himself in the full vigour of his military talents!!!"

In his vindication of Lord Wellington, this author, who, unlike many other men of words, really seems to understand his subject, mentions a consideration which has been too little attended to respecting our armies in Spain. Our *wise men* have called out the French do this, and the French can do that, but how badly are we served by our generals and by our commissariat! our author, however, observes, that common candour ought to compel us to acknowledge the extreme difference between the situation of one general, who has the uncontrouled disposal of the resources of a country, and who stops at nothing, and that of him who makes war, not as a principal, but as an auxiliary, in the dominions of his ally. Indeed our politicians from their extreme ignorance, argue as if Spain and England were exactly the same, and without knowing that in the article of provisions, there was not a town in Spain, with the exception of four or five of the largest, even in her quiescent

state, that could at a moment's notice, have supplied rations for two English regiments of dragoons and infantry. To shew the ignorance and folly indeed of the calumniators of Lord Wellington, it is only necessary to observe that, after blaming him for advancing into Spain when he might have cut off the French army in detail, if *Cuesta* had done his duty; yet these very men

"heap abuse upon him through the public press in every form, for his *not advancing again* from the position to which he had retired at Badajos and Elvas, to support the operations of the central armies under General Aresoga, in their last contests in the vicinity of Madrid! Oh! blessed and salutary effects of party spirit!!!"

As to the beneficial consequences resulting from the operations of our army in Spain, though they have not been of such importance as some too sanguine or too ignorant commentators have expected, yet they have certainly been of some little use. We shall therefore close this article with one short extract, though we are fearful of hurting Mr. Whitbread's feelings, as Mr. Jacob did very lately in another place; *n'importe.*

"Was it then of no consequence to have saved the southern provinces of Spain and Portugal, which the French officers themselves do not hesitate to acknowledge was accomplished by Lord Wellington's battle of Talavera: and by which alone they were delivered from a long meditated invasion, *and from the robberies, and rapes, and murders of the French soldiery?*"

We are extremely sorry that our limits will not permit us to enter upon the *Indian question*; but we most sincerely recommend to our readers a perusal of the whole.

THEATRES.

Cum tabulis animum censoris sumet honesti. HOR.

To repeat as we have done lately, month after month, that the stage no longer supplies us with subjects deserving criticism, may subject us to the imputation of an unwillingness to be pleased; but the fear of being thought fastidious will never induce us to suppress the truth. No man of common sense can receive amusement from the representations of the theatres, as they are at present conducted: no man of common taste can witness them without feelings of disgust. At Covent Garden, where the manager is believed to possess both taste and judgment, those qualities are exemplified by insulting the genius of Shakespeare in the assignment of the character of Cordelia to a Columbine, and of Kent in the same play to a *comic* actor. The manager of the Lyceum, who was never suspected of these qualities, cannot indeed excite by his conduct, be it ever so absurd, much surprize: and though it would certainly have disgraced a stage under any other management to have exhibited the disgusting and tiresome dislocations of a Portuguese tumbler, yet where such a senseless farrago as the Maniac, had for a long time continued the chief attraction, it was impossible that any thing could appear absurd or disgraceful. We feel more and more assured that nothing but the emulation excited by the erection of another theatre, or more, can recover the drama from the decline into which it has sunk. We see that a bill has been brought into the House of Commons to grant leave to the proprietors of Drury Lane patent to borrow money for the re-establishment of that concern; it had been as well, we think, in the first instance to have found persons inclined to lend. We hope that the genius of Colman, will on the opening of the Haymarket Theatre, afford us matter of more pleasing observation. As dramatic critics, we always write what we think, and are not well pleased when the absolute dearth of subject compels us to think what we shall write.

COMPARATIVE CRITICISM.

Non nostrum TANTAS *componere lites !*—VIRGIL.

Who shall decide when DOCTORS *disagree ?*—POPE.

1. Authentic Materials for a History of the People of Malta ; by William Eton, Esq.

" Though the present volume will not be generally considered as of the most attractive nature, it furnishes *useful information*, and will be *particularly acceptable* to the *politician* and the *historian*. In a preliminary discussion of the question of retaining Malta, Mr. Eton defends the measure with *much ingenuity* and *ability*."—Monthly Review.

" Mr. Eton commences his book by endeavouring to prove the justice of our keeping possession of Malta. We *cannot say much* in favour of the *strength* of his *arguments*. He *takes very weak grounds*," &c. " The materials for a history, which are here collected by Mr. Eton, are *neither important* nor interesting : and the whole might be again consigned to the iron chest, with advantage to the reputation of the editor, and *without detriment* to the public."—Annual Review.

2. A Sermon preached in the Parish Church of St. Paul, Bedford, May 12th, 1808 ; by the Reverend Joshua Morton.

" The reader who is acquainted with Mr. Morton's *excellent* sermons, will anticipate our *approbation* of his discourse. The sentiments are *worthy to be engraved* on the *hearts* of an auditory," &c.—Eclectic Review.

" —Without staying to remark on the *confused reasoning*, *unmeaning rant*, and *vitiated taste*, which are evident in this and other parts of Mr. Morton's sermon," &c.—Critical Review.

" From this text, the author has deduced the divine origin of the clergy," &c. " which he enforces with *considerable strength* and *ability*."—Antijacobin Review.

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3. The Fall of Cambria, a Poem; by Joseph Cottle.

—" That we have *read through* the Fall of Cambria, we do not say; *nor do we believe* that *any person ever will*: but *wherever* we have looked, we have seen only *such stuff* as this." —British Critic.

" The chief feature of this work is, not stiff, but *pleasant regularity*. The *characters* are drawn with *strength* and *originality*, and *well supported* throughout the whole. Prince David's defection and repentance produce *many grand* and *pathetic scenes*. The *style* is *rich* with *poetical beauties*; the *sentiments* are *noble* and *natural*; the *images*, although numerous, always *simple* and *just*, and sometimes *magnificent*. All the *descriptions* are *exquisite pictures*, where *truth shines bright* through the glass of *fancy*. The *excellence* of the following passage will prove an apology for its insertion.—We think that this work will prove a *star* of *no small magnitude*, destined to rise on the horizon of *posterity*."—Beau Monde.

" In one quality only, the art of writing *sonorous nonsense*, Mr. Cottle must be universally allowed to *excel all his contemporaries*."—Critical Review.

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4. Delworth, or Elevated Generosity; by T. Southwood.

" The *outline* of this *story* may be *very easily traced*.—We have occasionally remarked a degree of *force* and *feeling* in the *style*, which inspires us with the *hope* of being able to bestow

no inconsiderable portion of *applause* on the well digested productions of the author's maturer mind."—Monthly Review.

"From a careful perusal of this *very stupid* and PERNICIOUS performance," &c. "It would be spending our time to little purpose, and *wasting our paper*, to give the *heads* of the *story*, *even* if we had the good fortune to *make it out* clearly. We cannot but grieve that a man should sit down and write such a thing as Delworth; SHOCKING to *every idea* of DELICACY, ABHORRENT from *all notions* of MORALITY, and *stupid*, and *incomprehensible* in *every stage* of the *story*; if a story it can be called which has *neither connection, congruity, nor interest.*"—Critical Review.

"Allowing for a little extravagance at intervals, it may be said that this novel is *somewhat* of a *better cast*. It is certainly *not ill written*, and the SENTIMENTS and MORAL are *consistently* GOOD."—British Critic.

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5. A Letter to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, with a Sketch of the Prospect before him! by W. A. Miles, Esq.

"*Much important matter* is contained in this Letter, which throws *considerable light* on the circumstances and causes of the war with revolutionary France. It discloses some of the *secret springs*, of which the elastic force was powerfully operative in the administration of Mr. Pitt; and there is a *great variety* of *important* and *instructive political information.*"—Critical Review, Appendix.

—"So much for the *rushlight illumination* of paper politics!"—Beau Monde.

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